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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs



ZLF
Pilgrims

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

AN AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF THE
POPULAR LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

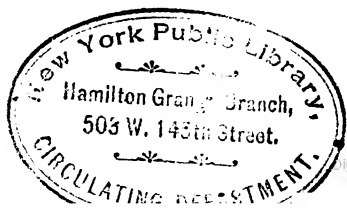
Published in the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart
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North American Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

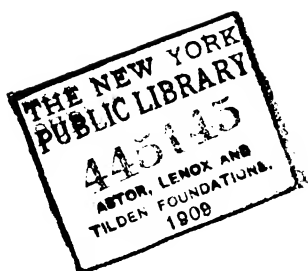
BY
THE AMERICAN HEAD DIRECTOR.

SEVENTH YEAR—VOL. VII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1891.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF
THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART,
114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.





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 THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

JANUARY, 1891.

No. 1.

KYRIE ELEISON, CHRISTE ELEISON.



EVERYWHERE, in the Church's praying, we hear the touching appeal—*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.* It is in the Mass and the Holy Office; and all the Litanies begin and end with its sweet cadence. It echoes again and again the heart's appeal for pity on its own weakness and defilement.

Lord, have mercy !
 Christ, have mercy !
 Lord, have mercy !

The words *Kyrie eleison*, as our readers know, are borrowed from the Greek. With the exception of invocations chanted by the choir during the adoration of the Cross on Good Friday, they are the only Greek words in use in the Offices of the Latin Church. How they came to be introduced is not so easy to tell. The very early Liturgies, as they are called,—the order, that is, of celebrating the Holy Mass and other Church Offices, received from the Apostles and the early Fathers, from St. James and St. Mark, St. John Chrysostom and St. Gregory the Great—all give the *Kyrie eleison* a prominent place.

An appeal for mercy and indulgence, so brief and pointed, so like a sigh rising from a repentant heart,

was well adapted for use by all the people. It recalled to the early Christians, as it does to us, how the two blind men of Jericho cried out, saying: *O Lord, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us*; and how *Jesus, having compassion on them, touched their eyes*; and *immediately they saw and followed Him.*¹ It was an echo, too, of the heartbroken mother's prayer: *Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David, my daughter is grievously troubled by a devil*; and of the touching petition of the ten lepers: *Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*

Faith, which made the early Christians realize the spiritual blindness from which they had been delivered and the spiritual leprosy—the leprosy of sin—from which they had been cleansed, filled their hearts with thankfulness. But at the same time it made them feel their entire dependence on Him Who had *redeemed them to God in His blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation.*⁴ Thus the *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison*—"Lord, have mercy, Christ, have mercy"—came to be the favorite prayer of the people.

We have in an ecclesiastical writer an account of a procession in which the people, as they passed on, chanted alternately three hundred times, *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison*. It is said to have been introduced into the Holy Mass by Pope St. Sylvester, about A. D. 320. In the beginning, even up to the 9th century, the celebrant repeated it until his devotion was satisfied, while the people or the choir answered. In the 12th century the present usage of repeating this invocation only nine times was already established. A very interesting testimony to the hold the *Kyrie* had on clergy and people is found in the 3d Canon of the 2d Council of Vaison, held in 529. "And since the sweet and exceedingly wholesome practice has been introduced, as well in the Apostolic See as in all the Oriental and Italian provinces, of saying *Kyrie eleison* very often, with great tenderness and compunction, it hath pleased us, under God's favor, that this so holy a practice should be admitted in all our churches, at Matins and in the Mass and at Vespers."

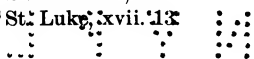
In the time of Charlemagne in France, about the beginning of the 9th century, we find that during the funeral office the

¹ St. Matthew, xx. 31-4.

² St. Matthew, xv. 22.

³ St. Luke, xvii. 13.

⁴ Apocalypse, v. 9.



people, if they did not know the Psalms, were directed to repeat in turn—the men, *Kyrie eleison*, the women, *Christe eleison*.

When recited alternately—*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison*—our appeal is to the Ever Blessed Trinity; the first *Kyrie* to the Father and the last to the Holy Ghost, while the *Christe* is of course addressed to Christ, the Son, the God-Man—the One *Anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows.*^a

By the word *Kyrie*, which means Lord, we represent to God that He is our Lord, our Master, that we belong to Him, that we are of His fashioning, that we depend on Him wholly; that life and death, and the goods of this world and the goods that await us, as we hope, beyond the grave, are His to bestow. By the *eleison*, “have mercy,” we humble ourselves before His Infinite Majesty because of our sins, and we crave indulgence, pity, compassion.

Then the *Christe eleison* comes to lift us up again. The Christ, that is, the *Word made Flesh*,^a the Incarnate Son of God, it reminds us, is one of ourselves. Christ is true God and yet true Man, our God and yet our Brother, to Whose compassionate Heart knowing and making allowance for the weaknesses of our own hearts no prayer of ours is or can be indifferent.

The *Kyrie eleison* is thus an appeal to the Blessed Trinity, an appeal for mercy. When we use it devoutly, as we always should, we produce acts of faith, of hope, and of charity, of humility and compunction. We invoke God by the titles which express the claims we have that are strongest to move Him: that we belong to Him as to a Lord and Master, that we belong to Him again as to our Redeemer, and that we look to His Holy Spirit to make us holy.

This beautiful prayer should therefore be often on our lips. At least, when in the Mass or during the Litanies we hear it spoken, we should repeat it as the Church would wish it repeated, in the spirit of the lepers or of the blind men of Jericho, in a spirit of humility and confidence. Never will it ascend to God from a heart thus disposed without bringing down an abundant blessing of mercy and of strength.

^a Psalm xlv. 8.

^a St. John, i. 14.

THE YEAR'S LAST VIGIL.



WEET MOTHER MARY, list to me!
My soul pours forth all her prayer to thee,
While naught is heard but the midnight chime
As it tolls a dirge for buried time;
I come oppressed with my weight of grief:
Sweet Mother, hear—and give relief!

No friendly voice falls on my ear;
This heart is dark—oh, 'tis midnight here!
Fond Mother, strongly pray for me,
For my soul is filled with agony:
In this darkening hour of pain and woe,
If not to thee,—ah, to whom can I go?

So great is my Saviour's love for thee,
If thou wilt but ask, He will grant to me
A Christmas peace earth shall not destroy;
He will fill my heart with the Angels' joy:
Then be my friend, sweetest Mother, now
As lowly at thy dear shrine I bow!

The joyous lily and rose no more
Can I bring thee, as in days of yore;
Mother, I place here on thy shrine
Only this bleeding heart of mine:
Receive it, sinful though it may be;
Oh, make it pure for God and thee!

A TRUE STORY OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By J. F. Fitzgerald.

I.

THE twenty-third day of December, 1862, in one of our beautiful Southern cities, turned out to be a cold winter's day. The snow lay two feet on the ground and was hard frozen. The sky had been leaden all day; and the wind swept in fitful gusts through the streets. Everything outside seemed to combine to make as dreary and desolate a day of it as possible, notwithstanding the fact that Christmas was only two days off.

I had been indoors all day, putting the finishing touches to some Christmas presents—little paintings and embroideries—and had been so busy that I scarcely heeded the weather. But now,

throwing my work aside, I walked over to a west window just in time to see the sun burst through the clouds a span or two above the horizon, as if to cheer us with the promise of a brighter day for the morrow.

"Come, Papa," I said to my father who had just entered the room, "let us have one little walk, for it seems an age since we have been able to walk at all." He took his hat and overcoat from the rack in the hall, while I ran upstairs for my cloak and furs. We were soon in the street walking rapidly westward, as if fearful of losing a single glimpse of the sunshine, the first we had seen in some days. It was so bitterly cold that, walking at a brisk gait and heavily wrapped as we were, we felt it keenly.

After five or six squares we began thinking of retracing our steps, when I noticed approaching us a poor old woman, so scantily clothed that it brought the tears to our eyes. She was coming in our direction as fast as her feeble limbs could bring her. She had on a thin, faded calico dress, a piece of an old shawl, and a sun-bonnet of some dark material, but all arranged as neatly as was possible. I intercepted her progress as we met, forgetting all about the cold and feeling as if I were a wretch to be wrapped in furs, young and in perfect health as I was, while such a feeble old woman went staggering along almost frozen beneath her scanty, tattered covering.

Taking her shrivelled hands in mine, I said: "Please, do go directly home, and let me do your errand for you; I am young and a little walk in the cold will not hurt me."

She hesitated for an instant; then looking up at me with a pair of brown eyes which, though dim and faded, I could readily imagine had once been beautiful, she said: "Young lady, I have not always been what I seem to you now; and no doubt you will be surprised to learn that the old heart which beats beneath this faded gown and threadbare shawl, is a very proud one."

I confess I was surprised; but looking pleadingly at her I said gently: "Now listen to me. We are both Christian women, I hope. You are an old woman, I am a young one; you are suffering, and I wish so much to help you. Now, do you think it right or Christian-like to put up your pride as a barrier between us, and thus wound me and leave yourself and possibly those you love still suffering?"

The tears flowed rapidly down the withered, wrinkled face, and clasping both my hands in hers she answered me: "O my dear young lady, those I love *are* suffering, and we have suffered many a time during the past few years. But we have never yet"—a little pause, then she sobbed it out—"begged."

"Nor are you doing so now," I hastily answered. "It is I who am begging *you* to let me do you a little service;" and taking her basket from her, I said: "Now give me your address and hasten home, and we will soon be there."

Smiling gratefully through her tears she turned away. It was needless to ask her errand; the empty basket told us, and plainly enough.

My father, one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic old gentlemen in the world, went with me to the nearest grocer's, and there we bought bread, butter, tea, sugar, canned meats, cheese, and the like; such things as required no cooking would be most acceptable, we thought, in such an extremity. We were fortunate enough to get milk there also. But we feared that fuel was needed, and the wood and coal-yards were of course all closed. My father stated the case to the grocer, and he very kindly offered to sell him a small quantity of wood. It was a large wheelbarrow-full, but uncut, nor had he any way of delivering it. So we were in a dilemma.

Just at that moment the grocer's son, a stalwart youth, came in. When we told him of our difficulty he only laughed, saying we should hardly find any one in that neighborhood at that hour to do such an errand; whereupon my father said, "Well, I will undertake it myself." But having little physical strength he found that he was utterly unable to so much as lift the barrow, and exclaimed despairingly, "What shall we do?"

Now it was the turn of the grocer's son. Laughing and blushing he said: "Oh well! if you and the young lady are going to carry those heavy baskets, I suppose I ought to wheel the wood round for you."

So, with more profuse thanks than the circumstances warranted perhaps, we proceeded with him to the address given us by the old lady. It was about five squares from the grocer's, a little frame tenement-house in an alley; yet, though poor and dilapidated, the house and surroundings looked cleanly.

Dumping the wood in the yard the young man said: "This will not be of much use to them to-night, I'm afraid, as you'll hardly get any body at this time of night to saw and split it."

But looking up the lane, we saw an old colored man coming toward us, just as if he had been especially sent for the purpose, as no doubt he had been—by kind Providence. We immediately bargained with him to saw and cut the wood, and take it up stairs; and, as my father paid him liberally, he seemed delighted to get the job.

We then ascended the rickety stairs, and tapped gently at a door to the right. It was promptly opened by our old lady, who blushed deeply and seemed to be afraid to admit us. After a moment's hesitation, however, she bowed politely; and passing her we quickly placed the baskets on an old table propped against the side of the wall—it being minus a leg. Then, in a half-embarrassed, half-excited way, she said to a figure lying on the bed: "My daughter, this is a kind lady and gentleman I met this evening, and I could not refuse to let them come and see us."

For answer the lady threw the old coverlet over her head, exclaiming "O Mother, Mother!" and burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

My father immediately stepped outside the door; but the old lady also seemed grieved beyond description, and at an utter loss as to what she should say or do. I went over to the bed and drawing down the covering put my arms around the weeping figure, smoothed back the hair from her brow, and talked quietly and soothingly to her.

At last, putting her arms around me she said, "Oh, what a poor suffering, yet proud ungrateful creature I am!"

I did not release her until smiles were chasing away the tears. Then turning from her, I saw just behind me one of the sweetest little girls I have ever met. Her dress was so faded and patched, that you could scarcely tell what it was originally. But she was scrupulously clean, with her beautiful brown hair brushed back and braided, though it was tied only with a piece of string. She held in her arms a little white rabbit, and it seemed to me I had never seen a lovelier vision. It did not take me long to make friends with her; but wishing them to have some nourishment, as they could not have tasted food that day, I hastened to tell the old lady I would call the next morning.

The old wood-cutter had, at my father's request, brought up some wood and kindled a fire. As the cheery blaze lit up the dingy room and their pale, but now smiling, grateful faces, it seemed to me as I bowed myself out that my heart had never given a happier throb.

II.

As we walked rapidly homeward, we wondered who they could be. Evidently they were refined and cultivated, and of good family; nor had they been poor long enough to lose any of that extremely painful sensitiveness which always characterizes the higher class of the poverty-stricken. Then we busied our brains devising ways and means of aiding them substantially. As it was during the civil war and we were living in the South, our own means were very limited. But we were fortunate enough to have friends in the city—though we were comparatively strangers there—who were in better circumstances than ourselves. Our plan was, without revealing their names at once, to interest several wealthy families in them, to provide for their immediate and pressing necessities, and when the daughter had recovered sufficient strength, to try and procure some suitable employment for her that would be remunerative enough to insure them a support.

When I called the next morning, I was received with open arms. Even the rabbit seemed to be trying to welcome me. I petted the dear little girl, whose name was Eva, and inquired solicitously about her mother's health. The old lady drew me near to the window farthest from the bed and truly, in the most touching language I have ever heard from anyone's lips, told me their story and who they were.

It was the first time since they had become so extremely poor, that they had revealed their names or real circumstances to any one. I must confess that sitting there listening to her, with the tears raining down my cheeks, I felt her confidence to be the greatest compliment ever paid me in my whole life. I thanked God in my heart for endowing me with sufficient delicacy of feeling to appreciate and sympathize with the sensitiveness of the poor. I wish I could give her story in her own words; but even if it had not, in all these years, faded partially from my memory, I should not think it quite honorable to thus enter into all the painful details, though the poor old lady has long since gone to her rest.

Of all the poor in the world, those that are high-born and well-bred, as every one knows, suffer the most keenly. They are the most to be pitied, and should be dealt with most gently. "As cold as charity" is a trite adage, but too often a true one. The trouble is that we do not love our neighbor as we love ourselves. I assisted once at the death-bed of a lady who had always been a practical Catholic, who was sincerely pious and good, who had always been very generous in her donations to the church, who was regarded as a model of a practical Catholic in her own station. She had moved in fashionable life, and seemed to meet fully the requirements of society without allowing them to interfere with the practice of her religious duties; and so, when she died, she had many to eulogize her. She died a most edifying death, having received all the Sacraments, refusing to the last to take any thing to lessen her sufferings. But just a few minutes before she breathed her last, she gasped out painfully: "I've done so little for the poor." They were her last words on earth, and impressed me deeply.

But to return to my old lady, whom we will call Mrs. A——. She was the widow of a celebrated lawyer whose works are still text-books in many a law office. They were wealthy and she had always been in the first walks of life previous to her husband's death. After that her property had been mismanaged, and step by step the family was reduced to downright poverty.

Mrs. A—— had but one child, a daughter who had just left school the year her father died. She was married soon after to a poor man, though of good family; but he also died, leaving her with an infant a few months old. Their means about this time became completely exhausted; and the daughter, Mrs. C——, then supported her mother, herself, and her little child by teaching music. She was compelled to go to the houses of her pupils for the lessons, and the winter previous to when I met her, she had taken a cold that resulted in pneumonia, and had never been well since. That was in another city. The physician who attended her told Mrs. C—— that nothing but a change of climate would benefit her. They had then sold the remnant of furniture they had left, and with the assistance of a friend removed to the city of R——, where I met them. Poor Mrs. C——'s health had not improved as they hoped; and, being perfect strangers in the place, they were soon reduced to extreme want and had suffered much.

Upon reaching home the evening before, I had told my story and unfolded my plans of relief to my dear invalid mother. After this I paid a hasty visit to a friend, who had more means with which to do good than I had. Her sympathies I quickly enlisted, and we resolved that my new-found friends should have as happy a Christmas as was possible under the circumstances.

So, after talking awhile with them in the morning, I prevailed upon them to spend the afternoon in the room of a good woman who was their neighbor, and who would not return from her work until six in the evening. I said that a friend of mine wished to assist me in preparing a little surprise for Eva, as the following day would be Christmas. This I whispered to her mother, and she could not refuse me.

Though the ceiling was low and dingy, yet the room was rather long as it extended over the hall below. It fronted west, and I knew it could be made cheerful for the winter. Indeed, at five o'clock that afternoon you would hardly have recognized it, so complete was the transformation. We had to plead very hard with the paper-hangers to do a job for us on Christmas eve, but we succeeded finally.

So the dingy walls were covered with neat paper of a pale tint with delicate bunches of roses, lilies, and violets. The paint had been scrubbed as clean as soap and water could get it. There were pretty new shades at the windows; and the bedstead had been rubbed up and a new mattress and pillows added with comfortable bed-clothing, including a white spread. A new table replaced the old rickety one. Two large cane-seated rockers and one small one stood near the pretty little parlor cook-stove, the warmth from which made the room so comfortable. In the recess on one side of the mantel there was a safe filled with Christmas supplies; and in one corner was a trunk with comfortable changes of clothing and neat double wrappers that invalids find so comfortable.

The lower part of the room was curtained off. Behind it on a table was a small Christmas-tree, with a miniature Bethlehem at the foot, and some little Christmas presents. On a chair near by was a pretty new dress with a cloak and hat for Eva.

As we were hurrying off a few minutes after five, we tapped at the door of the neighbor's room, to tell them they could have possession again and apologize for keeping them out so long.

Eva came running down the steps a moment after, and throwing her arms around me said: "Oh, Miss F——, Mamma says there is only one Christmas present we should like to have to-morrow—if it is not *too* much to ask—that you will come to see us if only for a few minutes." So I promised to call and take her out with me for a little while, if her mother was willing, and her sweet brown eyes fairly danced with delight.

But the Christmas gift I wished for my new friends I did not fail to ask of the Holy Infant on that blessed Christmas morning—the gift of faith. This I felt sure He would bestow upon them, now that they were deprived of all worldly possessions.

III.

I had yet a new surprise for their Christmas. I thought my friend had entered with unwonted zest into our preparations. On our way home that evening she told me she had been a school friend of Eva's mother; that during her last year at school her father had failed in business, and it was Mrs. C——'s father (the Mr. A—— of my story) who had assisted him in securing a position that enabled him to retrieve his losses to a certain extent.

Her own parents soon after died; she had been educated abroad, where she had married, and she had only been established here a few months when we met. Since her return to this country she had met but few of the acquaintances of her childhood; and she had never been able to learn anything of Mrs. C—— and her mother. When I had mentioned their names her surprise was only equalled by the pleasure she experienced in being able to make some small return for Mr. A——'s kindness to her father. She had not told me anything about it because she did not wish them to know who she was just then—the little she could do was so little in comparison with her father's obligation to them.

I stood in mute amazement, thinking how mysterious are the ways of Providence, how beyond our comprehension! My friend's husband was called north on business two days after. She did not meet her old school-friend, nor have I ever seen her since. But how thankful I was to be able to tell Mrs. C—— and her mother that what little had been done to make them more comfortable was in fulfilment of a long-standing obligation by an old friend, though she positively refused to allow me to mention her name.

I called on Christmas afternoon according to promise, and I have spent few happier hours. With permission of her mother, I took Eva to Benediction with me to the convent chapel. As I fondly hoped, she was delighted with the Sisters, the children, and every thing she saw; and she expressed very earnestly her wish that she could go to school to the Sisters. It was arranged with the Superior that, if her mother consented, she should begin at once.

Mrs. C—— was soon able to do a little embroidery and light sewing, and by the spring had a sufficient number of music pupils engaged to insure a comfortable support for herself and loved ones. Through the influence of a friend she succeeded in getting a very good piano at a reasonable rent, so that her health might not again be endangered by exposure to the weather. The Sisters took great interest in her, and were able to keep her in pupils. Little Eva made rapid progress in her studies; and I was far from surprised when her mother told me she had given permission for her to be received into the Church.

The next Christmas eve I was invited to stand as sponsor for Eva before the early Christmas Mass. I arranged to have my dear mother and father come with me, that we might make our Christmas Communion together. And now there was a surprise in store for me. At the baptismal font with Eva stood her mother, both their faces full of happiness. My father and mother were sponsors for Mrs. C——, the good parish priest and I for Eva. But more than this: they had been prepared for their First Communion as well as for Baptism. So we knelt at the altar together, as happy a party as could have been found that Christmas morning.

Mrs. C——'s aged mother knelt meanwhile in the chapel amid tears and smiles. As we passed out together, she said: "Well, I shall have to be a Catholic too, for I cannot be separated from all I love on earth."

Thus the Holy Infant had really given my friends that most blessed of all Christmas gifts—the priceless gift of faith.

THE THREE WISE KINGS.

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star. *Longfellow.*

THAT they were Wise Men—*Magi*—and that they came from the East, is all that the Evangelist St. Matthew tells us of the three who, in the days of King Herod, came to adore Him Who was born King of the Jews.

The star that shone before them—the “beautiful, wonderful star”—had been foretold centuries before by Balaam: *I shall see him but not now; I shall behold him but not near. A star shall rise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel.*¹ Their own coming had been foreseen also by David the Royal Prophet. *The Kings of Tharsis and the Islands shall offer presents. The Kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts.*² And Isaias has this prophecy: *The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Madian and Ephraim: all they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense and showing forth praise to the Lord.*³

From these prophecies and from early traditions in the Christian Church it would appear that the Magi were Kings. The title of *Magus* was applied among the Persians to studious and learned men, as was that of scribe among the Jews, and philosopher among the Greeks. Their names, according to a common tradition, were “Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar.”

Three were led to follow the beautiful star—in order, say the old writers, that the three great branches of the human family, the descendants of Sem, Cham, and Japhet might each have its representative at the Manger of Bethlehem. And so in old pictures one of the three is usually a negro.

The common opinion is that the Wise Men came from ‘Araby the Blest’—*Arabia Felix*—which had been settled by the children of Abraham’s second wife, Cetura,—Jecsan, who was the father of Saba, and Madian who was the father of Ephraim. The gifts they brought seem to confirm this, as gold, incense, and myrrh are the chief products of this region.

What became of them after their return into their own country? The monk Cyril, in his life of the Abbot St. Theodo-

¹ Numbers, xxiv. 17. ² Psalm lxxi. 10. ³ Is. 60.

sius, says that they renounced their dignities and began to lead the life of humility and poverty, the dignity and the merit of which they had learned in the Stable of Bethlehem. After the Resurrection of our Lord, the Apostle St. Thomas went into their country, baptized them, and consecrated them bishops, and they had the happiness in the end to lay down their lives for Jesus Christ. These details, however, are not very authentic.

The Martyrology of Cologne, where their sacred remains are honored, says that they became bishops indeed, and that in the year of our Lord 54 they met together in the city of Servan and there celebrated Christmas. On the first day of the New Year, Melchior died at the age of one hundred and sixteen years; on the 6th of January, Baltasar passed away in his one hundred and twelfth year; and shortly after Gaspar followed, aged one hundred and nine. When the second died they brought him to lay him beside the first. Then the body of the latter drew back of itself, says the Martyrology, yielding the place of honor. When the body of Gaspar was brought, the two drew aside so that it might be laid between them.

This much, at least, is certain with regard to them: their relics were brought from Persia to Constantinople by the Empress St. Helena, and were placed there in the Basilica of St. Sophia. They were afterward carried to Milan by St. Eustorgius. Here they reposed about six hundred and seventy years, in the Eustorgian Church; there, on the Epiphany, Midnight Mass was said as on Christmas. In 1162, when Frederic Barbarossa pillaged the city, the relics were brought to Cologne where they are still kept with great veneration.

During the French Revolution, the great treasure was taken away by the Canons and carried to different places for safety, and finally to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here the Canons decided to sell the Reliquary in order to support themselves. The people rose up at the idea, and one of the citizens petitioned Napoleon to permit the relics to be restored to Cologne. In 1804 they were brought back and, after the Reliquary had been restored to something like its former state of magnificence, they were once more exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

Devotion to the Three Kings is not confined to Cologne. Among American cities Lima in Peru is foremost in honoring

them. They are especially invoked in cases of epilepsy. The wood-sawyers of Mechlin, in Belgium, and the card-makers have adopted them as their patrons.

In the Middle Ages, the people used to bring to the church on the feast of the Kings, gold, incense and myrrh. These were blessed by the priests and carried home and carefully preserved as a pledge of God's blessing and protection over the home and family. This custom still exists in parts of Germany, and the formula for blessing these gifts disappeared from the Ritual only after the revision by Paul V. in the seventeenth century.

Another beautiful custom in their honor was that of choosing by lot on their feast a king of the household. A cake was baked, in which was a bean. When this cake was distributed, he in whose share the bean was found became king for the day or through the octave. Two portions of the cake were always set aside, one for Jesus and one for Mary; and these found their way to the poor. For in those days, the poor had always their part in the innocent joys of every Christian home.

Happy the family among whom this coming feast of the Kings shall be celebrated in a like Christian way.

A CHINESE BISHOP TO THE AMERICAN LITTLE MESSENGER.

[The following letter, which is only too modest in its touching details of a true Apostleship in the midst of labors and hardships, should rather be addressed to our American Associates than to the Editor of their *Little Messenger*. As such, the PILGRIM is more than glad to open its pages to the appeals of Christ's missionaries; and any material help of which it may have been the instrument, has brought its own exceeding great reward. Monseigneur Bulté is Vicar Apostolic of South-East Chi-li (Tchély), the metropolitan province in which is situated Peking, the capital of the Empire. The latter belongs to one of the other two Vicariates of the province, both of which are served by the zealous Lazarist Fathers.]

Hien-hien, via Tien-Tsin, September 27th, 1890.

REVEREND FATHER:

I consider it my duty to make grateful acknowledgment of the generous offering (142 francs and some centimes), put to my credit in your name [*i.e.*, alms sent through Editor of the PILGRIM] in the *Catholic Missions* of July 25th, 1890. I pray our Lord to reward you and all our benefactors.

I am not known to your Reverence personally, as I came straight to China in 1864; you deserve all the more gratitude on

this account. We are, however, sons of the same Father—St. Ignatius—and of the same Mother—the Society of Jesus. Moreover, like yourself, I have the good fortune to be engaged in the work of spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by means of the Apostleship of Prayer. I must confess, however, that in other hands this devotion, so fruitful for the salvation of souls, would make greater progress. In the last Synod of this region, held in 1886, seven of the eight Vicariates Apostolic were represented by their heads. They were all persuaded of the great propriety of developing devotion to the Sacred Heart; but I have not been able to bring it about that all should establish the Apostleship of Prayer among their people.

I have succeeded best with the three Vicars Apostolic of Mongolia. They are trying to spread the Apostleship in their provinces as much as they can. One of them especially is always on the lookout for new devices to assure its advancement; and he attributes to the Sacred Heart a marked increase in the number of pagans converted.

Many of our own Fathers here ascribe to the same divine influence the peace which we have enjoyed with little interruption for a good number of years, even all through the war of reprisals waged by France against China. Especially do they ascribe to the Sacred Heart whatever fruit we have reaped. In particular, we thank the Sacred Heart for this: the number of pagan infants baptized is now three times what it was in former years. Many of these little innocents die shortly after being baptized, and so this consoling harvest of souls goes at once to people heaven.

What we need now is the conversion of some lukewarm Christians and, among infidels, a greater stirring up of interest in our holy religion. May the Sacred Heart grant a special blessing to the labors of several Fathers who are setting out to evangelize a district lying a considerable distance to the south of the Vicariate, and into which the faith has as yet hardly penetrated. Give us a share in your prayers for this intention, and ask the prayers of the American Associates.

Allow me to share with you a bit of consolation which the new Vicar Apostolic of Manchuria, Monseigneur Guillon, gave me lately. On the day of his Consecration—the feast of Pentecost—he consecrated himself and his priests, most of whom were present,

and his whole Vicariate to the Sacred Heart, putting his whole confidence in It alone. And the better to secure the effects of Its divine protection, he wished to spread the Apostleship of Prayer more and more among his Christians. For this purpose, he asked the Diplomas and all needed instructions, which I was only too happy to give him, congratulating him at the same time on his pious intentions. He added that he was happy to have this new bond of union between himself and our Mission.

I thought, Reverend Father, that you would be pleased with these details, since you are Head Director of the Apostleship; but I hardly consider them worthy of publication in your MESSENGER.

Your humble servant and devoted brother in Christ,

✠ H. J. BULTÉ, S. J., *Bishop,*
Vicar Apostolic of South-East Chi-li.

The Vicariate of Monseigneur Bulté extends through five Chinese Prefectures, estimated to contain about 8,000,000 pagans and 37,928 Christians. From July 1, 1889, to July 1, 1890, there were 1062 pagans converted to the faith. The following summary will give an idea of the present state and work of the Missions during this time:

Stations	525	Attendance (Boys, Christians)	1,362
Churches and Chapels	483	“ (“ Pagans)	210
Christians	37,928	“ (Girls, Christians)	1,111
Pagans under instruction	2,367	“ (“ Pagans)	55
Pagan children baptized	10,616	Associates of the Apostleship	
Confessions during missions	22,173	of Prayer	6,563
“ of devotion	80,625	Confraternity of Mount Carmel Scapular	12,606
Communions during missions	17,124	Rosary Society	3,278
“ of devotion	78,659	Sodality of the Immaculate Conception	2,124
Schools (Boys)	123		
Schools (Girls)	98		

—The following mission contribution has been received since our last issue:

For the Propagation of the Faith:

Mary A. Kilroy, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.20

Sum of mission contributions acknowledged in the PILGRIM from January to December, 1890:

Cardinal Lavigerie	\$1000.00
Propagation of the Faith	108.51
Chinese Missions	6.20
Zambesi Mission (Father Croonenberghs, S. J.)	25.00
Lepers of Japan	5.17
Indian Missions	2.00
Philip A. Kemper (to spread the pictures with the “Sacred Heart Promises”)	5.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE WORK OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

IN the year 1884, the attention of all those who were interested in the history of Catholic devotion and heroism in America was strongly drawn to the old "Mission of the Martyrs" among the Mohawk Indians on the river of that name in the State of New York.

These Indians formed the easternmost of the Five Nations known as the Iroquois Confederacy; and the mission among them was first in point of time and importance, from its blood-stained foundation in 1642 to its final breaking up on account of the French and English wars in 1684. It thus represented one of the most determined and heroic and persevering attempts of Catholic zeal to convert a savage race to the religion of Christ; and in the permanent Catholic colonies of Indians which it sent off to Canada, and through their example and real missionary labors in the extensive present-day missions of the Rocky Mountains, the heart-rending trials of its early days have borne lasting fruit.

Besides all this, the Mission of the Martyrs had been rightly named; it had been baptized in Christian blood. During a long succession of years, at frequently recurring periods, the flower of the native Christians here trod the platform of torture and amid the flames proved by their last prayers for the forgiveness of their murderers how deeply the Christian faith was enrooted in their hearts. At one time more than a dozen members of the earliest Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in our country here met death together.

But, most of all, three venerated souls gave here that great example of Christian virtue which, under ordinary circumstances, warrants us in expecting that one day they may be raised to the altars of the Church as canonized Saints. Two of these, indeed, have always been in repute of martyrs for the faith—Father Isaac Jogues and his companion, René Goupil.¹ The third—the Iroquois virgin, Catherine Tegakwita—died, it is true, in the Canadian colony to which she had escaped, but her wonderful

¹ See *Life of Father Jogues* (Messenger Office, bound, \$1.00).

early sanctification, in the midst of unbelief and savage vice, and her baptism occurred here; and she may rightly be regarded as the fairest fruit of the blood poured forth on this spot for Christ, the Virgin's Divine Son.

The final history of the Mission seemed to point clearly to the manner in which all these heroic memories of the faith should be gathered together and preserved. During its ten closing years it had been the honored shrine of a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary which had been sent from the great Belgian sanctuary of *Notre Dame de Foy*. This title the missionary Fathers had interpreted as "Our Lady of Faith"; and in the blood of martyrs is the seed of faith.

Moreover, it was at this time—two hundred years after the shutting up of the former shrine—that researches which had long been going on were brought to a happy close. The landmarks laid out in the relations of the missionaries and in the maps of the military expeditions for the forty years of the old mission's existence, had been made the basis of a careful survey, and the place where stood the village of the principal martyrdoms had been determined. It was on the hill back of the little West Shore Railway station of Auriesville. The greater portion of the site was bought up, a small chapel was opened, and the publication of the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS was begun. The thousands of devout communicants who have since climbed this hill, in the footsteps of their martyred brethren of other days, each year as the anniversary month of August comes, show how Providence has timed everything to suit Its own designs.

The necessary proceedings for the process of beatification of the Three Servants of God connected with the place had already been begun; and the Plenary Council of Baltimore had voted in its favor a unanimous *Postulatum* to the Holy Father, to which a most gracious and encouraging answer had been given. And, individually, many of the American and Canadian bishops had at the same time given their kind encouragement to the work of OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

The present altogether special reason of speaking at length of the work of this American pilgrim shrine of our Blessed Lady is a well-founded hope of advancing materially its interests during the coming year. A gentleman who knows well the inconvenience

of the present little oratory, where there can be Mass only at the time of the great pilgrimages, and who would wish to express his gratitude for a change of position in life which he devoutly attributes to our Lady of Martyrs, has presented the shrine with the gift of a round hundred dollars. This sum is not, of itself, either enormous or strange; and our pages have acknowledged constantly the receipts of offerings for the church one day to be erected at Auriesville. But the present donor—the first for several years to give so great a sum—desires, if it be possible, that it should be made the beginning of a series of \$100.00 subscriptions! Then, he truly says, the church would soon go up; and the pilgrims would no longer be exposed to wind and weather, and—who knows?—the Holy Mass might be offered for them, whenever they should visit this “Holy Spot in New York State.”

Contributions for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y.,
from November 3, 1890:

Marie Connolly, New York,	\$.50
Rev. J. P. Dion, Vincennes, Ind.,	10.00
Mary Fleury, New York,	5.00
“A Friend,”25
Mrs. Mary Huntington, New York,	1.00
“To head subscription for church building,”	100.00

Mary most holy, Mother of Sorrows, by that intense martyrdom which thou didst suffer at the foot of the Cross, during the three hours of Jesus' agony, deign to aid us all, children of thy sorrows, in our last agony, that by thy prayers we from our bed of death may pass to heaven's holy joys, there to adorn thy crown.

Virgin most faithful, pray for us.
Queen of Martyrs, pray for us.

AN AMERICAN SODALIST.

IF I did not truthfully believe my brother to have been one out of a million, I would not write this sketch ; for it would be a very egotistical thing to do. But the example of his life is something so full of consolation and encouragement that it does not seem right that a cause of so much edification should be lost to the general public of religious souls, and especially to his brothers of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Richard was taught devotion to St. Joseph by his mother. Even as a child he would prefer an old prayer-book to play with to other toys. From his mother's arms he passed into the care of the Sisters in their Academy for little boys ; and from the Sisters to the Brothers. One venerable Brother, who was then his teacher, still remembers, after a lapse of forty years, poetry declaimed by him with childish innocence and grace. From the Brothers he went to the Fathers. Such is the grand hierarchical training which can be made use of by careful parents in the Catholic Church ; and by this careful training their children are preserved intact in the midst of a corrupt generation.

He graduated with distinction from his College, and completed with equal honor his professional studies.

But it was not success in this life which marked his career. That which distinguished him all through his lifetime was something which is not looked for usually in the busy or the gay world, but which the example of his life proves may be preserved in the midst of the world and its affairs—his purity and his piety.

Even when he was a child, other little boys would excuse themselves to him for playing with "bad boys." Later in life, the rough men who worked under him would say as they saw him approach, "Hush, here comes the priest." His very presence was a check on the tongues of the gross-minded. This purity was so characteristic of him that everybody felt it ; it was like an atmosphere around him. You saw it in his singularly sweet smile, in his modest deportment.

He appreciated the gift which he had received from the Mother of Divine Grace, and carefully watched over it, and took all the means for its preservation. Therefore it was that, all his life, he approached the Sacraments every week. There are men

who, in their old age, become devout and endeavor to atone for the irregularities of their youth by the fervor of their later years. But there are not many of whom it can be said that, living in the midst of the world and the great city, they were faithful to the grace of God from the dawn of reason during almost half-a-century of existence.

For nearly thirty-five years he was the steady penitent of the same holy priest, who went only shortly before himself to his reward; and, after his death, the priests in the church which Richard frequented expressed their edification at the manner in which they witnessed him daily assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the altar.

A man who is truly pious and pure will practise the other virtues. He was patient, he had no bitter feelings, he did not speak uncharitably. He was easily pleased, for instance, with his food. He had a gentle sympathy for all, more like that of a woman or a child than of a man. He was truthful, straightforward even to bluntness, simplicity itself. I do not remember having ever noticed in my brother anything little, anything mean, anything in which there was a trace of envy, of selfishness—and I am sufficiently experienced and wicked to detect the signs of these sorts of things—of vain-glory, of any of those petty miserable human infirmities of which we are not only conscious within ourselves if we pay attention to our interior, but the existence of which we constantly reveal by our tongues and by our manners. In this I think he was particularly noble. He was not avaricious, he was not ambitious. So far indeed as this life only is concerned, it would have been more profitable had he had a little more of both those qualities. He never married, but lived with his sisters.

As we live so we die. When I came to Richard's home on the morning of his death, he was already in his agony. His beads and crucifix were in his hands. For two hours I prayed at his bedside. His eyes were half closed, colorless, and twisted to one side; and he gasped for breath. Suddenly he lifted himself up on his right shoulder, opened his eyes wide and bright, then quietly laid back his head and ceased breathing; while we, for another half-hour, went on praying before we could convince ourselves, looking at those bright eyes, that he was dead.

Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. I have

never witnessed any one else die in that way, though I have been at many death-beds. You might as well ask the mother of a martyr to weep for her glorified child as my sisters or myself to grieve for our brother or shed tears, except tears of humility and gratitude to that God Who is so good to the children of His Saints.

Now for the moral. After Richard's death, they gave me a couple of the books he made use of, which were in Latin. The first was a copy of the *New Testament* and the *Imitation* bound together; the other is a little volume of *Preces Mariæ*, with the motto—*Omni die, Dic Mariæ, Mea laudes anima!*—"O my soul, praise Mary every day." It is a collection of prayers and other pious practices for every day in the year, in honor of the Blessed Virgin and for the use of the members of our Lady's Sodality, printed in France in the year 1839. It has all the appearance of being used; and there are a couple of his cards in it, apparently to mark places, with two leaflets of devotions to St. Joseph.

Richard was a son of Mary; he joined her Sodality in his boyhood, and all his life was faithful to the promises he then made. This is the lesson of his life and the reason why I have chosen the title at the head of this paper. And what he did all men can do; and they can do it in this century as well as two hundred years ago. Any Catholic young layman, if he will frequent the Sacraments and pray, may render himself worthy to be received into the ranks of that army of the "chaste generation" of the favorites of Mary of whom St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus and St. John Berchmans are the types. We are not all alike, but we can all be good.

If anyone is edified by this little story, will he please, in his charity, say a prayer for my brother's soul? D. M.

(From the *Stabat Mater*.)

Fount of love and sacred sorrow,
 Mother, may my spirit borrow
 Sadness from thy holy woe:
 May it love—on fire within me—
 Christ, my God, till great love win me
 Grace to please Him here below.

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECT.

What is the origin of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society?

“What do you *do*? You are full of talk and theory, but what are you *doing*?”

This was the blunt, taunting question put to the Catholics one evening, in the year 1833, at a meeting of the Historical Club that was composed of the various students attending lectures in Paris. Frederic Ozanam,¹ a law student at the time, was among the Catholics present and the cruel taunt stung him with indignation. When the meeting adjourned, Ozanam sought out two of his Catholic companions and together they went to his rooms. Here they discussed the impudent slur flung at the Catholics during the meeting, but no definite course of resenting it was adopted. Ozanam, however, feeling that, as far as he and his companions were concerned, they had in truth been *talking* and not *doing*, said something about interesting themselves in some work of charity.

Nothing was done that evening to make practical the proposition that had perhaps been doubtingly broached, but it seems to have been the germ from which sprang the apostolic Society of Saint Vincent de Paul; for at a meeting a short time after of eight young Catholic students, among whom were Ozanam and his two companions, the question of forming a society for practical works of charity became the main theme of discussion, when some one—it is not known who—said: “Let us organize a Conference of Charity.” There and then the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul was formed, May, 1833, and it was not many months before a practical organization and system of work had been effected, and the new Society placed under the patronage of the Saint of charity—Saint Vincent de Paul.

The need and popularity of the Society soon met recognition, for in two years' time the Society had spread to different parts of France and a few years later had reached other countries. In 1845 it received the Apostolic sanction of the Holy See, when by the Briefs of Gregory XVI., dated January 10 and August 12, the Society obtained the grants of many Indulgences. The year

¹ See *Life and Works of Frederic Ozanam*, by Kathleen O'Meara.

following, the first Conference was established in the United States, at St. Louis.

What is the object of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul?

Article I. of the General Regulations says :

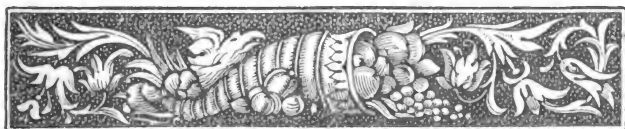
"All Christian young men who desire to unite in a communion of prayers and a participation of the same works of charity, may become members of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, wherever they may happen to reside."

And Article II. further says :

"No work of charity should be regarded as foreign to the Society, although its special object is to visit poor families. Thus, its members are expected to embrace every opportunity of affording consolation to the sick and to prisoners, of instructing poor, unprotected, or imprisoned children, and of procuring the succors of religion for those who need them, at the hour of death."

Like all associations in the Church, the primary object of the Society is the sanctification of its members ; but just as other associations differ from each other in the means employed to attain this object, so the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul reaches its end chiefly by devoting itself to works of charity. The Society is not a Third Order, nor a confraternity, nor even a sodality, but a pious union of Catholic men living in the world and engaged as a body in practical works of charity. It resembles the League of the Sacred Heart in its nature and organization, with this difference, that, while the League embraces all Christians in a union of prayer, the Society engages only men in a union of work. And in this work there is no species of charity "foreign" to the Society, as Article II. says. The variety and kind of charitable undertakings assumed by the Society are as multiplied as the Conferences themselves.

As an association exclusively for men, and for young men principally, having for its object the sanctification of the members themselves and the spiritual and temporal well-being of their neighbor, and solemnly sanctioned by the Church, the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul can rightfully claim more than good-will from every Catholic. It can claim active co-operation.





THE LITTLE MESSENGER.

THE American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, enlarged and beautified, is now entering on the second quarter-century of its existence—of which naturally we are making much.¹

For the past five years the *PILGRIM* has served as a *Little Messenger*, that is, a cheap and popular bulletin of the work of the League of the Sacred Heart of which the thirty-one *Messengers* now in the world are the official organs. It had been in existence for a year before it took up this additional work, for which it was well suited as being specially consecrated to the devotion of the Blessed Virgin Mary—through whose Immaculate Heart the Apostleship of Prayer of the Associates of the League is offered—and to the Sodalties, with which also the *Messenger* is officially occupied.

With the spread of the Apostleship of Prayer, the office of the *PILGRIM* as the *Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart* has wonderfully increased in importance. There are many Centres of the Holy League where it is distributed monthly to hundreds of Associates; and it has become almost the indispensable companion of the official Promoters and their chief means of intercommunication. This development was natural, and is in spite of the fact that

¹ A large and handsome half-tone engraving—"The Apparition of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary," from an unpublished design of the living Roman painter, *Gagliardi*—is sent, in a style suitable for framing, to each subscriber of the *Messenger* for the year 1891. The *Messenger* now furnishes its readers with 112 pages of reading matter each month, comprising three richly illustrated articles. This is in pursuit of its aim—to be a complete "magazine of the literature of Catholic devotion." The *PILGRIM* is included in the full *Messenger* subscription—\$2.00 a year, postpaid.

the official *Direction* of the League, the reports of *Thanksgivings* for graces obtained and of the *Treasury of Good Works* have been always reserved for the pages of the large *Messenger*. The exceedingly low price of the *PILGRIM*,² and the popular character of its contents—homelike and interesting, and dealing with the everyday side of the great Apostleship—have doubtless helped to this welcome result of the labor bestowed on it.

Meanwhile the work proper to the *PILGRIM* from the start has not been lost sight of; or rather it too has grown and that largely, if not in equal proportion to the farther reaching work of universal union in prayer with the Sacred Heart. This special work is that of *OUR LADY OF MARTYRS*; and of this work, over and above the new year beginning for it, we have already had an altogether special reason for speaking in this number.³

A WORD FROM THE AUSTRALIAN HANDBOOK.

NATURE AND ADVANTAGES OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

THE Apostleship of Prayer is a League of zeal and prayer in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. Its special objects are to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart; to promote the interests for which that Heart is ever pleading in the Tabernacle and on the Altar, namely, the salvation of souls and the triumph of the Church; and to make reparation for sin.

It is called a *League*, because its members unite to attain the same end and make use of the same means to secure that end. The end is to make the interests of the Sacred Heart prevail on earth—to promote the spread of God's Kingdom and the salvation of men—and hence Pius IX. gave as a motto to the League the words: *Thy Kingdom Come!*

To attain the proposed end the members may employ all kinds of good works; but their principal duty is to make an offering every morning of the prayers, work, and sufferings of the day for the intentions with which our Lord offers Himself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar and intercedes at the right hand of God.

² It is but 30 cents a year (384 pages), where 50 copies go to one address.

³ See page 18.

ONE WAY OF KEEPING NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THERE is in Paris what is called a Little Seminary, an institution like most of our classical colleges. The rules of the house are based on the purest spirit of piety and virtue. The boys who distinguish themselves in their classes are rewarded in a way that may seem surprising to our young readers. They are allowed to visit and help the poor. They do the work, that is of the Aspirant Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, about which we have something to say elsewhere.¹

But the most beautiful custom here is one observed on New Year's night. The day itself, which in France is kept as we keep Christmas as a home and family feast, is passed by the boys in their own families. In the evening they return to college full of the joys of the day, with the affectionate greetings of father and mother and friends lingering in their ears and of course loaded with good things.

Night prayers are said soon after their entry, and the signal given for retiring. Out they file from the study hall; but when they reach the door, they find two large dishes set out on small tables and each one, as he passes, puts on these whatever his generosity inspires him to give of the good things he has brought with him from home. Cakes and candies, toys and trinkets and money soon fill the dishes, and these go to the poor.

A beautiful custom truly, and a Christian one.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By Mrs. E. M. Pavey.



SAW a red rose in a crystal vase,
Leaning against the Tabernacle's door;
It filled with fragrance pure the sacred place
As its sweet life to God it would outpour.

I thought, could we thus do His holy will,
Nor fret, nor grieve, nor ask the reason why,
How peace and joy each day our lives would fill
And all life's useless worries pass us by.

¹ See page 24.

RESULT OF THE CRUSADE OF 1890.

The Crusade of 1890 for the Consecration of Children and the Canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary has now closed, and its success is shown in the number of children consecrated. Many prayers, too, and good works and Communion and Masses were offered up during the year just ended, to obtain the honor of Saintship for the apostle of the Sacred Heart.

The December *Messenger* of 1890, besides containing a description of the *Albums* in which are the children's names, published a detailed report of the Children's Consecration, giving the places where it was had and the number of boys and girls who shared in the happy privilege of being Children of the Sacred Heart. The subjoined synopsis shows what part each diocese had in the Crusade of 1890.

Archdiocese.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Baltimore	2,839	4,088	6,927
Boston	3,449	4,673	8,122
Chicago	5,064	6,171	11,235
Cincinnati	5,655	6,532	12,187
Milwaukee	208	265	473
New Orleans	718	962	1,680
New York	13,212	12,679	25,891
Oregon City	31	31
Philadelphia	16,456	18,900	35,435
San Francisco	1,087	2,048	3,135
Santa Fé	909	775	1,684
St. Louis	2,810	3,484	6,294
St. Paul	333	263	596
Diocese.			
Albany	2,034	3,021	5,055
Alton	371	478	849
Brooklyn	2,679	3,811	6,490
Buffalo	2,069	2,795	4,864
Brownsville	80	151	231
Burlington	566	641	1,207
Charleston	73	131	204
Cheyenne	124	172	296
Cleveland	2,504	3,150	5,654
Columbus	4,252	4,353	8,605
Covington	129	297	426
Davenport	226	500	726
Denver	125	159	284
Detroit	2,263	2,473	4,736
Dubuque	146	305	451
Duluth	91	123	214
Erie	71	109	180

Diocese.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Fort Wayne	568	741	1,309
Galveston	508	621	1,129
Grand Rapids	334	432	766
Green Bay	89	78	167
Harrisburg	591	535	1,126
Hartford	1,065	1,314	2,379
Helena	381	445	826
Idaho, V. A.	43	52	95
Jamestown	164	239	403
Kansas City	333	336	669
La Crosse	88	92	180
Leavenworth	1,048	1,020	2,068
Lincoln	48	87	135
Little Rock	11	25	36
Louisville	1,406	1,318	2,724
Manchester	293	364	657
Mobile	670	597	1,267
Monterey and Los Angeles . . .	35	65	100
Nashville	213	419	632
Natchez	552	609	1,161
Newark	3,941	4,625	8,566
Ogdensburg	180	160	340
Omaha	479	607	1,086
Peoria	535	770	1,305
Pittsburg	1,970	2,483	4,453
Portland	12	61	73
Providence	837	1,469	2,306
Richmond	68	220	288
Rochester	24	135	159
Sacramento	531	782	1,313
San Antonio	282	587	869
Savannah	375	337	712
Scranton	2,557	2,757	5,314
Sioux Falls	128	212	340
Springfield	1,580	2,428	4,008
St. Augustine	57	194	251
St. Cloud	49	101	150
Syracuse	1,054	1,134	2,188
Trenton	972	1,122	2,094
Utah, V. A.	26	17	43
Vincennes,	863	1,217	2,080
Wheeling	532	976	1,508
Wichita	33	44	77
Wilmington	783	867	1,640
Winona	257	365	622
Canada.			
Canada	2,560	4,008	6,568
Miscellaneous	2,068	9,876	11,944
Total Number of BOYS			112,167
Total Number of GIRLS			119,100
TOTAL NUMBER OF CHILDREN CONSECRATED			231,267

The Cradle of the Sacred Heart.

Words and Music by ELIZABETH CROSS ALEXANDER.

With spirit.

1. Un - to us is born a Saviour! Ma - ry gives Him to us all;
2. All our joys and sor - rows shar - ing, He our hu - man na - ture bore,
3. Love Di - vine, our mis - 'ry heed - ing, Makes our care and pain its own;

Kings and shepherds bow be - fore Him, Cradled in the cat - tle - stall;
So that man thro' Him em - boldened, God's for - give - ness may im - plore.
For the Heart of Je - sus Pleading Has be - come its earth - ly throne.

And up - on the sol - emn midnight Ho - ly voic - es loud - ly ring;
Then with hearts and voic - es blend - ing, Let the bless - ed anthem ring,
Wea - ry souls, ah! courage tak - ing, To the bless - ed man - ger cling,

All the world is hush'd to list - en, While the bless - ed an - gels sing:
Up to heav'n the cho - rus send - ing, While we hear the an - gels sing:
While the light of heav'n is break - ing—And the ho - ly an - gels sing:

CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - ia in the Highest! Sing we ev - er and a - gain,

By the manger where Thou li - est Bringing peace on earth to men.

Copyright, 1890, by Rev. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Increase of Devotion to St. Aloysius.



THE Holy Father calls upon the Associates of the League to open the new year by praying for the increase of devotion to St. Aloysius. Nor could there easily be found a more worthy object of prayer. St. Aloysius is the patron and model of youth; and the winning over of the young to the practice of Christian holiness under such a leader, is a matter of grave importance to the future of the Church. The young of to-day will be the aged of a later day, and they will show forth, for good or for evil, in their maturity the traits of character which they cultivate in youth.

Aloysius must not be looked upon as a splendid model of holiness, ready-made by the hand of the Almighty and set up to pose as a Saint for the admiration of all beholders. He was a youth who had many and great difficulties to contend with, and who overcame them by prudent watchfulness and valiant combating. Being of a lively temperament and belonging to a noble family, he was exposed to that "bewitching of vanity" and that allurements of worldly glory which have so often had power to overturn an innocent mind.

He valued the eternal welfare of his soul above all things; and, of his own accord, he cast away from him titles, honors, riches and all earthly glory to submit himself to the plain simplicity of common life in a Religious Society. By such a sacrifice he won a glory far beyond what even the wildest ambition might have dreamed.

He was exact in following the law of obedience according to his state of life. He subdued his senses by watchfulness and penance. He was diligent in his studies, charitable in all his dealings, and ready to give his life for the salvation of others. Indeed he may be regarded as a martyr of charity, since he died of a disease contracted whilst ministering to the plague-stricken in the hospitals of Rome.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 2.

SANCTA MARIA.



“SOME women were talking the other night,” says a daily paper, “about the influence of names.” They brought up especially the peculiarities of character that seem to follow certain names of women, and this is what was said of the name—Mary. “Everybody’s mother seemed to be named Mary.”

It was a beautiful tribute this to the name borne by her who was in the fullest sense of the word—Mother. But, more than that, may we not see in this chance remark one of the many ways in which our Lady’s great prophecy is being fulfilled? *For, behold from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed.*¹

Catholics honor our Lady’s great prerogatives, all of which lead up to the one sublime privilege and dignity of the Divine Maternity. And in this way they acknowledge her blessedness. Others dispute her singular glory; but are forced in other ways to proclaim the same unparalleled blessedness. They are forced to see in her, for instance, as one Protestant poet says:

—The example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.

They give her name to their daughters in the

¹ St. Luke, i. 48.

hope that the name may exert its sweet influence in moulding their character and may make them gentle and modest and pure and helpful, all that goes to make up true and elevating womanliness. People may not think of our Lady, when giving her name to their children; but the truth remains that, in acknowledging the charm of the name of Mary, they are accepting a tradition that has come down from the earliest ages of Faith and has been handed on from generation to generation. They are glorifying, in using her name, the Queen of Angels, the Mirror of true womanhood. Others, still, have gone a step farther and have said and written beautiful things which only a Catholic heart could have conceived. The lines of Scott, and Wordsworth, and our own Longfellow, are familiar to every school boy and girl. The Protestant John Keble, the early friend of Cardinal Newman, feared not to close a beautiful hymn to our Mother by these words:

Ave Maria, thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim.

It was not without reason that the Evangelist St. Luke called special attention to the fact that the name of the Divine Mother was Mary. *And the name of the Virgin was Mary.*²

It was as if he would say: "Note well what name the Eternal Father has chosen for His Daughter; for it is full of light and meaning for you."

One of these meanings is that we have just been speaking of, which the loving hearts of past generations have helped to attach to it. But it has other meanings, this sweet name of Mary; and, in fact, one of the loving tasks the early Fathers set themselves was to draw out these meanings.

They pointed to the name of the great Patriarch, which God changed from Abram to Abraham in order that it might signify and proclaim to all the new dignity God had conferred on him in making him the father of a great multitude and in promising him that in his seed all the generations of the earth should be blessed. They pointed also to the name given to the great Precursor, John the Baptist, by an Angel. And they asked: "Could God have left the naming of Mary to chance, or can we suppose that her name is less full of meaning than that of the Patriarchs?

What was the result of their researches? First of all, they

²i. 27.

found that what the Rabbi Hakkados, who lived before our Lord, had predicted had come true, namely, that the Mother of the Messias would be called 'Lady' or Mistress. For the name Mary actually means Lady or Queen. Hence when we say "Holy Mary," we equivalently say Holy Lady or Mistress. And it is well to remark how Catholic Christians everywhere have adopted this title for our Blessed Mother. The French say *Notre Dame*; the Italians, *Madonna*; the Spaniards *Nuestra Señora*; the Flemings, *Onse Lieve Vrouwe*; and so on.

In the second place, Mary signifies "Star of the sea," or "she that illumines." And this is a beautiful and helpful meaning to keep in mind, when we invoke her in trials or temptations or perplexity. She will be our guide over the sea of temptations if we but ask her. She will enlighten us too *in the time of clouds*, if we will but have recourse to her.

These meanings, we must believe, were intended by the Eternal Father in giving Mary her name; and they were intended for us. They were so many intimations to us of what God willed our Lady should be to us—a Queen in very truth, to whom loyal service is due and should be given ungrudgingly. She is a Queen who does not disdain to enter into all the petty trials and concerns of her subjects. She allows nothing to distract or engross her attention when their wants are presented to her.

Then she is our Mother, and also our Sister: our Mother, being Mother of Christ and of His Mystical Body the Church; our Sister, being a child of Adam as we all are.

Knowing this, we can accept the following lines, though not written by a Catholic; while we feel that he has not fully understood what Mary, our Lady, our Star of the Sea, our Light, is to us.

O Mary Mother, be not loth
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and mayst not be seen!
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary Virgin, full of Grace!

“GOD’S WAYS NOT OURS.”

By E. Carmel Hendry.

IN one of the ancient churches of a certain city of Belgium, there hangs a painting, which on account of its size, occupies considerable space. Although in one frame, it consists of four pictures, separated from each other by strips of wood, on which are carved representations of roses growing on the stalks of thistles.

In the foreground of the first of these pictures is portrayed a beautiful garden, toward which a man, standing just outside its limits, has his face turned with an eager, longing expression; but from which an angel of dazzling loveliness draws him, as if by force, in the direction of a narrow, dreary path, on either side of which thorn bushes are growing in great profusion.

In the next compartment is seen the same man, his face illumined by a look of intense happiness; and, with a woman and a boy, also wearing a joyful air, he is being guided by the angelic conductor out of the thorny pathway toward the garden, which seems far more inviting than in the first picture.

The scene in the third section is almost the reverse of the first, there being seen a man of devout aspect entering the attractive garden, while an angel stands looking sorrowfully away from him toward the thorny path, over which a celestial light is shining.

The fourth section contains a picture of the man last described fleeing from the garden, with rage and horror on his face, toward a terrible abyss that yawns at a short distance from the blooming enclosure, while the angel is seen near by, in an attitude indicative of the helplessness of despair.

The frame by which the picture is surrounded might be called a miracle of that skill in wood-carving for which the Belgians are so justly noted. From it the heads of cherubs and dragons, doves and hawks, tigers and lambs stand out fully, while in lower relief, are crosses supporting crowns; chalices, from which issue rays of glory; passion flowers and resurrection lilies are intermingled in consummate harmony.

The writer of these lines was attracted equally by the merits of the painting, which, though it does not bear the impress of a master’s hand, is yet executed with a pleasing skill; and by the

superb workmanship of the frame, which may have been one of the efforts of the immortal Verbruggen.

Having spent some time admiring it as a whole, she was turning away, greatly puzzled as to the meaning of the picture, when she saw that an inscription in old Flemish was carved on a scroll that she had not perceived amid the intricacies of the pattern around the bottom of the frame. In the dim light it was some time before she deciphered it to be, "God's Ways Not Ours."

These words seemed to mystify her still further, and to increase her desire to know the history of the picture ; but as there was no one present who could give her any information concerning it, she was obliged to leave the church with her curiosity ungratified.

A few days later, when visiting a devout English lady long resident in this foreign city, the conversation turned upon the church in which the picture hung, and she asked her hostess if she could tell her what was its meaning.

"I am pleased to say I can," was the gracious answer. "Its history was once published in the language of ancient Flanders, now so seldom used ; but the volume containing it is out of print. Happily, a friend of mine, remembering the story, wrote it out for me in French ; and the manuscript is at your disposal."

Soon after, the paper was placed in the hand of the writer, who at this, her first opportunity, presents the tale in English.

Several centuries ago there lived in this city of B—— two virtuous brothers, named respectively James and Godfrey, who, though skilled artisans, had so bitter a struggle against poverty, that had it not been for their faith and piety, the burden of life would have seemed to them almost intolerable. Their cruel strife against adversity was at its height, when by the decease of a wealthy relative, the brothers became joint heirs to a large estate ; and as there were no difficulties to be apprehended in the acquiring of their inheritance in ready money, each laid plans for adopting a way of living far more comfortable than that to which their narrow means had hitherto restricted them. On the day appointed for the payment of the legacies, they met at the house of the banker charged with the settlement of their affairs ; and having each received his portion, placed it in a wallet, and

set out homeward. On their way they passed the parish church in which they had worshipped from their youth, and Godfrey proposed that they should enter and, after thanking God for His great kindness in allowing them to fall into this inheritance, should ask the blessing of His protection over their wealth, and the grace to make a proper use of it.

James, though he had always been considered the more pious of the brothers, disapproved of this suggestion, and insisted upon returning at once to put his treasure in a safe place: so Godfrey entered the church by himself, and proceeded to carry out his pious project.

After some moments spent in prayer before the altar, he arose to leave the church; but when he gained the deep vestibule which was very dark, a man masked and clad in black garments sprang upon him, and wresting the wallet from his hand, disappeared with a suddenness that seemed supernatural. Poor Godfrey did not recover from his fright for a moment or two; but when he did so, and rushed into the street with loud lamentations, there was to be seen no trace of the stranger who had so cruelly robbed him; and he was obliged to return home, in great anguish of mind, to break the sorrowful news to his wife and son, who though a mere child, had sufficient sense to understand the greatness of the misfortune that had overtaken his father. Time passed, and as no clue was to be obtained of the thief or the money, the wronged man and his wife took up again the burden of toil and privation, leading the while lives that were most exemplary and edifying, and bringing up their son in so Christian a manner that he became a perfect model of virtue.

In the meantime all had gone well, temporally speaking, with James. Having invested his money so that it brought him a fine revenue, he had built a handsome house and adopted a luxurious style of living, growing more and more inflated by his elevation and holding himself so far above his less fortunate brother, to whom he had never tendered the slightest assistance, that by degrees he managed to break off all intercourse with him, and they became as strangers to each other.

From a moral point of view, however, the affairs of James were by no means prosperous. His devotion to the world and his false ambition had led him gradually to abandon the practice of

his religion. His only son, brought up in idleness, had been led into evil ways by bad companions, who knowing of his father's fortune drew him into the paths of destruction that they might reap a profit from his initiation into vice. His daughter, who in their days of adversity had been the most upright of maidens, had in prosperity become haughty, insolent and undutiful; and passed her time in the society of women devoted to worldliness and vanity, from whom she learned so to despise righteousness that she became an unbeliever and a scoffer and finally fell into a disgraceful course.

About the time that this terrible event occurred, Godfrey began to suffer from trials more severe than any that had hitherto afflicted him. In the first place, he was overtaken by a disease in his eyes that threatened him with blindness, and obliged him to give up the work by which he had supported his family. Then, his devoted wife, who had nobly striven to take his place as breadwinner, fell a victim to a rheumatic affection that almost crippled her; while their son, who felt a strong vocation for the priesthood, was obliged to give up his studies, and seek employment by which to support his parents. The only situation of which he could hear after a long and painful search, was in a large factory in a distant city; and the prudent youth trembled at the thought of being exposed to the temptations that would be inevitable in a mixed crowd of fellow-laborers.

His good mother shared his laudable apprehensions; and when the hour came in which he was to set out for his field of toil, she advised him to go to the parish church, and ask the especial blessing of God on the step he was about to take.

The youth obeyed; and while at his devotions, the melancholy reflection forced itself upon him that it was in that sacred edifice and upon that day ten years previous, his father had met with the misfortune that had so shattered his hopes.

After finishing his prayers, he arose and walked to the door; but he had hardly stepped over its threshold into the vestibule, when a masked man suddenly appeared before him, placed a wallet in his hand, and vanished.

When the youth had in a measure recovered from his astonishment, he hastened home to tell of his strange adventure and place the wallet in his father's hands. It proved to be the

one stolen so mysteriously from him, and was found to contain the exact amount of which he had been so ruthlessly deprived. A written paper addressed to James, contained these words:

"The unhappy being who ten years ago robbed you of a sum of money now restores it to you. At the time he committed the crime, he was so hardened in vice that he felt no hesitation about planning the wicked deed in order to obtain the means to cancel a debt incurred by his indulgence in shameful excesses. From the hour, however, that he dispensed the money to meet these obligations, remorse seized him; and leaving his evil ways he removed into a distant country, where he resumed the long-abandoned practice of his religion, and divided his time between works of devotion and the humblest of labors by which he has realized sufficient thus to make restitution. Being a member of an ancient and noble family he for the sake of others conceals his identity; but he most earnestly begs your forgiveness, and recommends himself to your pious orisons."

In the midst of the rejoicings over this great favor, James appeared in a distracted condition before his relatives, and begged the loan of a pittance wherewith to purchase the necessaries of life; as his son had robbed him of his all, besides appropriating a large sum from a neighbor, and had fled to escape the penalty of the law. He added, weeping, that on his way to his brother's, he had seen his wretched daughter reeling through the street in an intoxicated condition, followed by a jeering crowd.

The good Godfrey and his family strove to console the unhappy father and, after giving him a generous share of their lately-restored wealth, promised him further assistance as he needed it. This was not required of them, for the next day the wretched parent, hearing that his son had been captured and would surely be doomed to a felon's death, succumbed to despair and put an end to his own life. Godfrey and his wife were careful to make such use of their money as they felt would be pleasing to God, by reserving for themselves only what sufficed to support them in a modest and frugal way, and distributing the remainder among the suffering poor. Their son resumed at once his theological studies and became later one of the holiest priests of his day. The pastoral charge of the church in which two such important events in his family history had taken place was event-

ually placed in his hands, and he caused the lesson which he drew from the occurrences to be set forth in the painting described in the beginning of this sketch.

The English lady to whom the writer was indebted for the manuscript, wrote the following lines of Mrs. Browning on a blank space left after it was finished.

“For us, whatever’s undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done,
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
Only the good discerns the good,
I trust Thee while my days go on.

“Whatever’s lost, it first was won !
We will not struggle nor impugn,
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That heaven’s new wine might shine more clear,
I praise Thee while my days go on.

“I praise Thee while my days go on,
I love Thee while my days go on !
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With empty arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.”

THE ROSARY OF THE REGIMENT.

THIS is a true narrative, the events of which are of recent date. The hero was a young soldier of the infantry, who went by the name of the “Little Angel.”

It was whispered around the barracks that the Little Angel had a Rosary. Some of those who had seen it said that “it was an enormous concern, long as the girdle of a Capuchin monk and with beads the size of the colonel’s plume.”

On one occasion, more than two hundred soldiers gathered around our young man, jesting and mocking him at the expense of his Rosary.

“Let us see it, young fire-eater !” said one.

“He thinks he can hang the whole regiment with that chain of his,” shouted another.

“You’re wrong,” said a third, “it’s a new-fashioned necklace he wants to introduce.”

So it continued. Now, what do you think he did ? Did he

break out in explosive abuse as young men usually do? Or did he want the insult wiped out on the field of honor? He did neither.

He quietly drew the Rosary from his pocket—an ordinary cheap Rosary—which had seen much service in his keeping, and holding it up in both hands said:

“There now, you see my Rosary! Would you like to measure it?”

Not a jeer was returned. One turned his head away: the rest looked at the sacred sign of our holy religion. Who knows what memories of home and mother, of the little village church, passed rapidly through the minds of those silent men? Only one voice was raised:

“That was sincere, my boy: that was well done.”

And the soldiers’ mockery came to an end.

M. C. B.

No one can have too much courage, but courage displayed in the service of God and His Church has a double value. It gains the esteem of Heaven and man.

THE SAINT OF THE HOLY FACE.

ST. VERONICA, 4 February.

EVERYBODY knows what Saint Veronica did. Our Lord was on the way to Calvary. He had already fallen once.

Simon had been forced to help carry the heavy Cross that was bruising our Lord’s shoulders and crushing Him to the ground, when suddenly “a woman tall and imposing in appearance, holding a little girl by the hand, issued from a beautiful mansion on the left and threw herself in front of the procession. This was Seraphia . . . called Veronica—because of what she did on this day.” So it is described by the holy writer Catharine Emmerich in her revelations.

We know the rest—how Veronica wiped the blood and spittle from our Lord’s Sacred Face and how that Sacred Face was miraculously imprinted on the linen cloth which she carried.

Now, who was Saint Veronica? Is there anything more

known about her? Have the traditions of the faithful preserved for us nothing of her history but this one heroic act? These are questions we might reasonably ask. In the *Lives of the Saints* (Little Bollandists) there are interesting details about the life of St. Veronica, which are at once edifying and instructive and which answer some of these questions. Many of these details are drawn from the Revelations of Sister Anne Catharine Emmerich, a pious nun of Westphalia who died in the odor of sanctity in the first part of this century.

First then with regard to the Saint's name. She was called Seraphia. The name Veronica was given later. Some have tried to connect this name with the miraculous image of the Holy Face, by deriving it from the Latin word "vera" meaning "true" and the Greek word "ikon" image. The more generally received explanation of the name is this. It is a softened form of the Greek adjective "pherenikos" that is "the victorious one" or "the one that has gained the palm." This epithet was given by the Greek poet Pindar to the victors in the Olympian games. The allusion is to the heroism of Veronica in pressing through the rabble and the soldiers, and her success in offering to our Lord the touching service which has immortalized her.

She was the cousin of John the Baptist and one of our Lady's companions in the Temple, and during their stay in God's house a tender attachment sprang up between her and the future Mother of the Messiah. She assisted at our Lady's marriage with St. Joseph. And when the Child Jesus was lost in Jerusalem and His parents were seeking Him sorrowing, it was Veronica who received Him into her house and gave Him food. A graceful legend, which has been put into verse by a Polish poet, tells how the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph sought our Lord and how St. Elizabeth was the first to find Him and to carry the glad news to Mary, who immediately exclaims: "Well, then it must have been either in the Temple or at Veronica's you found Him."

Veronica, according to one of the Apocryphal Gospels—that is, one of the Gospels which the Church has not received as inspired by God, but which has nevertheless an historical value—was the woman spoken of in the eighth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. When Pilate was casting around for some means of saving our Lord from the fury of the Jews, he made an appeal,

this Gospel says, to the people and asked if there was no one to bear testimony in favor of our Lord. Then a woman, by name Veronica, began to cry out from afar off: "I am the woman who had an issue of blood. I touched the hem of His garment and immediately the issue of blood which had lasted twelve years stopped." Three very ancient missals, one of the Ambrosian rite, another belonging to the Church of Jaen in Spain, and a third found in Aosta in Italy, seem to confirm this. For in a certain Mass the prayers recited speak of Saint Veronica who wiped our Lord's Face, while the Gospel of the Mass is the story of the woman who was cured by touching the hem of our Lord's garment taken from St. Luke.

At the marriage of Cana, she prepared a basket of flowers to decorate the table. She was one of the Holy Women who followed our Lord, ministering to Him ; or rather while Martha provided for His wants, Veronica looked after the Holy Women.

She was instrumental also in bringing St. Mary Magdalen to our Lord's feet, giving her no peace, visiting her in time and out of time, until she drew her from her irregular life.

After the Passion of our Lord, she shared in all the events of the first Easter Day and of Pentecost, and through everything preserved most carefully the linen cloth on which our Lord's Face had been imprinted. Philip of Bergamo tells us that "Veronica, a woman of Jerusalem, a disciple of Christ, distinguished for holiness and purity, was summoned at this time from Jerusalem to Rome, with the Handkerchief of our Lord. This was by order of Tiberius Cæsar, and the care of a valiant soldier Volusian who was a favorite at court. The Emperor was confined to his bed by a severe illness. He had no sooner admitted this very holy woman and touched the picture of Christ than he found himself completely cured. After this miracle, the prince conceived a great veneration for Veronica."

This cure of Tiberius throws some light on the stories found in more than one writer of the great interest the Emperor took in the religion of our Lord. He sent to Pilate for a report of all that had been done in the case of our Lord. He proposed to the Roman Senate to have our Divine Master numbered among the gods of Rome. And it was said that he had a statue of our Lord erected in his palace before which he burned incense.

With regard to the whole matter the Bollandists say this: "What concerns the linen cloth given to Saint Veronica is beyond doubt for orthodox Christians; and it is the unanimous opinion of all the writers, that Saint Veronica brought the holy picture to Rome."

After this it is believed on the faith of very strong testimony that Saint Veronica passed into France. At Soulac near Bordeaux in France, there is a pilgrimage in her honor. At Rouen and at Valenciennes, throughout Northern France and in Belgium Saint Veronica, under the name of Venice or Venise is invoked by women in all their ailments.

These details, which are given only on the faith of the revelations of pious souls and traditions still current, may help to stir up a spirit of faith, may lead some at least to honor this great soul, and so obtain for many the spirit of fortitude and the contempt for human respect, both of which are so much needed in our day.

THE INFLUENZA AND THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

THE recent disturbances from the Ghost Dances among the South Dakota Indians and Father Jutz' Christian heroism in trying to effect a treaty of peace with the braves, which have been spoken of so widely in the Catholic and secular press, make the following letter of more than passing interest.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, S. DAKOTA.

St. Francis Mission.

When last winter the influenza found its way over the Atlantic and made its appearance in New York, and coming westward spread all over the country, our community made a novena to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph before the feast of their Espousals, January 23, to secure their protection for our Indian Boarding School. At the same time I promised the Sacred Heart to have it published in the PILGRIM in case we were spared till the end of the school year.

Gladly and with a grateful heart I now acquit myself of the pleasant duty to acknowledge the powerful protection from above.

Though the influenza was raging all around the Agency, and the physician—himself the victim of the sickness for a few days—had in one week fifty-two sick in bed, not counting the rest who were able to walk about, yet St. Francis Mission had not one single case of the *grippe*.

A girl of fourteen years died of consumption on June 8, just a few minutes before our Corpus Christi procession began. She had longed so much to see it from her deathbed, but our Lord wanted her to witness it from above. She was perfectly satisfied to die, and her favorite prayer during her long and painful sickness was: "All for Jesus!" The last word she said to the Sister attending her, a short time before her end, was: "Sister, pray: all for Jesus."

Pretty near all our pupils are now baptized, and all these wished to be and are enlisted in the League, in one of the Three Degrees.

Finally, I beg you to recommend to the prayers of the League Christian marriage among our Indians. Here we have to fight against not only the powers of darkness, superstition, etc., but against flesh and blood too.

Servus in Christo,

P. FLOR. DIGMAN, S. J.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

To the Propagation of the Faith (Foreign Missions):

Mrs. C. Kelly, Marblehead, Mass.	\$2.00
Rev. L. Moeslein, C. P., West Hoboken, N. J.	3.00
Mary Kilroy, Philadelphia, Pa.40
Isabel Donohue, Merion, Pa.	2.00

For the Trappist Mission, Mariann Hill, Natal, S. Africa:

Rev. J. Holzknecht, Cooperstown, Wis.	3.00
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Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE \$100.00 SUBSCRIPTION.

WITH the New Year a proposal was made in connection with the pilgrim shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, New York, which after due consideration we have thought best to present to our readers (see January PILGRIM). Its author thus explains how the idea started up in his mind.

Two years ago I felt that I had good reason for making a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Martyrs. I had followed the history of the shrine from the beginning, with lively interest, and it seemed to me that I had received graces from the devotion connected with it. Moreover, I was in need of many things which I hoped to obtain through our Blessed Lady. I did not know the situation of things at Auriesville, and made no inquiries concerning the date of the great summer pilgrimages. I set out for myself by the Saturday night train, expecting to arrive in time for Mass and Communion the next day. I did arrive—about four o'clock in the morning. I found the shrine, but the little oratory was closed, and there were no signs of priest or people. I then learned that, in spite of the great crowds which have come here on solemn pilgrimage every year since 1885, it has been impossible to build a church and furnish a resident priest in the season for those who cannot be present on the few appointed days.

After a little inquiry, I made my way on foot about two miles across the river to Tribes' Hill. There I was lucky enough to find Mass in the little country church. On the whole, I was contented with my pilgrimage; it had been more of a stern reality than I expected when setting out.

The next year I again desired to pray at the shrine; and this time I was careful to find out the day of the great Troy pilgrimage. I need not say how much my own devotion was helped by the great piety shown by all the Sodalities, with badges and banners, marching with their chanted prayers to the hilltop where they knelt, *in the open air*, to hear the Mass. Perhaps all of the immense multitude received Holy Communion. It was won-

drously beautiful, and the beauties of nature spread out before us did not lessen the good done me at the sight.

But we were no sooner safely housed in the cars for our return, than the rain came down in torrents. I could not help thinking that Providence had been kind to our *open-air* devotion; and I learned that this was not the first experience of the kind. But can we always expect this? And what are those devout souls to do who would gladly come on pilgrimage, but are unable to join in on these public occasions? And does not Providence finally help those who help themselves?

These thoughts I naturally enough carried away with me from my second pilgrimage. They did not lessen my interest in the shrine nor my confidence in its devotion. Some time afterward, I was again in need of something affecting my position in life. The thought came to me to have recourse to Our Lady of Martyrs. I promised accordingly what my experience seemed to point out to me as the best thing I could do for her American pilgrim shrine. This was to make an offering of \$100.00 toward the church, *which should be built there*, in case my request were granted. Granted it was, and I hastened to redeem my promise. It was then the thought came to me—Why should not this be made the beginning of a final effort to build a suitable church for the pilgrims to Auriesville? For six years their numbers have gone on increasing, in spite of all material obstacles; and from my own experience I can say that they are bound to continue. It would not need so very many \$100.00 subscriptions, with the amount already in hand, to put the work through; and I have no doubt many would be glad to have a share in so blessed a work.

These, briefly, are the reasons why I have made my offering as recorded in the last number of the PILGRIM.

* * *

To this plain statement, the Editor begs leave to add the following information, concerning what has been done and is yet to do.

1°. With the few thousand dollars generously contributed in 1885, the hilltop where the early martyrdoms took place was bought, and the present oratory erected. It is large enough for the priest and server at Mass; and it has above the altar a statue of our Lady seated, holding the dead Christ in her arms. The pilgrims have so far knelt in the open field in front.

2°. A priestly benefactor has set up a memorial Cross at the entrance to the field. Other contributions received up to 1889 have been expended on the handsome Calvary erected on a high mound in a central enclosure. It is a life-size group of our Lord on the Cross, with the Blessed Virgin and St. John at the foot. Below, around the enclosure, are the fourteen stations of the Way of the Cross. This is the touching afternoon devotion of the great pilgrimages which have had Mass and Communion in the morning. It is frequented also by pilgrims who come singly, and find no church in which to satisfy their piety.

3°. Something more than \$1000.00 is still in hand. This has been slowly accumulating from the occasional contributions acknowledged month by month in the PILGRIM. Even the smallest of these contributions is a material help toward the completion of the work so ardently desired by the friends of Our Lady of Martyrs. It would be a sorrowful thing if the present effort to hasten on work by larger subscriptions should at all discourage offerings which have been and will still be our chief resource.

4°. Several rich presents have been made for the sanctuary of the projected church—hand-painted altar-cards of considerable intrinsic value, a ring with nine diamonds to be used in a chalice, a sum of money for the same purpose, etc.

5°. To the shrine also belongs the small revenue arising from the sale of its history (in *Pilgrim of 1885*, bound volume, 75 cents), and the *Life of Father Jogues* (with map, and explanation of site, 350 pages, \$1.00). The latter was a present to the work from Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Catholic Church in America.

6°. What is now contemplated is, not a final basilica, but simply a neat and worthy edifice that may shelter the great pilgrimages to the spot during their exercises of devotion. This would doubtless bring with it the possibility of Mass and the Sacraments for the benefit of desultory pilgrims, at least during the season of pilgrimages.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York:

Marguerite E. Mullady, Wilkesbarre, Pa.	\$1.00
Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y., "For a favor received through Our Lady of Martyrs"	1.00
Two Associates of the League, Providence, R. I., "For a favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs"	10.00
J. Cullen, Rochester, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. C. Kelly, Marblehead, Mass.	2.00
Mrs. Elizabeth Cotter, New York	3.00
The Misses Bour, Germantown, Pa.	5.00

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO SODALITIES.

By L. W. Reilly.

IN one of his discourses, Cardinal Newman sketched the portrait of a true gentleman. He "carefully avoids," said that eminent preacher, "whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment: his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company: he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors when he does them and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by a mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best." Other good qualities he has, some of which were enumerated by the Cardinal, but they all cluster around the gentleness of his disposition and the tenderness of his heart.

This sketch might serve to outline the character of the celebrated Baron de Renty, who by birth and breeding, by Christian precept and practice, by will and deed, was a perfect gentleman.

When Gaston de Renty was seventeen years old and a student in Paris, a copy of the "Imitation of Christ" fell into his hands. It made a new person of him. He had always been pretty faithful to his baptismal vows; but, after reading that treatise, he longed to follow the counsels of perfection. For two years this desire haunted him. Then, knowing that his parents would not consent to the retirement from the world of him, their only child and the heir of their rank and estates, he ran away and hid himself in a monastery.

But God, while calling him to a state of perfection, desired him to live in the world; and when this was made clear to him, he left the solitude of Amboise and returned to his home.

At the age of twenty-two M. de Renty married. His wife

was a daughter of the Count of Graville, a lady of great refinement and goodness, a worthy helpmate of her charitable husband.

The king, Louis XIII., was fond of the young noble and sought means to attach him to court. For five years, de Renty basked in the royal favor, shedding the light of his own pure life on all his corrupt surroundings, and at the throne or in the camp or in his own ancestral chateau at Beny, in Lower Normandy, fulfilling his religious duties with exactness and fervor. Then he was called to higher things. "Hitherto, virtuous as he had been," says his biographer, "assiduous in the practice of devotion and estranged from the spirit of the world and all its maxims—so that he may well be held up as a model to Christians engaged in the secular life—still, there was nothing which can be characterized as extraordinary in his state. . . . Now, however, he was to be called to a life of singular and extraordinary holiness."

When the Baron de Renty was twenty-seven years of age, he attended a retreat preached by Fathers of the Oratory, and then a new chapter was opened in his spiritual life. At the conclusion of the mission, he broke with the world completely; he left the court, he renounced the offices of honor that he held, he resigned his nobility into the hands of God, he forsook the society of persons of rank. He drew up a new plan for the spending of his own time. He arose at five o'clock—after giving an hour or two of the night to prayer—made his meditation, heard Mass, and read two chapters of the New Testament, bareheaded and on his knees. Then, after breakfast, he transacted whatever business the day brought forth. One day out of every seven he spent at the hospital, nursing, consoling, and instructing the sick; another day he gave to the poor of his parish; a third was allotted to prisoners; while on the other four, he went wherever he was called. Twice a day he made his examination of conscience. On Thursday he went to confession and he received Holy Communion almost every morning. Every evening, after supper, he talked to his children and said something to them in the way of instruction. At nine o'clock, night prayers were said in common by all the household, including the servants; and at ten, or thereabouts, the Baron retired to rest.

In the training of his children he did not make religion hateful nor piety irksome by exacting from them prayers or practices

beyond their grace. Outside of what is of strict precept or of easy devotion, he left them free to follow the inspirations of the Holy Ghost. And while he showed them that true nobility consists in virtue, he did not require them to despise their rank in society, but urged them to live as became it, in all due dignity and simplicity.

Toward the dependents on his estates, he was a father. While he expected them to serve him with fidelity, he, on his part, endeavored to prove a beneficent and generous master. To their overseers, he counselled forbearance. "He wished," says his biographer, "as much good as possible to be done to everybody and as little suffering as was possible to be inflicted in any case." This is on a line with what Cardinal Newman says: "It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain."

After his second conversion, the Baron gave himself up to the service of God in the persons of the poor. Spiritual destitution was, in his eyes, of course the worst form of want, and to instruct the ignorant therefore became for him a chosen occupation. But all forms of distress found in him a sympathizer, all works of charity a helper, all sufferers a friend. He gave himself, his wealth, his leisure, his privileges as a noble, to our Lord to be used for the good of his fellow-men. Not only the poor of Paris but also the needy of all the rest of France were aided by his prayers, his advice, and his purse. He studied medicine, he learned to compound drugs, he acquired the art of dressing cuts and ulcers, he mastered several trades—all in order to serve his little Brother, the Child Jesus, in His visible representatives. The multiplicity of his engagements was astonishing, and the extent of the field of his operations was not even always limited by the boundaries of the kingdom. He paid the expenses of missions, he built churches, he assisted to found seminaries, he established associations, he aided every good work. He went from place to place, wherever he could be of use; and when he was at home, letters poured in on him from everywhere asking counsel and pecuniary contributions and the charity of prayers.

He did not neglect his family while he was so busy for his neighbor. He carefully administered his estates and looked to the repairs, manufactures, markets, and leases which were needed in the

management of the property, because Providence had entrusted it to him for his heirs. But he made an entire renunciation of it, so far as he himself was concerned, and so disposed of it that God should be recognized by him as its proprietor and he as only the steward entrusted with its management and the distribution of its income.

Nor did he, while working for the welfare of others, slight his own sanctification. He had the grace of our Lord's Infancy, he was dowered in a high degree with faith, hope and charity, he was favored with the gift of passive contemplation, he received wonderful illuminations, especially as to the sense of Holy Scripture, and he was drawn into uninterrupted union with God.

Even to the last, his high-bred courtesy, which was reluctant to inflict pain, made him conceal his mortal illness until he could no longer get out of bed. Then, although his sufferings were intense, he uttered no word of complaint. "I never felt joy equal to what I have experienced to-day," he said to a friend, "because of the thought that I am going to be united to God." He lingered for a fortnight in great agony of body and, part of the time, in terrible dolor of soul. But at last peace came to him and he seemed to be comforted by visions. He received the last Sacraments with eagerness and joy. One afternoon he begged that the windows might be opened in order that he might better contemplate the brightness of the sky, and when the rays of the sun streamed in he exclaimed: "O beautiful Day of eternity! How I love this splendor, which helps me to think of that day which no night shall follow!"

He died at Paris on the 24th of April, 1649, before he had quite finished his thirty-eighth year.

The comment of his confessor on his death was—"He was a fruit ripe for Heaven."



THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

How is the Saint Vincent de Paul Society organized?

"Conference" was the original name given to the Society, but now the term is limited to its local branches. The assemblies of members of the Society in any particular locality are called Conferences, and each Conference is designated by the name of the parish in which it has its meetings. Conferences restrict the work of their members within certain territorial districts, either to the boundaries of one parish or to several parishes. Over the Conferences, where there are several in the same city or town, is a Particular Council, and over this again is a Central Council or an Upper Council, embracing within its circumscription the Conferences of several dioceses, or even of an entire country. The centre of the whole Society, having supreme authority over all, is the Council-General.

Thus the Society, whilst giving to its local Conferences the fullest liberty of action, has the strength and power that come from a solidly united body under one authority dictating a combined plan of action and work.

What is the organization of a Conference?

The business of each Conference is administered by a President, one or more Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. These constitute what is called the *Council* of the Conference.¹ Though not necessary, except in England and Ireland where a long custom has been declared by the Council-General to have now the force of rule, it is advisable to have a Spiritual Director, who is usually the pastor of the parish where the Conference meets, or his delegate. Other officers may be appointed according to the needs and functions of each Conference.

How is a Conference formed?

Perhaps the reason why there are not more Conferences than at present exist, is because of the groundless fear of the difficulties in the way. The idea is entertained by some that the Saint Vincent de Paul Society is composed of a body of staid old men, who—very often poor themselves—take up collections and receive clothing or other offerings of alms for an indefinite number

¹ The method of electing these officers is given in the *Manual* of the Society.

of poor people living somewhere in this wide world ; whereas the real object of the Society is to gather into its fold active young men who are in easy circumstances of fortune, are practical in their religious duties, and wish to sanctify themselves by personal acts of charity toward the poor who are within their own parish, near their own homes, or at their own doors. As an organization exclusively for men, and for well-to-do young men chiefly, carefully avoiding those charities which concern women and their associations, the Saint Vincent de Paul Society cannot but be a new power for good in a parish.

To form a Conference it is not necessary to have a large number of men willing to devote themselves to the interests of the poor. The parent Conference of Paris consisted of eight members only, while the famous one of Caen began its great works with three young men.

Supposing, then, some few prudent, active, and charitably-disposed young men wish to form themselves into a Conference, the first step necessary is to obtain the approbation of the local ecclesiastical authority. Where the proposed members have had no experience of the Society, the best course would be to invite some member of a neighboring Conference to explain the practical application of the rules and the duties of the various offices. One meeting would thus suffice for the organization of the Conference. Where this course cannot be adopted, each one should procure a *Manual* of the Society and study, in advance of the first meeting, the General Regulations and make himself familiar with the Circulars of the Presidents-General. It may be only at the third or fourth meeting that they will be sufficiently acquainted with the rules to organize the Conference by selecting their officers and arranging for the work the new Conference proposes to engage in. If they remember that it is the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, with its approved rules and statutes, of which they are seeking to form a branch, and not a society of their own, they will have no cause to regret the little delay which the thorough study of the rules will entail.



THE NEW YEAR AND THE PROMOTERS.

THE New Year has brought new desires, new hopes, and new resolutions. With the last night of the Old Year, many a one laid himself down to sleep with more joy and peace and satisfaction than he had had for a long time, because he had said to himself: "To-morrow I'll make a new beginning. There were times when I was very foolish last year. Had I been wise and not gone after follies, my temporal concerns would be much better now, and fewer sins would be torturing my conscience. Thank God! to-morrow begins the New Year, and that means a complete change for me."

If he knelt in sorrow and cancelled the past in the tribunal of Penance, his joy and peace did indeed make him welcome the New Year.

The New Year's joy, however, may be somewhat tempered. Did he not make the same resolutions, have the same hopes, and feel the same desires last New Year's that are now bubbling up in his heart? He knows his weaknesses. Is the coming year to be a fac-simile of the past? He hopes not, but at the same time he fears it may be.

This is the danger-point in the path of his thoughts. If he dwells merely on his weaknesses, he will surely end in discouragement, and the coming year will even be worse for him than the past one. But if, instead of gazing on the ugly picture of his past faults, he examines into their reason, a different result will follow.

Let him ask of himself the pertinent and practical question: "Why did I fail last year?"

The main reason why the past year was a failure for so many, is because their New Year's resolutions were vague and indefinite. They said to themselves on New Year's morning—and perhaps they told their family, too,—that they meant to be “good” the coming year, but they never resolved to be good in any *particular way*. The year went by and they were still *meaning* to be good, but never *did* any good. To *be* good, one must *do* good, and doing denotes something particular.

Associates and Promoters of the Holy League know how to do good in a *particular way*, and therefore can make definite New Year's resolutions. Associates are aware of the good they can accomplish by fidelity to the practices of the League. The granting of many graces to hearts that are burdened with grief from temporal trials or are weighted down with sin depends on their fidelity and fervor in offering up every morning “their prayers, work and sufferings, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for the intentions of the Sacred Heart.” Let Associates resolve upon beginning every day of the New Year with a fervent *Morning Offering*.

If Promoters fully realized the good they can do, how firmly they would resolve to fulfil the smallest requirement of their duties! Their very position sanctions whatever efforts may be made for the promotion of the interests of the Sacred Heart. Their office authorizes them to gather as many prayers as possible, that the Kingdom may come. In one sense the League is a *begging* union—begging for the prayers that are to bring salvation to needy souls—and the Promoters are they who do the begging. What beggar has ever failed on a single day to ply his trade and use his eloquence to increase his store?

Let Promoters, then, resolve to increase the number and strength of the League's prayers by being daily more fervent in their own prayers and by watchful attention to the duties of their offices, and by inducing others to espouse the interests of the Sacred Heart and practise not only the daily *Morning Offering* but the 2d and 3d Degrees also. The observance of this resolution will make the New Year a full, joyous and happy one.

THROUGH ST. JOHN BERCHMANS' INTER- CESSION.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.

May I venture to request of you to insert the following in the PILGRIM? It is a tribute of gratitude to St. John Berchmans, and the fulfilment of a promise. May it serve to increase devotion to this great Saint whose intercession is so powerful in heaven.

A young person of my acquaintance, in whom I am deeply interested, wrote to me some time ago, broaching the subject of her religious vocation. The case was a very delicate one, and hard to decide. A—— C—— had been educated in a convent, but showed no inclination for the religious state; indeed she was thought by all to be destined for the world. Her education terminated, she returned home, full of hopes of future enjoyment. To her the world was an enchanted spot, the convent a place of irksome restraint. Three of her sisters and one only brother had devoted themselves to God's service in religion, but A——, now become the household idol and much sought after in society, never dreamt that she too was to leave all and follow Christ. How wonderful are God's ways! Through much suffering He purifies His elect and obliges them to hear His voice! And thus it was with A——.

Her younger and much loved sister, then a boarder at a convent-school, was suddenly struck down and within a few days was carried off, though not before consecrating herself on her deathbed to God. A—— and her mother arrived in time to behold once more this cherished child before she sweetly and joyfully yielded up her soul to her Divine Spouse; and, whilst kneeling at her side, A—— was doubtless able to weigh the nothingness of all earthly hopes.

That calm and happy death seemed to usher in a new era of existence for her. Her thoughts took a far more serious turn; already the *still small voice* was heard, telling her aching heart to seek repose and comfort where alone it is to be found. She was not unfaithful at this time. Prayer, works of charity, and the task of consoling her poor bereaved parents occupied most of her time. She was *all* that was left to the latter now, and they clung to her as to the stay of their old age, the light and joy of the household.

Two years passed away, and another of her sisters—a religious—was called to her reward. Poor A——’s sensitive and loving heart was crushed. From this period seems to date her positive call to religion. The pleasures of the gay world around she felt could not satisfy the longings of her soul, and the conviction that nothing short of an absolute donation of self to God was required of her began to dawn upon her mind. Yet she shrank from breaking the news to her father and mother, and put off this manifestation to a more favorable time. They had undergone *so many* trials that the delay seemed but just. Poor child! She was about to experience the danger of delay when our Lord has once pronounced the words: *Follow Me*.

Her parents could not but notice the change in their child: her increased spirit of piety, her detachment from the world, and as one offer of marriage after another was refused the anxious mother began to realize the truth. Caresses, entreaties, all were brought to bear upon her. It is hard to see a father’s tears, a mother’s sorrow, and not accede to their loving desires. A—— wavered. Could it not be that she was mistaken? Did God really require of her so great a sacrifice? Was it not her duty to remain with her aged parents and close their eyes in death? She forgot, poor child, that in choosing the married state she must necessarily leave them. Then, again, the world with its pleasures began to smile on her once more, until at length she yielded and was on the point of contracting an engagement with a young gentleman. The arrangements were almost complete, when accidentally I heard of this. I could not but tremble at beholding this dear soul, which seemed so evidently called by God, turn a deaf ear to His voice.

The many instances where such an infidelity has met with a sudden and overwhelming chastisement on the part of an angry and jealous God presented themselves to my mind’s eye, and in an agony of grief and doubt I besought our Lord to perform a miracle rather than permit that this dear child should fail to accomplish His holy will. I know, too, that several pious persons, to whom A—— was very dear, prayed much for her at this critical moment. Then it was that, remembering the great graces so often obtained by the intercession of St. John Berchmans, I earnestly besought this great Saint to take this faltering vocation under his protection, promising at the same time that if my prayer

were granted the favor should be recorded to his honor in the PILGRIM.

Some days passed away ; then came better tidings, but not through A——. She had all but made up her mind to take the final step and leave the world. Not long after a letter from A—— herself arrived, dated from the Novitiate ! I had made my promise to dear St. John Berchmans about August 20, and within upwards of seven weeks the earnest desire of my heart was accomplished.

But what had brought about this sudden change ? A succession of strange events, but above all the inward workings of grace in that dear soul. One particular instance I must not omit mentioning. They are A——'s own words.

“One day when nearly all the arrangements were made [this refers to her projected marriage] and the thing seemed almost certain, a dreadful feeling of remorse took possession of me ; and at last, not being able any longer to stand the contrary sentiments of nature and grace, I threw myself on my knees and begged our Lord Himself to break off everything, if by this marriage I were to act against my vocation.”

That prayer was answered. Several unexpected obstacles arose, and A—— was free once more. Then came the last struggle. The thought of leaving her loving parents seemed like a death-pang. Again she wavered ; but grace coming to her aid, she generously remitted the care of these much loved ones to God and entered the Novitiate. They, on their side, with many tears but with an admirable resignation, offered to the Creator this child of their heart—the last one !

I will conclude by these few words from A——'s own pen. Better than aught I could say will they tell of the happiness reserved for those who leave all for God.

“Truly, when I consider the admirable ways by which Divine Providence conducted me hither, . . . I can only praise and adore in silence. Words seem incapable of expressing my feelings of thanksgiving. Oh, how blind have I been up to now ! May I be faithful to my holy vocation, and by all my actions prove my gratitude to the Divine Spouse Who has deigned to choose me for His own !”

PROMOTERS' LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

I. FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

SOME time ago a broken-hearted mother and wife related the following to her bosom friend and asked for advice:

"My husband has for a number of years neglected to support me and our child. Though in position to do so, for he has a good income, he preferred spending his earnings in drinking and following the pleasures of the world. Sometimes he would not come near me for upward of a year; and when he did come and I complained of the hardship and trouble I had to bear in supporting myself and child, he would simply mock me. I have prayed and offered up Holy Communion for his conversion, but I see no signs of anything better in him. What more can I do?"

Her friend, to whom she addressed these words, after a little consideration replied: "There is only one thing more—recommend him to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." She then explained to her the working of the League of the Sacred Heart and its great power of united prayer, had her enrolled as an Associate, asked her to offer up the daily *Morning Offering*, and *drop a petition in the box*, which she did. A few months after, she received a note from a certain hospital to come to that institution at once. Though ignorant of what she was to do there, she went. Whom should she find there but her poor husband, sick with typhoid fever! Though suffering intensely from the malady he was afflicted with, he was only too anxious to see his wife and child. He most humbly begged pardon for his conduct in the past, declaring himself a thousand times unworthy to receive her and the child's pardon, much less the pardon of God. After having obtained the pardon of his family, he turned to make his peace with his God. He made his confession, received Holy Communion together with the other rites of holy Mother Church, and died, we hope, in peace.

II. FROM ALABAMA.

I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor received in the conversion of my uncle after having recommended him to the prayers of the League. He was about seventy years of age at the time of his death—a month ago. He had

never made his First Communion, and was a Catholic only in name. About a month previous to his death—being then in good health—he, of his own accord, asked to be instructed and made his First Communion. Our Lord was waiting for this, for shortly afterward he fell sick—and died receiving all the helps of the Church—and in sentiments of great piety.

III. FROM NEBRASKA.

Most grateful thanks are returned to the Divine Heart for the baptism of a gentleman after more than twenty years of patient and earnest prayer. Some months ago his wife, who is herself a convert to the Church, read somewhere that, in view of the efforts being made toward obtaining the honors of the Church for Blessed Margaret Mary and Venerable Father de la Colombière, it would be very reasonable to suppose that the intercession of these two great servants of the Sacred Heart would be particularly efficacious. She besought the holy nun to obtain her husband's conversion "within a year, if possible."

On the *very feast* of Blessed Margaret Mary he told his wife that he had determined to ask for baptism. On the following Sunday he was received into the Church, to the intense joy of his faithful wife and of several devoted Catholic friends who had interested themselves much in the work of his conversion.

IV. FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man condemned to death in this city. The condemned man was visited several times by Sisters of St. Joseph but, though his relatives said he was a Catholic, he expressed himself as contented with the ministrations of the Protestant chaplain of the jail. Two days before his execution he was recommended by the Local Director to the prayers of the League at a Promoters' Council. The Local Director mentally promised to publish the conversion in the *Messenger* should it be obtained. The next day the condemned man told the governor of the jail that he was a Catholic and wished to die one. The priest was sent for, and on the following morning he received Holy Communion and the last blessing and died in sentiments of repentance.

ROSES OF THE SACRED HEART.

By Marie Regina Colgan.

HOW dear to Jesus' Sacred Heart
Must all the flowers be!
But dearer far the roses are,
It seemeth unto me.

The rose that's pink as early dawn
Is like His Mother's cheek,
When her pure eyes, with shy surprise,
Beheld the Angel speak.

And one is bright as Magi's gold,
Before His manger laid;
A fragrant brier, like His love's fire,
It brightens e'en our shade.

The deep red rose is like His Heart—
O love-flushed Heart Divine!
As whitest rose of Alpine snows
Make Thou this heart of mine!

LILIES AMONG THORNS.

By T. A. M.

DOWN in the slums, the haunts of vice,
In cellars damp and attics low and bare,
'Mid summer heats and cold of winter ice;
How seldom rays of sunshine enter there!
Down in the loathsome streets and noisome lanes
Where mounds of offal fester in the air,
And yellow mists descend like poison'd rains;
How seldom grows the lily pure and fair!
And yet how strange! Some souls survive within
An atmosphere that breathes but vice and sin.
Where words are foulest and where deeds are vile
Are nurtured angels whom no sins defile,
And purest virgins to the Lamb are given
Who make these hells of earth their steps to heaven.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Firmness of Faith.



O be firm in faith is not to be easily shaken and turned aside from what it teaches. Many Catholics live in what may be called an un-Catholic atmosphere. What they hear said around them and what they read are things fitted to make them forget the teachings of their faith, or worse still to make them distrustful of their true Mother the Church. Thus the practice of their faith grows weak, though in theory they remain Catholics. When they judge of things or come to a decision in regard to acting this way or that, it does not occur to them that the Christian faith should be their guide.

Now, Faith is God's great gift to man, on which depending and by which acting man may rise above the things that are and may lay hold of the things that are to be, in the better world. It is the "substance of things to be hoped for and the evidence of things that appear not."

This does not mean that reason's work is useless, but rather that divine faith is neither its outcome nor its conclusion. Reason examines the evidence upon which a revelation is guaranteed as coming from God and when that is found to be sufficient, the understanding aided by a good will accepts the doctrine revealed, however impenetrable to the glance of reason, solely on the authority of God revealing it.

Thus faith is a submission, an obedience, a captivity. Thus, also, we find our Blessed Lord demanding the simplicity of "little children" from those whom He invited to enter His Kingdom. It is true He gave proofs of His Mission, of His Divinity, but He never proposed His doctrine as a matter of discussion: He taught like a master, "like one having authority," and demanded obedience.

When, therefore, we pray for firmness of faith we pray for the subduing of pride, of wilfulness, of prejudice, and for an increase of childlike simplicity and trustfulness—in order that God's revelation may shine with full clearness upon the mind and hold the understanding and will in firm adhesion to its truth.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

MARCH, 1891.

No. 3.

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD.



“**O** HOLY and Immaculate Virgin,” sings the Church, “how to praise thee I know not, because in thy womb thou hast borne Him Whom the heaven of heavens could not hold.”

All Mary's glory, every right that she has to our love, our reverence, our confidence, the Church has summed up in this antiphon. She is holy, one set apart and sacred to God, she is undefiled and she is a Virgin and, greatest privilege of all, she is Mother of God.

A good lady, who had been converted from Protestantism rather late in life, was asked by a curious friend whether she had not found it hard to accept Catholic teaching on our Lady's glory and power. “Why, no!” she answered, “even as a Protestant it seemed to me that we could never say too much in praise of the Blessed Mother of God. *God had to fit her for her vocation.*” Everything is in this; if Mary be the Mother of God. If He Whom the heaven of heavens cannot compass humbled Himself so far as to dwell in her womb, He must have fitted her for the dignity He intended to confer on her. To hesitate, then, about calling Mary full of grace is unreasonable. How could she be less than

full of grace, in whom the Author of all grace dwelt. Rightly does the Church then apply to Mary the words in which Wisdom describes herself:¹

I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree on Mount Sion. I was exalted as a palm tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jericho. As a fair olive tree in the plains, and as a plane tree by the water in the streets was I exalted. I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aromatical balm; I yielded a sweet odor like the best myrrh. And I perfumed my dwelling as storax and galbanum and onyx and aloes and as the frankincense not cut, and my odor is as the purest balm.

I have stretched out my branches as the turpentine tree and my branches are of honor and grace. As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odor, and my flowers are the fruit of honor and riches. I am the Mother of fair love and of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of truth, in me is all hope of life and virtue.

Now is it unreasonable to believe that Mary's office and work did not cease with the birth of her Divine Son, but that she has still a work to do, that she continues to be the channel of God's graces to us?

In her, therefore, is all grace of the way to God and to heaven. She gave us our Lord: she now leads us to Him. In her is all grace of truth, for she alone, as the Church again chants in her office, has "destroyed every heresy throughout the world." *In her is all the hope of life and virtue.* And so St. Bernard and St. Alphonsus are not afraid to say: "Devotion to Mary is a sign of predestination."

Three of God's works, says St. Thomas, are as perfect as God could make them: Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the happiness of those who are saved. All other things might be made more beautiful and perfect, but not these. And the reason he has for saying that God could not make our Lady more perfect is, that being the Mother of God, her perfection is in some way infinite, being measured by her dignity and her dignity by her relation to God, and no relation could be closer than that of Mother.

We should have reason for surprise, if this glorious title of our Mother had never been disputed. The Son has been attacked

¹ Ecclesiasticus, xxiv.

from every side, and Mary has had her full share of every pain, insult and privation of her Son.

In the beginning of the fifth century, the heretic Nestorius appears. He was a monk of Antioch who had been made Patriarch of Constantinople in 428. The new Patriarch asserted that in our Lord there were two persons; the person of the Eternal Word, and a human person, in whom the Word dwelt, and whom It used as a mouthpiece and an instrument, just as It might choose any man now and speak through him and by his instrumentality work signs and wonders.

What flowed from this? The first consequence was that Christ Who died on the Cross was not God. A second consequence was that the Blessed Virgin is not the Mother of God.

The whole Church was filled with horror at this attack on our Lord and His Blessed Mother. A great Council assembled in our Lady's city, Ephesus, where she had lived so many years, and in the very church dedicated to her under the title of Mother of God; and there in 431 Nestorius was condemned, and the whole Council and the whole city took up the cry which has not yet ceased and will not cease till the end to echo through the world: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

It was while Christendom was still rejoicing over this new triumph of Mary that St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, sent by the same Pope who had convened the Council of Ephesus. It is but a coincidence, and yet may we not trace the deep and tender devotion of the Irish to the sweet Mother of God to this coincidence, on which Father Matthew Russell, S. J., has written the lines which follow?

And to our sires what Pontiff sent
Of Christ the welcome tale?
The smiter of the wretch who dared
Christ's Mother to assail!
'Twas Celestine whose voice of power
At Ephesus proclaimed
That she, the lowly Virgin, must
"Mother of God" be named.

Again that voice is raised—to bless
Our own Apostle. "Go!
Go in the name of Mary's Son—
Go, Patrick, forth and bring
Yon lone green isle beneath the sway
Of Christ, our Saviour-King."

MY CROSS.

IN pains alone, thine own among
Ah! soul of mine, grow brave and strong.
Garland thy Cross with roses fair:
This heavy Cross, which thou must bear.

Thy wings unfold; mount higher, higher,
To heights sublime of love aspire.
Still as thou nearest eternity,
Sweeter and lighter that Cross will be.

Awhile and on thy aching eyes,
Bright will the Sun of Justice rise.
Awhile and a crown will deck thy brow,
Won by this Cross so heavy now.

Be joyous, then, tho' the yoke may gall.
Be glad, my soul, to stumble and fall.
Beyond the skies when the years are done
Endless bliss will thy Cross have won.

BLIND JIMMY.

By Father J—.

“**F**ATHER, can I see you for a short while next Tuesday morning?” Jimmy often asked me in the confessional, after his soul had been made *all white in the Blood of the Lamb*. Wishing it would be God’s will that he could see me, I would answer:

“I hope God will permit me to speak with you in the parlor, after the Holy Mass.”

Who is Jimmy? A blind beggar, but one of the many; and thank God that there are many,—unrecognized heroes of Catholicity. Our regard was first attracted to him in witnessing an accident of which he was the victim. On that occasion his conduct truly characterized the man. I will relate the incident.

On a market morning, Jimmy’s usual place of business was the pavement of a meeting-house on the shady side of South Second street opposite, I think, German street. There he would stand, tall and erect, a blackthorn in his right hand, his soft felt hat in the left. He was always neat in apparel and clean in person. His high, broad forehead was crowned with thin and neatly-parted

gray hair; "he was every inch the man." A gently-spoken "God bless you" rewarded the one who dropped a penny or a nickel into the extended hat. And, when often passing I would sometimes think, if I noticed a two-cent piece falling in: "Well, that's for the church." Jimmy kept his two-cent pieces and when he had collected a hundred, a neatly-folded roll was an offering for a Holy Mass. "For father and mother and the children," he would say, in the parlor on Tuesday morning; or, "For the dear Souls, particularly for the one who was most devoted to the loving Heart of Jesus and His sinless Mother."

But we have left the Blind Man standing hatless in South Second street. One sultry morning in late July or early August, a party of ill-clad and rather large urchins were chasing one another, whilst I was admiring the patience and confidence of the old lady hucksters whose baskets were in great danger of being upset as they placidly gossiped and shelled peas. Now, why that angry scream, that cry of sympathy? A long-legged lad of fourteen or fifteen years had run, with violence, against the Blind Man, and lay sprawling and yelling on the pavement.

"I didn't mean to do it; no, I didn't."

The startled beggar staggered, having lost his balance, but did not fall. His stick did, however, as well as the hat with its copper treasure. Ladies who were marketing hastened to him with many words of condolence, and strong, burly men laid down their burdens, and ran, with strong, rather too strong, language after the now fleeing lad. The loudest in his condemnation was, perhaps, the boy who had been chasing.

"What a shame! Give him a good licking, Mister; he deserves it," he cried.

Probably the captured youngster would have received a sounder trouncing than his mother ever gave him, had not the gentle voice of the old man been raised in his behalf.

"Sure, the boy did not see the Blind Beggar," he objected.

"Let him have a good old-fashioned flogging," said a sweet-faced matron; "he should look where he's running."

"Yes, give it to him," added a mischievous young Miss; "his trousers were made for it." They were somewhat of the ultra fashion, close-fitting.

"If we always looked before we act, we would never do

wrong," rejoined the old gentleman, as he wiped the sweat from his face.

Meanwhile the scattered coins had been collected by the frightened urchins, and the hat, with some shining acquisitions, handed the thankful old gentleman. I whispered to him, as I added a mite: "You have made glad the Heart of Jesus this morning, my son."

"O Father, I have made sorrowful the heart of His Blessed Mother, many's the time when I was a boy," he answered, "and I was just thinking of that."

"The lad would not have intentionally hurt you."

"No, Father dear, every one is kind to the Blind Man."

What I know of Jimmy's biography is pathetic and edifying. I have gleaned it from his own unstudied conversations. If you desire a stirring romance, filled with thrilling encounters and hair-breadth escapes, please skip these pages. But, if you will be satisfied with an imperfect and incomplete account of one who, in the lowliest walk of life, *fought' a good fight, kept the faith*, and is now, may we not humbly hope, wearing *a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the Just Judge, hath kept for him on that day*, read with attention this short chapter. The story of Jimmy the Blind Beggar cannot but be profitable to the PILGRIMS of the Meek and Lowly-Hearted.

James — : would you like to know his family name? I cannot tell you. He never told me. James — was born in the neighborhood of Swineford, in the extreme western part of dear old Ireland and, I think, in the early part of 1826. He was the fifth child and third son of a large family of fourteen or fifteen sons and daughters. It is one of the glories of our loved religion that her children are blessed with numerous offspring; and they look upon every addition to the family circle as a mark of Heaven's approval. It is inspired Wisdom which singeth: *Oh, how lovely is the chaste generation with glory. When it is present men imitate it and they desire it when it hath withdrawn itself.* His family owned the lease of a good-sized farm, and being in comfortable circumstances were enabled to give the children a good, plain education in English and other necessary branches. The Irish tongue was generally used at home.

It was a prosperous and happy family and, with the help of

the hired laborers, they raised good crops and were able to lay up something for the coming dark days of famine and death. The members of the family were cheerful in temperament and of a lively disposition and were favored with a strong constitution and good health. But when James was in his twentieth year, there came that fearful wet season and its consequent sufferings and sorrows. The crops failed, the laborers were no longer needed, the father sickened and died.

The sad days of wailing and mourning had come for this erst prosperous family. In less than six months, the second son and the eldest daughter, with two of the smaller children, were laid in graves around the father. Yet, thanks to their provident industry, they still had the bite and sup for a poorer neighbor. The good mother, with that trust in Providence so lovable in the Irish-Celtic character, determined that Henry, the eldest son, should be as the head of the family to watch over their interests and care for their wants. The young man labored faithfully and was helped by the others, but the elements were not propitious. At length, it was resolved in family consultation to sell at a great sacrifice one lease and that James and a younger sister should emigrate to the "Land of Promise," our own loved United States, and help keep those at home from death by starvation.

It was on one of the wet days in early May 1847, that James and Kathleen sailed in a small packet from Queenstown, or rather perhaps, as Jimmy said, from the Harbor of Cork. They had been present at the august sacrifice of the Mass and had begged the protection of her we love to style "The Star of Life's dark Sea." The heavy heart was made lighter by the expectation of soon sending the needed help to the loved ones in the County Mayo.

In the dusk of the evening, brother and sister, having recited the Rosary, would sit and think of home, for there was

A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

and Jimmy loved no less the dear ones at home because of his great love for Kathleen sitting at his side.

But a good and wise God soon called his sister to a home, where *the Lord shall wipe away all tears from their eyes*. On the tenth day out, James could no longer see the roses, as he expressed

it, on Kathleen's cheeks, for her face was all aflame with heat and the passengers in the cabin were forbidden to go below, for "the fever had broken out in the steerage." Kathleen died after three days of acute sufferings—not the least of which was the thought of leaving her good brother. The remains were consigned to the cold embrace of the ocean.

The young man felt lonely indeed, but when the blasphemous thought suggested itself that God had forsaken him, he resolved that if able, he would, at times, have a Mass offered for the souls of those Catholics, whose bodies had been buried without the saving Mass.

After a prolonged quarantine, he arrived in Philadelphia. One of his first acts was to have a Mass of requiem offered in old St. Joseph's Church for Kathleen's soul, and he received the Holy Communion from the hands of the sainted Father B——.

A stranger in the Quaker City, his little money was soon spent, and he saw small prospect of obtaining employment by which he might be enabled to assist those he had left behind him. The Society to aid the famine-stricken immigrants, however, assisted him and in a short while obtained for him a situation as farm-hand in eastern Virginia, with the understanding that in time a school would be opened and he be employed as teacher. He had not had much experience as a farm laborer at home. It had been thought he would not be required for such heavy work, but he resigned himself to the Best Will and was grateful.

At first James —— was much pleased with his new home. He was kindly treated by his employer and family. Although they were Methodists, after a few controversial contests they came to the conclusion that the farm laborers in this land of liberty should be at freedom to read the Scriptures with the help of note and comment, if they were so "handy," as they called it, in quoting it. "And after all," said the Captain, "the Romanists are right handy with the tongue and can heave a Bible rock at you right smart." When James retired at night, worn out with fatigue, he said his prayers and fell off to sleep wishing he could share his plenteous cornbread and bacon and melons and sweet potatoes and other delicacies with the famishing ones at home. His compensation was liberal and his employer not too exacting, and when, after a few months, he walked to Alexandria and

obtained a draft for five pounds sterling to send as his first offering to the loved ones, there was not a happier white man in the sunny South. But, poor young man! the Lord must have loved you dearly, for He did afflict you sorely. His brother Henry, when gratefully acknowledging his generous gift, wrote him that the mother, broken-hearted at the death of Kathleen and her burial at sea, had been laid with her loved dead in the shady God's-acre at Swineford.

James' health in time began to fail and he was so filled with malaria that he could seldom enjoy the consolations of religion. His employer never interfered with him in his church practices, but, as he was compelled to walk a great distance for the Holy Mass and the Sacraments, he thought James had as well ride with him and his wife to their meeting-house. "Did they not worship the same God? and if we only get to Jesus, what matter the road we take?" James considered it a blessed thing, indeed, to get to Heaven, "but he believed there was but one road leading thereto: the narrow and straight way the Roman Catholics walked."

When he had again sent his draft for five pounds sterling to his brothers and sisters, he took to his bed, burning and shivering with the fever and ague. His "boss' lady," as James always called her, nursed him kindly and tended him faithfully, but, as she could not refrain from taunts and sneers at his holy faith, his gratitude was somewhat cooled, and on his recovery, at the counsel of his spiritual adviser, he determined to seek employment in Baltimore. He gave as his reason the failure to open a school as promised, and with many expressions of regret on the part of his employer and of gratitude for kindness shown him on the part of James, he left old Virginia, where he had been hospitably treated for over a year.

James arrived in the beautiful City of Hills, weak in body and with his sight rapidly failing. His first visit was to St. Joseph's Church opposite the Camden depot. He approached the tribunal of Penance and arranged for a Mass of requiem for his deceased relatives and, on the morrow, received the *Bread Which came down from heaven* for their repose and happiness. By the advice of Father C——, I think, he applied at the City Hospital on Calvert street, and being admitted as a patient, he was kindly treated. After some time, James was discharged, much improved

in health but with his sight but little benefited, and he was advised to seek a cooler climate. So he returned to Philadelphia and sought admittance at Wills' Eye Hospital, and in 1851 was again discharged, but this time altogether blind. True, he was conscious of an increase of light, but he could discern nothing. He was told that all that could be done for him had been tried and now there were no hopes of the restoration of his sight. The physicians in attendance offered present assistance, which was declined, and he was told that, if he ever needed help, to apply freely to them and it would be most willingly given him. And now James — is Jimmy, the Blind Beggar of Philadelphia. He never complained, but the earnest prayer of his lips and heart was : "Jesus, Son of David, that I may see."

From that day, Jimmy lived a sinless life. He took the yoke of Jesus upon him and learned of Him to be meek and lowly of heart. He was, by nature, of a passionate and proud temperament. In time, he could not only control his paroxysms of temper, but prevent any exhibitions of it, and even say when injured : "Glory be to God !" To the end of his life it was humbling to him that he was a mendicant. He quietly held out his hat, but he never could bring himself to ask an alms. And when, on rare occasions, an insult was given instead of a penny, his blood boiled and his face flushed, but he was silent. In holy prayer and when preparing for confession, he lamented his pride, but never could bring himself to desire upbraiding and injury, and it was a long while before he would consent to pray that he might bear them patiently. He was advised to say to himself, on such occasions, the words of Isaias : *He was silent before His shearers, and He opened not His mouth to them who reviled Him.* But, when he did so, he felt comforted and encouraged.

Blessed be the Holy Name ! God's poor feel for and help His poor and afflicted. Jimmy hired a room from a respectable Catholic family and lived cleanly and comfortably, doing for himself most of the work, excepting clothes-washing and scrubbing. He could sew on a button for himself and even run up a rent. His shoes were brightly polished, his clothes and hat dusted and his linen white. He sought to deal with honest tradesmen, but, I think, it would have been difficult for a dishonest one to cheat him. I have been told that whilst he allowed himself very few indulgences he often bought delicacies for the sick poor.

Some of the dear old venerable dames having noticed him frequently in the church, and seeing that he passed their door regularly at stated times, about noon or toward sundown, would prepare a nice savory Irish stew or some other appetizing condiment, and invite him to partake of it. At first, he felt degraded by the benevolence, but remembering the Saviour's complaint: *The foxes have their burrows and the birds of the air nests, yet the Son of man hath not whereon to lay His head*,—he never after rejected the friendly invitation. "*Inasmuch as ye did it to one of My least brethren, ye did it unto Me*"—he would breathe to himself, and thank the kind lady, with true Irish civility. The poor people considered themselves amply repaid by his warm "God bless you, for your charity to His poor! Good-day." It was remarked that whilst not forcing pious conversation upon his entertainer, he ever succeeded in saying something that edified. He seemed deaf to detraction, always answering when it was introduced, as if he had not understood what had been said. After partaking with apparent relish yet sparingly of what was offered, he would rise and, after saying his thanksgiving to the bounteous Father, express his gratitude and take his leave, "with as much dignity," one good matron said, "as if he were Daniel O'Connell himself."

Jimmy was generally present at one, at least, of the daily Masses of the parish church, or at another which was nearer where he lived. On the morning of the First Friday of the month, however, he came to confession, heard the Holy Mass and received the "Food of the strong," at St. Joseph's. He was not a member of the League; it had not then been established in the city of Brotherly Love, but, for many years, he had belonged to the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. Devotion to the only Saviour's Heart of love made its consoling home in Jimmy's humble heart. "Father," said he, "it seems to me to cover and crown all devotions." He liked to hum, in a not unmusical voice, Mother Rose Farrell's beautiful verses:

And hearts which were tempted and left Thee for sin,
Return heavy-laden and sore;
Pronounce but the sentence forgiving and kind
And bid them stray from Thee no more.

"I love the devotion to the Sacred Heart even more than that

to Mother Mary. Yes, yes, I love the Virgin; I joined the Archconfraternity of Mary for the Conversion of Sinners when I first came to Philadelphia, but, sure, the Madonna herself is devout to the Divine Heart of her Son."

He delighted in being present, when Mary's Sodalities recited the holy Office. He had a pious jealousy of the Sodalists. "Oh, 'tis so sweet to hear the youngsters praising the Lord in hymns and pious canticles in honor of a Virgin, and that Virgin His own dear Mother." Yet, when it was suggested to him to join the senior branch, he objected: "I would be a source of trouble and distraction, and I prefer to go to my parish church Sunday mornings." The plain truth is, he feared his blindness would make his piety appear ostentatious.

Jimmy was very faithful to the Bona Mors Association. He had joined it shortly after his return to Philadelphia, and until his departure, he was seldom absent from the meeting on the afternoon of the fourth Sunday. Speaking of this, he once remarked: "Yes, Father, I pray for a happy death. Sure, wasn't I born for that? And then, Father, I saw so little of my folks on earth, I wish to live, as long as I can, with them in heaven." Most of them, we may hope, were with him when he walked through the deep waters. He continued sending them, when able, assistance, though at the same time helping others of the good God's poor. "I have stopped sending little delicacies to the Blind Man you spoke to me of," said a lady: "I find that he gives them all away to other poor persons."

He was economical but not miserly. He hoarded for a cherished object, which he thus explained to me: "Oh, Father, pray that I may never die till I see old Ireland again."

Toward the last of his monthly visits to me, but two others of that large family were eating bread in the sweat of their brow, the eldest son Henry and the second daughter Judith. Shortly before his long-cherished desire of returning to "Erin's green isle" was gratified, he said to me, with the heart-scalding tears of age flowing from his sightless eyes: "Father, say the Holy Mass for Judy. Harry writes me, that Judy's gone home to the mother and father. Yes, ah me! Kathleen welcomed her: Kathleen saw Judy afore Jimmy did."

In the month of May 1887, Jimmy sailed from Philadelphia

—and not in the steerage—for Queenstown, to revisit his home after forty years of suffering, but meritorious, absence. He took with him a sufficiency of the “mammon of unrighteousness” to sustain comfortably and decently his declining years and those of “Brother Henry,” if still living. I learned in the early summer of 1888, that when reaching Swineford, he found himself the last of his line and kin. Henry had but a few months before taken the long journey—no, the swift journey—to a better world.

Jimmy questioned not the decrees of a wise God. “Should I complain of the ways of Him Who hath ever directed mine in love?” Ofttimes he would whisper :

Sweet Heart of Jesus, we implore,
That we may love Thee ever more and more.

and then add :

When in death, Blessed Mother, I shed the last tear,
Drive from this poor heart the coward's fear.

As death drew on apace, he placed what remained of his honestly acquired store in the care of a friend, to be equally divided, after his funeral expenses had been defrayed, in helping the deserving poor and in Masses for the Souls in Purgatory most devout to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Blind Jimmy was buried with all the helping rites of Holy Church and his remains were placed with those of his honored parents and loved brothers and sisters. *Requiescat in pace.*

Tears, tears, not of sorrow but of gratitude and love, trickle down my aged cheeks as I pen these lines. Jimmy was not a hero in the world's acceptance of the epithet ; his name will not be invoked with those of the blessed Saints. But is not what we have here related—a truthful story—a proof that great merit may be acquired in the faithful, prayerful performance of incumbent duty? Will not such as he hear the joyous : *Well done, good and faithful servant, since thou hast been faithful over a little, I will place thee over much ?*

PILGRIMS of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, doth not the story of Blind Jimmy teach us that, *Religion's ways are beautiful and all her paths peaceable ?*

ST. JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

LAST month we spoke of St. Veronica and of the generous service she rendered her Lord in one of the bitterest moments of His Sacred Passion. She at least did her part to redeem our human nature from the stigma of utter ingratitude and cowardice.

This month, on March 17, the Church makes a commemoration of another soul cast in the same heroic mould, St. Joseph of Arimathea. The meagre details we have of his life are found in the Gospels. They are edifying indeed and full of instruction and of encouragement, especially when we contrast what he was and what he did, with the account the Evangelists give us of the other disciples of our Lord.

We all remember the brave words of St. Thomas, when our Lord signified His intention of returning into Judea, to raise Lazarus to life. He knew and so did the other Apostles know, that Jesus was exposing Himself to serious danger by this step; but he found it in his heart to say: *Let us also go that we may die with Him.*¹ At the Last Supper, too, St. Peter said, and he meant what he said: *Yea, though I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee. And in like manner said all the disciples.*² All this time, Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews.³

And now mark what followed. When the hour came in which the powers of darkness were given full sway, when Jesus was seized in the Garden, then, says the Gospel, *the disciples all leaving Him fled.*⁴ The disciples who had been openly such fled, while Joseph of Arimathea who had been afraid before, went in boldly to Pilate on Good Friday evening and begged the body of Jesus. So true are the words of the *Imitation*: "We often know not what we can do, but temptation discovers what we are."

Joseph of Arimathea was, according to the Gospel, a noble decurion, a counsellor, a man of position and of influence. He was more than this, for mere worldly wealth and position are very far from being valid titles to God's favor. And so the Evangelist adds: He was a good and just man, and *he also looked for the Kingdom of God.*⁵

¹ St. John, xi. 16.

² St. John, xix. 38.

³ St. Matthew, xxvi. 35.

⁴ St. Matthew, xxvi. 56.

⁵ St. Luke, xxiii. 50, 51.

The first decided step he took as a disciple was when, in the Council assembled by Caiaphas, he opposed the measures the High Priest proposed to take against our Lord. *He did not consent to their counsels and doings.* This action drew on him the suspicions and the anger of his own caste. Then the heroic act of veneration and respect for the Crucified Lord, which has made him known wherever the Gospel has been preached, brought him still more into disfavor with the faction in power. We can well believe, then, the story Anne Catharine Emmerich tells in her revelations, that Joseph was seized on the evening of the Crucifixion and hurried away to prison, and that the intention of his captors was to put him out of the way. But an Angel opened his prison as he did later for St. Peter, and he came forth to receive from his Risen Master a foretaste of the great reward awaiting him in heaven. *For every one that shall confess Me before men, said our Lord, I will also confess him before My Father Who is in heaven.*⁶

After this, nothing is known with any certainty. There are however several legends current about him. One of these makes him the first Apostle of England and the founder of Glastonbury Abbey on an island or peninsula of the river Brue, in the heart of Somersetshire. Having been set adrift on a vessel without oars or sails, with Lazarus and his sisters Mary Magdalen and Martha, he was miraculously guided, according to this legend, to Marseilles in France, and finally reached England.

The story of the Glastonbury thorn, which flowered only once a year on Christmas Day is well known, and how pilgrims used to flock to the Abbey every year to see the miracle. We have an account of one of these pilgrimages which took place as late as 1753. The parent tree was cut down during the Civil Wars toward the end of the preceding century by a Puritan soldier, who boasted that he had thus, at a single blow, brought to an end the age of miracles.

The story of the parent tree runs thus. When St. Joseph and his companions reached Weary-all Hill on the lands which a native prince had given him, he drove his staff into the ground and all knelt down to pray. This was on a Christmas Day. When they rose from their knees, lo! the staff had taken root, had put forth branches and leaves and was even then blossoming into bud and

⁶ St. Matthew, x. 32.

flower. And so every Christmas Day ever after it bloomed in the same way.

When Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were preparing the sacred Body of our Lord for burial, they very carefully preserved, says another legend, the water tinged with blood with which they had washed it. This water was carefully treasured by the Church of Jerusalem, until the year 1248, when a solemn embassy was sent by the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Henry III. of England, to carry this precious deposit to him for safe keeping, as Jerusalem was soon to fall once again into the power of the Turk. This story is related by Matthew of Paris. The Bollandists notice it but give very little credit to it.

Here is one of the stories told of St. Joseph of Arimathea by the Bollandists. Once it happened that a very important paper was found missing from the archives of a certain Dominican Convent in Spain, and a very heavy calamity threatened the poor nuns, unless this paper were recovered. Each of the good Sisters had recourse to her favorite patron, and one, Sister Maria Vasquez de Mello, invoked the aid of Joseph of Arimathea. Hardly was her prayer ended when a nobleman rode up to the monastery gate, and jumping from his horse, asked for Sister Maria. No one had ever seen the cavalier before, and great was the curiosity of the inmates of the monastery to know who he was and what errand had brought him. When the good Sister appeared, the gentleman handed her a paper and remounting his horse rode off. The paper was the missing document.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

THE YEAR'S REPORT.

IT gives us pleasure to announce the result of the year's work for the Association of the Holy Childhood of the Philadelphia Agency whose work is directed from the *Messenger* office. The total sum received for the year 1890 is \$6183.41. This is an increase over 1889 of more than \$500.00, the receipts for that year being \$5653.92. It is gratifying to note this increase and, though not a very considerable one, it is, nevertheless, a proof that the work is advancing in some degree. If the

parish schools, academies, and other institutions were to take up the work generally, we are sure that one year would work a notable change in the yearly collections.

The Holy Childhood is a work specially designed for children. It was so instituted by its venerable founder Mgr. Forbes-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, whose desire it was to see the Catholic children of the civilized and enlightened nations of the earth united in the common bond of Christian sympathy for the ransom of the children of heathen countries and for their education in the holy Catholic faith.

The Association has simple and easy duties, the only real obligations being the payment of the monthly dues of one cent, and the saying of the following short prayer daily for the intention of the work: "Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor children of unbelievers." All the members are obliged to recite this prayer.

In a parish or school where the Association is established, it should be under the care of a priest or a Sister. The method to be followed out in organizing it is to form the children into Groups of twelve and to place over each Group a Head, or Collector, whose duty it is to collect the monthly dues and to distribute the *Annals*—the official organ of the Association which is issued every two months.

The Association is under the patronage of the Childhood of Jesus Christ, and children from being members of it will learn to form in themselves qualities of sympathy and self-sacrifice which they might not otherwise learn. An instance of this is shown in the letter of the Rev. Father Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., of St. Michael's Retreat, West Hoboken, N. J. The Rev. Father says: "Of the \$83.16, which I send you, the children of the Holy Childhood give \$31.51, a lady \$3.00, and the balance \$48.65 was found in the Intention-box of the League, which the Father Rector kindly hands over to the Holy Childhood. Our children raised \$3.40 of their contribution during last Lent, when they gave their pennies to the Holy Childhood instead of spending them for candies."

The Association has been enriched with numerous Indulgences and has received the approbation of three Sovereign Pontiffs, besides recommendations from nearly the whole Catholic Episcopate.

The annual *Report* of the Philadelphia Agency, which will be issued soon, will give in detail the contributions of the different donors to the work and will contain all necessary information concerning it. The reports are freely distributed to applicants.

Clergymen,	\$506.44
Society of Jesus,	908.67
Benedictine Fathers,	60.49
Passionist Fathers,	83.16
Minor Conventuals,	52.20
Franciscan Fathers,	5.60
Christian Brothers,	13.00
Sisters of Charity,	340.99
Ladies of the Sacred Heart,	296.76
Sisters of Notre Dame,	121.78
Sisters of Providence,	121.58
Ursuline Nuns,	76.00
Sisters of Mary,	69.00
Sisters of St. Benedict,	48.63
Sisters of St. Joseph,	36.00
Sisters of the Holy Cross,	36.00
Presentation Nuns,	30.00
Sisters of St. Francis,	22.00
Sisters of Third Order of St. Francis,	26.00
Sisters of the Visitation,	19.63
Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary,	18.50
Sisters of Mercy,	12.00
Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis,	10.50
Sisters of St. Dominic,	10.29
Churches, Sunday-schools, etc.,	757.23
Ladies (Collectors and Donors),	1493.66
Gentlemen, " " "	720.05
Sundries,	287.25
Total Receipts,	\$6183.41

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

To the African Mission of the Society of Jesus :	
Rev. Alphonse Schaecken, Paterson, N. J.,	\$25.00
To the Propagation of the Faith (Foreign Missions) :	
Friend, per Mary M. Carne, Alexandria, Va.,	5.00
Rev. M. Corbett, S. J., Chicago,	4.90
To the Negro Missions :	
Joseph Dutton, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands,	1.00
For Masses to be said by priests on the Chinese Missions :	
Rev. Joseph P. Egan, Tarrytown, N. Y.,	100.00
For the Lepers of Paramaribo, Surinam, S. A. :	
Peter O'Connor, San José, Cal.,	10.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

A SUGGESTION FROM COLLEGE BOYS.

[The value and practicability of the following suggestion will appear on first reading. We are thankful for it and particularly pleased that it has come from college boys. Their own indorsement of the proposed plan will be the beginning, we hope, of what these students and other clients of Our Lady of Martyrs are earnestly praying for—a proper memorial church at her American Shrine.]

LA SALLE ACADEMY,

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 21, 1891.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Since it is admitted that many hands make light work, permit us to make a suggestion in regard to the future church of Our Lady of Martyrs.

We presume the *Little Messenger* is taken by a large number of Catholic schools. Now, if each class would subscribe \$1.00, the amount per pupil would be very small, yet the total would probably reach at least the hundreds. This much having been accomplished by the children, surely their elders would not allow themselves to be outdone in generosity.

As a beginning the class which originated the idea encloses \$1.00.

Praying that the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady of Martyrs may bless all your undertakings, we are, dear Reverend Father,

Yours very sincerely,

THE JUNIOR COUNCIL, { J. A. MEAGHER, President,
M. SCANLAN, Secretary,
E. J. MURPHY, Treasurer.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

Michael Lafferty, Philadelphia,	\$1.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	3.00
Young Ladies' Sodality, Amsterdam, N. Y.,	20.00
Rev. J. P. Dion, Vincennes, Ind.,	25.00
Mary Gonley, New York,	1.00
Fannie Isabel Gonley, New York,	1.00
Promoter of the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5.00
From the sale of the Life of Father Jogues,	9.30
Miss H. H. Townsend, Niles, Mich.,50

La Salle Academy, Halifax, N. S. (see letter above),	\$1.00
Mrs. P. Sharkey, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,	5.00
Bridget Slack, New York,	1.00
Mrs. M. J. O'Donnell, Brooklyn,	1.76
Mrs. Rebecca Fish, Chicago,	1.00
A Child of Our Lady of Martyrs, Chicago,	2.00
Martha Moriarty, New York,	1.00

A SODALITY'S CHARITABLE WORK.

WILLING hearts and willing hands, even if they be not numerous, can do a great deal, provided there is unity of action. A practical illustration of this was witnessed during the recent holidays.

A certain Sodality of the Children of Mary was the means of affording joy and amusement to several hundred children and comfort and consolation to the inmates of a poorhouse. The members united together in the charitable purpose, and the result of their efforts was to give two religious musical concerts to two sewing-schools, which form part of the special work of the Sodality, and to distribute pictures, souvenirs and nearly a thousand pounds of candy to the pupils. Similar presents were made to the old people in the poorhouse, with the addition of the comforting gift of tobacco for the men.

Besides this, each member made with her own hands, or otherwise procured it, an outfit for the children in an Asylum.

All this was the result of the united effort on the part of the members. This is but one instance of what the Sodality can accomplish, where its members are animated by the true spirit.

The special works of charity undertaken by the various Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin are in harmony with the original purpose of the Sodality. Its primary aim is the sanctification of its members through the observance of its rules, but the Sodality has also as its secondary end the welfare of the neighbor. This secondary purpose is accomplished by the Sodality's adoption of some special work to which the members devote themselves. It may be some work having for its immediate object the temporal relief of the neighbor, as visiting the sick, the poor, or those confined in prisons or in hospitals or the like, but the ultimate object in view is to secure spiritual succor for those in need of it.

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

KINDS AND QUALIFICATIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

BESIDES the Active members who are its real efficient workers, the Saint Vincent de Paul Society has Corresponding, Honorary and Aspirant (with *i* pronounced long) members and Subscribers.

What persons may be admitted to Active membership?

Only young men. Therefore women are excluded. If men of advanced years have been admitted within recent date, still the original aim of the Society has never been changed. Those, however, who have grown old in the service of the Society and continue their membership would not seem to be acting contrary to this aim. The Society is for young men who wish to engage in works of charity, and they must have attained their eighteenth year before being eligible to membership.

What qualifications are required?

Article I. of the General Regulations says members must be "Christian," and Article XVIII. explaining this gives the injunction that "each member should be careful not to introduce into the Society any one who will not edify his fellow-members or be edified by them. All should strive to love each other and the poor like brothers." A member, then, must be a practical Catholic, one whose life is "edifying"; and reasonably so, for if the aim of the Society is to make the poor better men and better Christians, it is not easily seen how its members can accomplish this if their own life does not prove the conviction of their purpose. An indifferent, restless, ambitious, or selfish man would not be a fit member, for to be an edifying and useful member of the Society, he must be regular in his religious duties, prudent, charitable, and unselfish. He may and should be ardent, as were the members of the first Conference, but prudence should temper his ardor. The Society requires practical Catholics and men of prudence.

May one who is poor be a member?

Fortune is not a requisite for membership, yet one who himself would need assistance should be debarred from entrance into the Society. Men who are well-to-do and can spare something of their own means are the proper persons for members. However, the exact limit of means is difficult to define. When the Council-

General was asked in 1841 whether those "who were not above want" could be admitted, it replied in the negative. The question of means is relative and depends much on the locality where the Conference exists. A Conference may be formed in a poor town or village, and yet its members are not likely to possess the wealth of members who belong to a Conference in a prosperous city district. It may be stated in general, then, that members should be in a position to help the poor in *some degree*.

What is a Corresponding member?

An Active member moving to a place where there is no Conference but keeping himself in communication with his own or some other Conference nearer to him, becomes a Corresponding member. He has all the privileges of the Active members, provided he is guided, in his isolation, by the council of the Conference with which he corresponds. Though he is not immediately active in the works of this Conference, yet he is active in the charity designated or approved by it. The *Circular* of the Council-General, November 1, 1849, strongly commends the enrolment of Corresponding members. Were this recommendation generally adopted, many more men would become members of the Society and many more Conferences, we are sure, would be formed.

What are Honorary and Aspirant members?

Honorary members are those who, though not attending the ordinary meetings of the Conference and sharing actively in its work, yet must be present when summoned at the general meetings, retreats, and the like, and contribute certain offerings. They must possess the same qualifications as Active members, for they are real members and may become Active ones, if they choose. The offering to be contributed is not the same for all, and, in places where it exists, this is to be sent to the Particular Council.

Aspirant members are those under eighteen years, who are joined to the ordinary Conferences or form special ones.

Members of Honor, as they are denominated, differ from Honorary members, and are usually clergymen.

What is a Subscriber?

A Subscriber is not a member, but a benefactor of the Society. All persons, old and young, men and women, and even Protestants, may be admitted as Subscribers. They contribute alms to the Society, and in turn are allowed a share in its united prayers.



WHAT THE LEAGUE IS.

ALL who have bound themselves together by engaging to make daily the Morning Offering have, by the fact, joined a League and are carrying on an Apostleship.

What is a League? A combination or union of two or more parties for the purpose of maintaining friendship (charity), and promoting their mutual interests or for executing any design in concert. This definition fully describes the League. It unites many Associates in an effort to enkindle and keep burning the fire of faith and of charity in the Church. It unites them with the further object of promoting their own interests and of executing a special design in concert.

How does it effect all these things? By collecting prayers. Just as the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith labor to hasten God's Kingdom, by collecting material means, so does the League labor for the same end, by collecting prayers. It is a pious union of the faithful to pray.

What then has it to do with the Sacred Heart?

1st. It prays in union with the Sacred Heart. "It is," writes Father Ramière, "A League of Christian hearts, united with the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

2d. It prays for the same intentions as the Sacred Heart, "to obtain the salvation of the world and the triumph of the Church," or as Article IV. of its statutes puts it: "For the intentions with which our Lord Jesus Christ offers Himself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Why is it called the Apostleship? Because it aims to establish in souls the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. There are two

kinds of Apostleship: the one of preaching, confined to ministers of Christ, the other of silent prayer and suffering, of which our Lord gave us an example during His hidden life in Nazareth. It is this latter kind of Apostleship the Associates carry on, by prayers, and by the works and sufferings of each day, which, by virtue of the Morning Offering uniting them with the merits of the Sacred Heart, also become prayers.

ST. JOSEPH AND SINNERS.

IT is a pious custom in use in some religious communities, particularly among those Sisters who have the honor of bearing St. Joseph's name, that on the eve of the month of March, each Sister writes down the disguised names of three sinners whose salvation is in evident danger. These papers are folded, collected, and shaken up: then each religious draws one of them, and takes the unknown souls thus committed to her as the especial object of her prayers.

It is an understood thing, that the sinners St. Joseph thus confides to her charity, with the Saint's help and her own goodwill, will be converted before the end of the month.

On one of these occasions some years ago, Sister Francis Xavier found on the paper which fell to her the name Amelia.

This is briefly Amelia's history, but at the time Sister Francis Xavier was ignorant of it. She was a Catholic girl who had married a Protestant—a thing which happens, even now, oftener than it should. Shortly after her marriage she came out from England with her husband to reside in Jamaica; and for many years she entirely neglected all the duties of her holy religion. Living among Protestants and far removed from a Catholic church, she felt little desire of being different from her neighbors. Her name was well suited for the Sisters' list of sinners, for what surer road is there to everlasting wretchedness than indifference?

But Amelia was now entrusted to the care of St. Joseph. Sister Francis Xavier prayed earnestly for her conversion: her prayers, work and sufferings were offered daily for Amelia's return to God. We come now to the remaining part of Amelia's history.

It happened that the late Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, Father Thomas Porter, S. J., on one of his pastoral rounds, came to the neighborhood where the poor woman was lying in death. Some of the few scattered Catholics hastened to tell him of her sad condition; and he went to her bedside. The rest is soon told. Father Porter did for her all that a minister of God can do for a sin-laden soul struggling in the last extremity, and Amelia made her peace with Him before Whom she was soon to appear. The Father called on his way home, after visiting some more distant regions; but before his return Amelia was no more. She had passed away in the fresh whiteness of her recovered robe of grace.

St. Joseph had shown his power once more in favor of those who invoke him specially during the month of March which the Church has set aside in his honor.

THE INDIAN CHILDREN AND THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

(From an Ursuline Sister's Letter of St. Labre's Mission, Montana.)

I COULD give you any number of instances of really wonderful answers to prayer, obtained by our Indian children, but I will give only one.

Last August, the prairies twelve miles from here caught fire, no one knows how. For eleven days every man in the neighborhood was out working at the fire, and at the end two-thirds of them were laid up and the fire was on the increase. It was over five miles long and I have not heard how many miles wide. No one, here, bothered about it for we did not realize how bad it was.

On the eleventh night, one of the Indian boys took me to a hill where the fire could be seen. It had now reached the timber land and the hills looked like burning cities. For the first time I realized what damage was being done and I said to the children: "Come, children, we will go to the Chapel and ask our dear Lord to send rain to put out the fire."

We went to the Chapel and they prayed fervently. When we came out, they said:

"Mother, will God put the fire out to-night?"

"Of course He will," I said; "have you not asked Him to do

it?" And with this the children went off to bed confident that they would be heard.

During the night a heavy wind came up: it began to blow a very hurricane,—anything but what would serve to put out the fire, but no rain. I did not mind however; for I knew that the fire would be out in the morning. The next day I made inquiries and was told that where the fire was raging, they had had a heavy rain storm, which had put out the fire. Not a drop of rain had fallen anywhere else.

When the cowboys heard that the children had prayed for rain, they did not laugh as one would have expected them to do, and as naturally they would have been tempted to do. They took the matter very seriously on the contrary, and all they said, was: "We got rain, sure enough, and it put out the fire."

Since my arrival here, three times I have seen the prayers of the Indians answered *immediately*, and in a way little short of miraculous. I have great faith in the children's prayers.

Lately they made a novena for a child who, the doctor said, was losing her sight. Her eyes were in a terrible condition. Now they are entirely cured, and cured by the prayers of my little ones alone. Their prayers must certainly be most pleasing to God. I am confirmed in this belief by my own experience as well as by what I once read in the life of Sister Catharine Emmerich. Her biographer says, "In the midst of her trials Sister Emmerich was consoled by visions of her own childhood. 'My deceased play-mates took me with them to our old playground. . . . They asked me why I never invoked them in my needs, for they were ready to help me. Men call so little upon the children and yet they are very powerful with God especially such as die shortly after Baptism. . . . They told me to pray particularly that new-born infants may not die without Baptism; for, when we so pray, God promptly sends help.'"

Last year our children were consecrated to the Sacred Heart and their names sent to Paray-le-Monial, and, this I am sure, will make these dusky children of the forest still dearer to God and their prayers more powerful with Him to obtain for their nation the temporal and spiritual aid so much needed.

THE DYING LAUNDRESS.

THE flourishing city of B——, so picturesquely laid out at the junction of one of the tributaries of the majestic Susquehanna, was in the early quarter of this century a mere hamlet. Certain families of high social position were sparsely scattered in the region, but, as was the case generally in Western New York, school and church accommodations were sadly wanting some fifty years ago.

Happily for the Catholic who had sought an asylum in this inviting wilderness, the family of Mr. X——, widely known for their fervent piety and intellectual acquirements, strove to keep alive the torch of faith in the minds and hearts of their humbler neighbors. It was rare to receive the visit of a priest; in fact, intervals of four and five years elapsed, at various epochs, before this privilege so dear to the true child of the faith could be enjoyed. However, by assembling the Catholics in the environs, the reading of a sermon to them, the recitation of the holy Rosary in common, and by the use of other sacramentals, the weak were kept from straying, and the devout encouraged to be faithful and to pray earnestly for brighter days.

Among the latter was a woman whom we will call Brigid, who daily offered a prayer to the Most High that she might be assisted by a priest in the hour of death. The good woman was employed as laundress in the family of Mr. X——. Her patrons, while admiring her legitimate and pious desire, could hardly believe that her prayer would be heard. The nearest priest was at least a hundred miles away; there were no telegraph wires, and no railroads. Travelling was done in heavy stage-coaches, and the mail only reached B—— several times a week. Probably correspondence was limited, for at that period the postage on a letter from B—— to the metropolis of the Empire State was twenty-five cents!

Hence in case of any mortal disease, sudden fatal accident, or an epidemic scourge, it was generally presumed that the victims would depart this life without the aid of the consolations that the Church provides for her faithful children.

But Brigid did not consider these obstacles worth mentioning, when she pressed her petition with undoubting confidence to

Him Who said: *Ask, believing, and you shall receive.* Her certainty that God would not forsake her in the hour of death sometimes excited a derisive smile among her equals, but the good woman never failed to offer her daily petition, and to have a special intention for it, when reciting the second part of the *Ave Maria*.

It happened one day that the industrious, hardworking laundress undertook to empty a caldron full of boiling hot suds into an ordinary washtub, and the whole steaming contents, by a sudden slip of the caldron, flowed over the doomed victim! Mrs. X—— was promptly informed, and with her daughter hastened with proper remedies to the agonizing woman's relief. Her sufferings were beyond description, and she believed at once that they would inevitably prove fatal. The benevolent Mrs. X—— and her charitable daughter did all in their power to ease her corporal sufferings and allay her spiritual distress. So great was Brigid's anxiety to have the Sacraments that she called aloud to God in the most pathetic appeals, to have mercy on her, and not let her depart without being strengthened by the rites of Holy Church.

The wounds of the sufferer were so deep that medical advice could only offer a certain degree of relief; death in a few days, at farthest, was inevitable. Lighted tapers were placed before the shrine of the "Help of the Afflicted," and all Brigid's friends prayed that her death might be peaceful.

Two days after the sad accident, Miss E——, (the daughter who had aided the benevolent mistress of the mansion), was surprised by a spirited ringing of the door-bell, and the sound of a departing stage-coach! What visitors had arrived in that far away solitude? Hastily the lady descended to welcome the guests, when lo! who should stand before her but the venerable Father Y——, pastor of a church in Utica.

"What! Miss X——, is that you I see here in perfect health?" exclaimed the priest as he accepted the cordial invitation to enter the parlor.

"Why, yes, Rev. Father, I am quite well. Why did you expect to find *me* otherwise?"

"Because, Miss, I was told that you required the prompt

service of a spiritual guide, and I have put myself to great inconvenience to respond. It is quite mysterious—very mysterious!”

“Who gave the message, Father?”

“Humph—ahem—yes; I will accept,” said the clergyman, trying not to give an answer to Miss X——’s question.

Whilst Father Y—— was taking some refreshment, and the household were learning the joyful news that a priest had arrived, the ladies told the Rev. Father that the poor Brigid was in extremities, and that his coming was most providential, and a very striking answer to the constant and humble petitions of the dying laundress.

He was promptly conducted to the cottage; and the patient sufferer soon received all the consolations that she so devoutly, so persistently prayed for. As the spiritual necessities of all the Catholics were great and numerous, it was decided that his Reverence should remain some time; and thus he presided also at the funeral service of the prayerful Brigid.

In vain they tried to find out who had summoned Father Y—— to B——. It was only some twenty years after, that a member of the family of Mr. Y—— ventured anew to inquire, and he replied:

“Madam, I need no longer keep the secret; a holy Sister of Charity, now deceased, was informed supernaturally that your sister-in-law required my priestly aid in a pressing need. Perhaps had I known it was Brigid, I might have declined to take the weary journey. But God willed to hear the prayer of the humble laundress.”

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I.

A PROMOTER proposes this question:

“Is it possible for a person to become an Associate in the name of some one else, living or deceased?”

No: membership in the League cannot be had by proxy. The reason is twofold: first, because each Associate must consent to his enrolment; secondly, because after giving his consent he has a daily personal duty to perform, if he wishes to profit by his membership. The League is an association of living persons who

unite together to do something. The least each Associate can do is to practise daily the Morning Offering. This is the one indispensable duty of all Associates, and without the daily practice of this there is no participation in the privileges of the Holy League, no matter if the Associate has been ever so careful to receive a Certificate of Admission and to have his name duly registered.

Dead persons, though they cannot be Associates, may yet be recommended to the prayers of the League and thus share in manifold benefits.

II.

Another Promoter, who wisely says that her best informed and most fervent Associates are those who read carefully the League communications in the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM*, asks :

“Should not the Promoters be zealous to induce *all* their members to make use of the Rosary Ticket, even those who practise the Morning Offering only? I think it one of the most efficacious means of promoting the interests of the Sacred Heart, because through the Rosary Tickets the Associates will learn what are the desires of the Sacred Heart.”

Our Promoter's reason for the use of the Rosary Tickets by all Associates is pointed and concise; the Rosary Tickets tell “what are the desires of the Sacred Heart.” Through them each month is communicated the General Intention—always some pressing need of the Church for which the Holy Father asks his children's prayers—while the monthly calendar calls to mind the Saints whose lives were *hid in God*. The numerous and various Particular Intentions of our more than million Associates in the United States are also noted on them to plead for the charity of our prayers.

Moreover, a special privilege has been granted by the Holy See to all Associates who receive the monthly Rosary Ticket; namely, a Plenary Indulgence for the day of the Patron Saint marked on the Rosary Ticket to all those who make a Communion of Reparation. And this privilege extends to those who practise only the Morning Offering. The General Intention for last November, it will be remembered, was an appeal from the Holy Father to the prayers of the Associates that devotion to Patron Saints might become better known and more widely practised.

III.

A third Promoter writing for information makes the following inquiry :

"Is the *Holy Hour* an essential practice of the League of the Sacred Heart?"

It is not necessary for Associates to practise the *Holy Hour*. There is only one duty essentially incumbent upon the Associates—the Morning Offering. But just as the Associates are strongly urged to practise the 2d and 3d Degrees of the League, so they are also recommended to adopt the practice of the *Holy Hour* as an exercise specially pleasing to God. This devotion was taught by our Lord Himself to Blessed Margaret Mary, and the Holy See has graciously granted to the Associates of the League the privilege of gaining the Indulgences attached to its practice.

The *Holy Hour* is an exercise particularly suitable during Lent, though many Associates have the custom of making it throughout the year. The little book called *The Holy Hour*, published at the *Messenger* office, explains clearly this beautiful devotion. Already it has been found necessary to issue a second edition, making the tenth thousand printed.

HUMAN HEARTS.

By T. A. M.

POOR human hearts, what vessels frail ye are !
 How fortunate that God can read ye well
 And judges not by what the world may tell,
 Or else your dangers would exceed by far
 The mariner's, without a polar star :
 How oft would shipwreck all your hopes dispel
 On shoals of treachery where sounds no bell,
 If God to save you sent no mercy spar !
 Poor human hearts ! Put not your trust in man ;
 There is but One in Whom no change is made.
 Though all the secrets of your life He scan,
 No confidence of yours will be betrayed.
 Go, seek that Friend, for He alone is true,
 His Sacred Heart will keep a place for you.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Holiness of Christian Morals.



LAST month the Holy Father earnestly begged prayers for "firmness of faith" among Christian peoples, but this month he solicits, even more earnestly, prayers for the *Holiness of Christian Morals*; for, as he writes in his recent Encyclical to Italy, "faith is in less jeopardy than morals."

Morals are the relations of duty and obligation we have to the living Lawgiver, Who is our Maker and Redeemer. They are not dead and senseless relations. Morals mean the relations and duties of living and moral agents; relations between God and man, and between man and man.

In the old days of paganism these relations were ignored; hence there was no morality, and the natural outcome was the wretched debasement of the human mind and heart that characterizes paganism. When the *Word was made Flesh* in Nazareth, Christianity began and with it the holiness of Christian morals. The triumph of Christianity was the reign of Christian morality.

The present times threaten the revival of paganism under the disguised name of naturalism, which seeks to have morality without God. A specially evil feature of this bottomless and stupid impiety is, that it tries to find a home in the hearts of our youth and children. It tells our school-children that there is indeed such a thing as right and wrong; that they must do the one and avoid the other; but that they must know nothing about God our Creator, about the great Lawgiver, and about Jesus Christ our Teacher and Redeemer. If our youth and children are not taught true morality—what their relations are to God and to their neighbor—then indeed will the world soon be without Christian morals.

This new paganism must be overcome by the same power which overthrew the old paganism—by establishing the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in human hearts, particularly in the hearts of our youth and children.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the imitation of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, and the prayers of our Associates will be a means, strong and efficacious, to sanctify Christian morals.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

APRIL, 1891.

No. 4.

MOTHER OF CHRIST.



IF our Lady's title of Mother of God is most glorious to her, that of Mother of Christ is most consoling for us.

A promise was made by the Holy Ghost to the holy man Simeon, says St. Luke, *that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord.* We cannot understand all this promise meant to him. For we can hardly realize what the world was without our Lord, much less appreciate the sighs and tearful prayers of the Patriarchs and the holy men who for four thousand years cried out': *Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above and let the clouds rain the just one: let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour.*

We have the blessed light of faith, we have the fulness of the Holy Ghost, we have the Blessed Sacrament; what must the world have been with but the shadow and the type, without the gifts and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, Which had not yet been sent, and without the Holy Eucharist?

The consolations we enjoy in so generous a measure, the faithful ones of the Old Law had not; all they had to buoy them up were the Promises. The evils of spiritual bondage

¹ Isaias, xlv. 8.

pressed on them, the sad spectacle of a world rushing headlong to destruction was ever before them ; but they knew that, in *the fulness of time*, the *Expected of nations* would appear and with Him *mercy and plentiful redemption*.

Promise after promise was made them by God, each revealing more fully the person of the future Redeemer. And the Redeemer and His Mother were never separated in the prophecies.

In the Garden, God, cursing the Serpent, said : *I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed ; she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel*. Again in Balaam's prophecy, the Star that was to rise in Jacob was a type of Mary. Isaias spoke openly of the Virgin who should conceive and bring forth Emmanuel—God with us ; and to the same prophet we owe the beautiful figure under which our Lady is foretold, that of the rod coming forth from the root of Jesse, from which should rise up a flower. Our Lord was the precious flower, but our Lady also is foretold as the Rod of Jesse. The prophet Micheas speaks of the time wherein *she that travaileth shall bring forth*, and what great things God should then do for the remnant of His people.

This connection of Mary with her Divine Son is not found in the Holy Scriptures alone. At Chartres in France, which according to Cæsar was the great centre of the Druids in France, there was a cave or grotto and in this, tradition says, an altar had been set up and inscribed to the *Virgo Paritura*, "the Virgin who is to bring forth." Traces of this same expectation are found in most of the early mythologies, showing that in the early revelations Mary must have prominently appeared, and that her place in the Divine plan for saving the world must have been made known with sufficient clearness.

In the New Testament, finally, the Son is in the great scenes of His life always found in company with His Mother. The Magi *found the Child*, but *with Mary His Mother*, the Evangelist carefully adds. At Cana of Galilee, St. John tells us, *there was a marriage and the Mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited*. He came and it was here He wrought His first miracle to please His Mother. And on Calvary *there stood by the Cross of Jesus, Mary His Mother*.

Now Jesus, as the Christ of God, is our greatest treasure.

To Him we owe our deliverance from the bondage of sin, to Him all the strength we have to live well and all the hope we can have of glory in heaven. And Mary it is, who has given the Christ to us.

Theologians say that, by her prayers, she even hastened His coming. She gave of her chaste flesh that which was built up into the body of the New Adam, thus, as it were, repaying the debt our first Mother Eve had contracted. And although He was wisdom itself and *upholds all things by the word of His Power*, still it was by watching her pure lips that He deigned to learn how to shape His own to words of gentleness and mercy. And it was by copying her modest ways that He would be formed to meekness and humility. Our Lord was His Mother's boy in form and face and manners. Knowing the Mother, we can learn to know the Son. Whatever we find in the Mother of the Christ, we may confidently look for in the Christ of God Himself.

This is why the title of Mother of Christ has more of consolation in it for us than has the title of Mother of God. As far above us as the one raises her, so much the closer to us does the other bring her. As Mother of Christ, she becomes the Mother of all that Christ is, and as we are incorporated in Him, and form His Mystical Body, we belong to her in a very real and wonderful way, even as we belong to Him. Mary as Mother of Christ is Mother of His Mystical Body, of His Church. And as the beauty of the Church depends upon the beauty of the individual souls that form the living stones of its beautiful walls, to secure and preserve this beauty becomes one of the chief cares of the Mother of Christ. When we invoke her then under this title we may recall this care of hers and confidently pray her, to see to it that the beauty of God's house, of Christ's Mystical Body, be not marred by infidelity and ingratitude on our side.

Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caressed
Clings the Eternal Child,
Favored beyond Archangel's dream,
When first on thee with tend'rest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smiled.

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A LEGEND OF LOURDES.¹

By T. A. M.

FROM the Basilica of Lourdes—his breast
Still burning with the Master's sweet embrace
And joyful smiles illumining his face—
A pilgrim stepping asked his hidden Guest :
"Whence comes it, Lord, that pray'r should bring such rest,
And yet be restless with exultant grace
When offered up within this sacred place,
Where longest vigils seem but moments blest?"

"'Tis Mary's sweetness : when My Mother came,
Her hallow'd presence—like a mystic rose—
Diffused a prayerful fragrance in the air ;
On hill-tops in Judea 'twas the same
At Our first visit : *here* the walls inclose
MAGNIFICATS, whose perfume is a prayer."

A CHANGE OF HEART AT NINETY.

OLD Auntie Green was still waiting for a change of heart. Her well-worn Bible showed how faithfully she had sought light from the sacred pages, while within a neat little writing-desk, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, were stored various thoughts and notes from her readings, written in a delicate, old-fashioned hand, and treasured carefully for future use. Uncle Green had been a staunch Baptist and a shining light in the church. When Auntie married him, she had tried hard to follow in his footsteps, had prayed and earnestly attended service, but she had never felt that inner consciousness of a 'change of heart,' which she judged necessary for baptism. When her sister died leaving two little children and her brother-in-law had shortly married again, Auntie, childless herself, took the little ones home. She surrounded them with motherly care and strove to bring them up religiously and well, hoping that they would experience that call to religion which she had failed to receive.

What a shock it was when a Catholic lover presented himself as a suitor for the hand of her elder niece ; how sternly Auntie had refused his attentions, with horror of Papist influence ! All in vain, however, for love had won the day. After years of

¹ April 2d, 1889.

patient wooing, Thomas Dale led his bride to the altar, baptized in the Catholic faith ; Auntie, though keenly disappointed, was yet gentle in her denunciations. She had done all she could to prevent it ; she would say nothing to make her niece unhappy ; so, when some years later, a merry little grand-niece spent the summers with her in the country, Auntie would herself hear her say her prayers morning and evening, and teach her a page of catechism on Sundays. She would allow no one to say a word against the child's faith and, when Uncle Green would laughingly tease her to go to Baptist meetings, Auntie would say : " Come, come, Nathan, let the child alone ; her mother does not wish it. She shall say her prayers at home. Better a good Papist than a poor Baptist ! "

Years had passed ; Uncle Green had long been dead ; their pretty country-place was sold, and Auntie lived with the widowed niece to whom she had been a mother in days gone by ! The house had been lively with the voices and play of children, had been silent in the presence of death, had seen joy and tears, as, one by one, the sons and daughters had left it for homes of their own till only Auntie and Mother, who was grandma to many little ones, were left in it. Day after day they lived their quiet life, only varied by the family visits. Grandma's unobtrusive piety and deep faith had not been without influence ; many years ago Auntie had borrowed her *Manual of Catholic Piety*, and two or three times a year would accompany her to Mass, always remarking on her return however that she " did not understand it all, though there was doubtless much that was beautiful. " But the borrowed book was not returned ; it found its place beside the Bible. The Baptist minister making his periodical visits found her less and less inclined to listen to him when he spoke of attending church, and at last he dropped the subject, making only ceremonious calls.

Wrinkled and worn was she now ; but the heart was warm and loving, and the bright, kind eyes never failed to smile a welcome to the children who loved her dearly, always finding it great fun to mount the stairs to pay Auntie a little visit. How strange the room seemed to them with its high post-bedstead, and straight-backed chairs. The patchwork quilt was carefully folded for the convenience of the great Maltese cat, which always spent

the night on the bed, and most of the day purring contentedly at Auntie's feet, and the mahogany chest of drawers was a constant source of interest and speculation for their curiosity.

It was cold up there, but Auntie never seemed to feel it; the stove was seldom lighted, though the sunshine had ample chance to enter in, and in its warmth and brightness the mignonette and geraniums flourished—and Auntie was happy.

Auntie's eyes were growing dim, but she still did fine sewing and laundried with her own hands her wonderful wide collars and ruffs and the caps which were worn on *occasions*, as when company came to drink tea or when she went to pay her summer visits to the country; for it was Auntie now who went, in her turn, to visit the little niece, grown to womanhood and mother of half a dozen children. How Auntie enjoyed those visits; how she loved that square old-fashioned flower garden with its paths bordered with bushy box, and reveled in the bright summer mornings, picking her bouquet of fresh roses and fragrant heliotrope, or many-hued dahlias, looking fresh and sweet herself despite her ninety years. Everything interested her; she visited poultry yard and pig pen, the dogs and the cows, and enjoyed the rich milk and fresh-laid eggs. Sometimes she thought her own thoughts, sitting quietly for hours under the shade of interlacing trees, or moving gently in the low swing—thoughts that somehow turned often to the religion so loved and venerated by all that household and such a source of happiness to them. Crooning snatches of old-time songs she sighed for that 'change of heart' for which she had waited all her life, while memories of many years crowded upon her. On Sundays when the family carriage had driven off to Mass, the old lady would look wistfully after it, and turn for consolation to her Bible and her prayer-book.

For three summers one of the priests of the village had called on her. With his kindly jests and bright anecdotes he had made himself a welcome visitor, but it troubled him to see this gentle soul nearing eternity unbaptized and having no right to see God.

"Well, Mrs. Green, has the 'change of heart' come yet?" was his customary greeting; then cautiously bringing in some point of doctrine or practice and giving a few words of explanation, he would make his visit short, trusting to the working of grace that the few words might sink deep. This summer she

seemed more than usually feeble, and Father F—— saw that there was no time to lose, if that soul was to receive the priceless gift of faith. He begged prayers from religious and from his congregation, and especially from the Sisters of Charity and their orphan charges, knowing that the Sacred Heart of Jesus could not resist the prayers of the little orphans.

“Nothing ventured, nothing won,” thought he, as he took his hat and stick for a farewell visit. Auntie was to go back to town that day; the carriage was already at the door, and Auntie sat with shawl and bonnet, laden with baskets and packages, slips of geraniums, sprigs of parsley, elderberries for wine—all the country treasures!

“Good-bye, Mrs. Green, good-bye! When may I come to see you in the city?”

“I will be pleased to see you, Sir, whenever you may call,” was Auntie’s answer, made with old-fashioned formality.

“Then this day week you may expect me! And here is a little book to look over before I come. Will you read it?”

“I will, indeed!”

Many and long were the talks that followed. Auntie read and prayed, and at last the floodgates of God’s mercy were open, and the ‘change of heart’ had come, though as yet she knew it not! Like a little child she listened to the teachings of the good Father, and in humility of spirit she prepared to enter the Church. One great difficulty, however, presented itself; she could not accept the doctrine of confession. The Father tried every possible method of making her understand, but Auntie only shook her head answering—“You don’t convince me, Father.”

“Pray harder, pray harder, little children,” said he to the orphans, “and pray every day till next Friday;” and the zealous priest, not discouraged, said his Mass for her on the First Friday, feeling sure that he would not ask on that day in vain.

The old face was a little worried and the eyes were troubled, as she sat propped up in an easy chair in the parlor. She had had a severe attack of asthma, but she somehow felt that she *must* see Father F—— when he called. Grandma, sweet and placid, dusted and straightened the books and pictures, poked up the fire, praying silently all the time; then hearing the Father’s step, slipped away to attend to household duties. Auntie, in reaching out a slim

wrinkled hand in greeting, dropped her handkerchief, and Father F——, stooping to pick it up, heard whispered from Heaven the counsel he had sought.

Chatting quietly for a few minutes he suddenly said : "Auntie, how beautifully white this handkerchief is!" Auntie was delighted. "But what do you do with it when it is soiled?"

"Why I wash it, of course," said she.

"But when it becomes soiled again?"

Auntie looked surprised. "Why, I wash it again!"

"And is it just as white each time?" asked the Father, innocently.

"Just as white, Father."

"Are you very sure?"

"Indeed, Father, I wonder that you do not know that! Of course, if it is well washed, it will be just as clean and white."

"Now, Mrs. Green," said the priest eagerly leaning forward, "that is just what we do with our souls. When they come from the bleaching waters of Baptism, they are pure and white, but they become soiled by sin, so we wash them again and again in the sacred tribunal of Penance, and *each time*, if they are *well washed*, if we have carefully looked for the ugly stains, and with humble contrition have sunned them in God's merciful love, our souls are again clean and pleasing to God."

A new light entered Auntie's soul; a great peace shone in her countenance and after a moment's pause, she yielded to grace, saying simply : "Father, when may I receive Baptism?"

"I will be here, to-morrow, Mrs. Green; pray earnestly and trust in God."

What was the good Father's dismay on arriving the next day, to hear Auntie bring out the old words : "Father, I do not feel the 'change of heart'! I fear to be baptized!"

"Mrs. Green, you *must* believe me; the 'change of heart' will come *after* Baptism," and he hurried to prepare for the Sacrament, knowing that the enemy was making a final effort to keep the citadel he had held so long.

"Ann, wilt thou be baptized," sound the potent words; then those others, so full of wonderful strength and meaning—"Ann, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Clothed with the white robe of innocence, the light of faith in her hand, Auntie's ninety years left her soul stainless and pure, while doubt and fear fled away as she repeated fervently: "I believe, I *do* believe."

Soft tears of happiness glistened in Grandma's eyes as she thanked God for His mercies, having no consciousness of the influence of her saintly example which had been the beacon light to draw Auntie to the haven of faith.

A month later Auntie made her First Communion; the children from the country had made the room bright with flowers and greens for the coming of the King of Heaven. Auntie's attacks of asthma had grown more frequent and she rarely left her room now.

"Dear Auntie, are you very happy?" whispered one of them. "Has the 'change of heart' come at last?"

"Yes, it has come, little one: my heart is at peace, for the Lord Himself has come to take possession of it."

"Auntie," continued the curious child, "what first made you think of wanting to be a Catholic?"

Dreamily the old lady closed her eyes, and went back over the scenes of her life. When had she had the *first* thought? Was it when the little servant maid, whom she had taken from the ship, refused to eat meat on Friday, and when Auntie, in her blindness, would not allow her to have anything else, answered—"I am a Catholic, and it would be a sin for me, and I would rather leave you than offend God"? Or, was it when Thomas Dale, in spite of his chivalrous wooing, would not marry her niece, the prettiest girl in all the country round, until she had been baptized and promised to bring up her children Catholics? Or was it when she heard little Ann say her catechism, and child though she was, saw her resist even the temptation of a festival in the Baptist church? Or was it the daily life of Mrs. Dale, in very truth, the "valiant woman" of the Scriptures—always busy, always gentle, firm in her principles and in her faith?

Forgotten were the curious little children and unanswered their question as she pondered on God's mercy to her "after many days"!

"Auntie, the roses are blooming,—the bush near the house has spread so that the fence is all hidden. Wouldn't you like to

see it, Auntie? Your birthday comes in June; I wish you and Grandma could spend it with us in the country; don't you think you will be well enough?"

Auntie smiled at the happy little children; the great cat was nestling at her feet; the flowers in the window spoke to her of the summer; the sunshine was warm and genial, and she wondered if she should be better soon, and able to sit once more beneath those chestnut trees where it seemed easier to breathe than in this city room.

When the birthday came, Auntie's summons came also, and her soul was borne by Angels to the land where the heart can change no more,—where joy and peace are eternal in the possession of God!

ST. MARK, THE EVANGELIST,

APRIL 25.

IN the Gospel of this Evangelist¹ we read that when all our Lord's disciples *leaving Him fled away, a certain young man followed Him having a linen cloth cast about his naked body and they laid hold on him. But he casting off the linen cloth fled from them naked.* Many in reading this passage have wondered who this young man could be, or why an incident of the kind should have been considered of enough importance to be set down by the inspired writer.

If we accept a theory that has been advanced that this young man was St. Mark himself, we can easily understand why the incident should have been written, and it adds a new interest to the Gospel of St. Mark, inasmuch as it thus comes to us as the work of an eye-witness of a part, perhaps of all of our Lord's Passion, besides being the story of our Lord for the rest, as taken down from the lips of St. Peter, for St. Mark was the companion of St. Peter in Rome, and wrote his Gospel during that time.

In this way St. Mark, the Evangelist, takes his place as one of the Saints of the Passion. He was a Hebrew by origin and, according to Venerable Bede, belonged to the Sacerdotal line of Aaron. He was called by the Jews and Pagans of Alexandria the

¹ xiv. 51, 52.

Galilean, which name may have been given simply in contempt for the faith he preached, but may also furnish us a clue to his native province.

There are quite a number who credit the tradition that he was one of the seventy-two disciples, and St. Epiphanius is authority for the story that St. Mark was one of those who were scandalized by our Lord's words: *Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you, . . . and who went back and walked no more with Him.*² St. Epiphanius adds that he was converted by St. Peter after the Resurrection. It is very probable that he is the John surnamed Mark, spoken of in the Acts, who for awhile was the companion of St. Paul and of St. Barnabas. This Mark left the two latter Apostles in Pamphylia and returned to Palestine, perhaps through a special attachment for his father in the faith, St. Peter, with whom we find him after this. St. Peter in his First Epistle calls him his son. He is also called St. Peter's interpreter by ancient writers and there is much discussion as to the precise office he filled. Was he employed to translate into Greek or Latin the sermons St. Peter preached in his own native tongue? or did he simply repeat to the faithful the instructions already given them by the Apostle? Some say he received this title from writing the Gospel which is usually considered to be substantially the narrative of St. Peter. Some peculiarities of this Gospel confirm this view. Where St. Peter for instance is spoken of, what would tend to reflect honor on him is omitted or slurred over, but the story of the denial is carefully told.

In the main his Gospel is an abridgment of the facts contained in that of St. Matthew, but with some important additions. St. Mark gives for instance the eulogy our Lord passed on the poor widow who cast two mites into the treasury: *she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living.*³ He also mentions the apparition of our Lord to the disciples of Emmaus.

It was while he was at Aquileia, where he had been sent by St. Peter, that St. Mark wrote his Gospel. The ivory chair which out of veneration for him the Christians of Aquileia had given him, and in which he sat while writing his Gospel, is still preserved, we are told, in that city.

² St. John, vi. 54, 67.

³ xii. 44.

From Aquileia St. Mark was sent to Africa, and evangelized the whole of the North of that Continent. He is said to have labored here for twelve years. Then, in obedience to an impulse of the Holy Ghost, he set out for Alexandria where he established a patriarchal see, which later gave to the Church a great school of Christian teaching, and such lights as Origen and St. Cyril.

As he entered the city—it is Eusebius, we believe, who tells the story—the cords of his sandal broke and he turned aside into a cobbler's shop to have them mended. While the cobbler was at work on the sandal, he cut himself very seriously and in his pain cried out: "*Unus Deus*—O Thou One God!" Taking up the expression of the poor man, he began to speak to him of the one God Whom he had invoked and of Jesus Christ, Whom that one true God had sent. While speaking he made some clay with his saliva and applied it to the wound which was at once cured. The cobbler, whose name was Anianus, struck by the Saint's words and appearance, invited him into his house and called some of his neighbors to hear the wonderful things that were said and done by the stranger. Numbers were converted and this same Anianus was ordained and later made Patriarch of Alexandria on the death of St. Mark.

Finally, having fulfilled the career appointed for him by Almighty God, he was seized by the pagans, on the feast of their god Serapis. They dragged him by a cord tied round his neck over rough and rocky places during two days, when he finally yielded up his soul to God. This took place on April 25, in the year 68, and on this day his feast is kept both in the Latin and the Greek Churches.

The body of the Evangelist was preserved in Alexandria down to the year 815, when it was translated to Venice and there reposes now. Until the year 1837, when the sacred body was placed under the high altar of St. Mark, it had been kept by the Venetians in a secret place through fear lest some foreign nation should be tempted to take from them their treasure.

On a chair kept in Venice are engraved these words in Aramaic: "I am Mark's chair; my divine rule was given me by Mark: always with Rome." St. Mark is usually represented accompanied by a lion, generally a winged lion. The accepted explanation of this symbol is drawn from the fact that he begins

his Gospel by the story of St. John the Baptist's preaching in the desert. St. Mark is the patron of notaries and clerks; and he is invoked to obtain the grace of being preserved from final impenitence, and also by those who are exposed to inflict on themselves cuts or wounds.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE MISSIONARY.

A SUCCESSFUL mission had been preached, and the manner in which the words of a zealous religious had been eagerly listened to promised a rich harvest of souls.

Some days after Easter, the missionary received a visit from a military captain, an earnest and straightforward man, who commenced a conversation upon the principal Christian virtues, as treated in the mission sermons.

"I have faith," said the officer, "but there is a necessary something which I have not got. I am not an ignorant man, nor a perverted one, who would force a disbelief in God, eternity, the Divinity of Christ or His Church. Thank God, I am not of that kind! Yet I am in a strange spiritual state: a vague feeling, hard to explain, prevents me from a full belief in my religion and attending to its duties."

The priest smiled and extended his hand. "Captain," he said, "I understand your case perfectly; many men are troubled with the same evil. Conscientiously, now, do you wish to be cured?"

"I really wish it," answered the officer, "and I came here for the sole purpose of consulting you in the matter. Tell me, Father, what I shall do, what books to read, and when I shall come to you."

"What books? Not any."

"How then am I to be instructed? How shall I ever dissipate my doubts?"

"Nothing is easier. Only I fear you will not use my remedy, when you hear it. Nevertheless, it is an excellent one, which I have used a thousand times with much success."

"Tell me, Father, what you will. Perhaps when you have finished, we will both have changed our opinions."

"Well said, my son. Now, kneel down. Do not fear; do not think of me or anything else, but pray with all the fervor of

your heart and soul. I will do the same, praying for you ; then, I will hear your confession."

"Confession!" cried the surprised officer. "Why, that is exactly what I don't believe in." And he mentioned five or six objections to the Sacrament. The priest listened calmly.

"You see, I had every reason to be afraid," he said ; "I was quite sure of my medicine's effect. Do you really believe in your greatness of heart, in its bravery, above all in its absolute sincerity?"

"I am sure of it."

"No, you cannot be."

"But I am, Father."

"Prove it to me, then ; prove it to me here on your knees ;" and while appealing to the troubled man, the priest knelt on the bare floor.

After a little hesitation, the captain did the same. Then the missionary recited in a loud voice and from the depths of his heart the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary* and *I believe in God*, with an act of contrition.

"Tell me your sins, my son. I will help you in all kindness. God desires your soul. I will pardon all in His name." The captain strongly moved answered not one word. The priest arose, the man remaining on his knees.

"God will bless you," said the missionary ; then seating himself close to the soldier, he tenderly questioned him and encouraged him so successfully that the poor heart opened wide to receive the grace of God and, in a few minutes, this soul was made white and pure.

The officer knelt for some time weeping tears of genuine sorrow which changed to truest joy. When somewhat relieved, he threw himself into the good Father's arms.

"What a remedy!" he cried. "It is a hard, but it is a good one. And how clear everything seems to me! It is my heart which supports my head ; I have no doubt, I believe everything, and I declare I am the happiest man in the world."

His Easter duty was made publicly and solemnly, with a large number from the garrison, the general at the head. Since then he is a generous, faithful Catholic, serving God "without fear and without reproach."

M. C. B.

THE MISSIONS IN ALASKA.

THE missions in Alaska have been in existence only a very few years. But the generous action of Archbishop Seghers in resigning his see in Oregon to devote his life to the Indians of this region, and his tragic death, are beginning to bear fruit. Seven priests and three brothers of the Society of Jesus were at work in Alaska last year and another priest, the Rev. F. Barnum, S.J., will soon join them. Women consecrated to God have also been found ready to brave the hardships and privations of this mission. Three Sisters of St. Ann, from Victoria, have charge of a school at Kaszarooksi on the Yukon, and other Sisters of their congregation are expected to join them before long.

Some idea of the need of laborers in this vineyard and of the need, too, of material help in which those already there stand, may be gathered from the details that follow.

The valley of the Yukon and its tributaries, which is the section under the care of the missionaries, contains 176,715 square miles, being second only to the State of Texas in area. In this vast region there are estimated to be about 45,000 inhabitants. How many of these are Indians, it is impossible to say.

The Indians who live principally along the coast and the rivers, from which they derive their food-supplies for the most part, are very docile and simple; and where they have not come into contact with the whites they are very free from vice. The Fathers are very hopeful in consequence.

The great obstacle to their work is found in the opposition of the Russian schismatics on the one hand and of the Protestant missionaries on the other. Both of these are liberally subsidized by their governments or by Missionary Societies, whereas the Catholic missionaries are dependent on alms. Moreover, the conflicting claims of all three, Catholics, Russians, and Protestants, make it difficult for the Indians to decide where the truth lies.

However, here as elsewhere, the courage and disinterestedness of the Fathers, and the fact that they have neither wife nor family, are slowly disposing the Indians in their favor. The grace of God will do the rest.

"Strength of body is needed in the missionaries who come here," writes one of those actually working in Alaska, "and

steadiness and strength of mind to face the difficulties and dangers of this kind of life." If poor nature is not well supported by virtue, it will succumb. The farther north the missionary goes, the greater become the difficulties and dangers. The cold is intense during the winter months, marking on an average from 30° to 40° below zero, and on the coldest days ranging as low as 60° and 70° below zero. "But this extreme of cold," as an old resident in Alaska rather naïvely remarked, "does not last more than three days at a time." The food is of the plainest, consisting of flour and salt meat for the most part, with a frozen fish thrown in occasionally, or a wild goose from time to time, or the tail of a young whale.

Travel is by sledges drawn by dogs, or in summer by canoe on the rivers which are the natural roads of the country. The snow which covers the low ground, and even a good portion of the mountain sides during eight months of the year, makes the earth so soft and swampy that travelling by land except in the depths of winter is never easy or agreeable; and then the danger of being frozen to death is one the missionary must count on. In summer the heat causes a rapid growth of grasses and weeds, and these send up swarms of mosquitoes and black flies whose bites are as annoying as they are dangerous.

Everything is to be done. The Russian priests who have been in possession for more than fifty years, have done little for the Indians, save baptize them and collect from their government the bounty they were allowed for every soul baptized. Of instruction the Indians have had nothing. The baptized natives rarely know even how to make the sign of the Cross. With their natural disposition, however, there is little doubt that before long our Holy Religion will secure new and glorious triumphs here.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

To the Chinese Missions :	
Joseph F. Travers, Boston,	\$1.00
To the African Missions :	
K. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00
To the Propagation of the Faith :	
K. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

A LETTER FROM GIRL-STUDENTS.

[The Junior Council of the students of La Salle Academy, Halifax, wrote us a letter, which was published in the March PILGRIM, suggesting that each class in the different educational institutions should contribute \$1.00 toward the erection of the Memorial Church of Our Lady of Martyrs. The suggestion was entirely original with them, and has already borne fruit. The following letter seems to be only a beginning of what the La Salle students fondly anticipated.]

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1891.

REVEREND FATHER :

We are much pleased with the pious suggestion made by the young students of La Salle Academy, Halifax, N. S.

It is surprising that some class of girls did not think of this long ago, for you know, Reverend Father, girls are always considered better than boys. It is still more strange that it was also a class of boys that gave the first contribution toward the spiritual *Treasury of the Sacred Heart*. We begin to feel ashamed that we are not as good as we are thought to be.

Enclosed you will find three dollars to increase the building fund for the Memorial Church of Our Lady of Martyrs. It is our candy money, but we mean to abstain during Lent.

Hoping you will pray to our good Mother for us, we are, Reverend Father,

THE PUPILS OF ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE,
per E. H.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, New York,	\$1.00
Andrew Mullen, Los Angeles, Cal.,	2.00
Mrs. M. A. T., New York, "Asking the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs for a special intention,"	5.00
Ellen McDonnell, New York,	2.00
Elizabeth Hoffmann, Jefferson, Pa.,	1.00
James L. Roche, Abbeville, S. C.,	1.00

Francis J. Waldron, Brooklyn,	\$10.00
Mary J. Burke, Philadelphia,	10.00
"Friend,"60
Kate Long, Mobile, Ala.,	2.00
Pupils of St. Joseph's Institute, Brooklyn (see letter above),	3.00
Mrs. Whittaker, Providence, R. I.,33
Thomas F. Tierney, Philadelphia,	1.00
Rev. A. J. Verberk, Chilton, Wis.,50
Rev. D. L. Murray, Blooming Prairie, Minn., "In honor of St. Joseph to the fund of the Memorial Church of Our Lady of Martyrs,"	5.00
Reader of <i>Messenger</i> and PILGRIM, Lemont Furnace, Pa.,	1.00
Friend, Troy, N. Y.,	1.00

FOR THE \$100.00 SUBSCRIPTION LIST:

"An old Kentucky sinner who hopes a reward will come to him in the future,"	100.00
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THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

"I HAVE a Sodality in my church for young ladies. It has been affiliated to the *Prima Primaria*, and the diploma of affiliation is framed and hangs in the sacristy. Now, I am desirous of having a Sodality for boys. Will not the diploma which I have allow me to establish this Sodality without further formality? The Young Ladies' Sodality, as I said, is already affiliated to the Roman Primary, and, as I want the Boys' Sodality to be a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, it seems to me I have nothing further to do but proceed with its establishment."

So writes a correspondent. Questions substantially like this have been asked by other correspondents, and one answer will satisfy for all.

The diploma affiliating a Sodality in some particular church to the Roman Primary does not affiliate the church, but only allows a certain class of persons who become members of that Sodality to share in the privileges of the Roman Primary. If the Sodality is composed indiscriminately of both sexes and of all ages, and a diploma of affiliation to the Roman Primary has been obtained for it, then all persons may be admitted to membership. But when the diploma has been procured for a particular class of persons, for young ladies for instance, then all others are excluded from admission, and if it is desired to have others of the parish,

boys for example, become sodalists, it will be necessary to have another diploma for the Boys' Sodality.

In this case both associations would be Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin and share in the same Indulgences and spiritual privileges accorded to all Sodalities affiliated to the Roman Primary; still they would be two distinct Sodalities.

The Sodality diploma is like a civil charter, which grants to a body of men the right of forming a corporation, allowing them to transact business as a body and enjoying from the State corporate rights and privileges, exemptions and immunities. The Sodality is a corporation in the Church, having corporate rights and privileges, and though all the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin affiliated to the Roman Primary have the same privileges, and are united in a common devotion, yet the different local Sodalities are independent and distinct in themselves, with their own special Directors and officers and local regulations.

An example may be taken from that class of corporations known as "Trust Companies." The State grants charters to these corporations and has a special legislation for them, so that, when any legal difficulty arises, the laws on trust companies must be consulted to determine its solution. All trust companies have the same general privileges and immunities, yet each particular company forms a separate and distinct corporation.

For this reason a young ladies' Sodality, or one for young men or old men, for married or single persons, a Holy Angels' Sodality or one of the Children of Mary, have identical privileges and Indulgences, and share in the united good works of all the Sodalities affiliated to the *Prima Primaria*, and yet are distinct in themselves.

It may be further added that each Sodality has its own special Title, or Primary Patron, which is some feast or mystery of the Blessed Virgin. Besides this, there is a Secondary Patron chosen for each Sodality. Both these patrons entitle the sodalists to a Plenary Indulgence on the days their feasts are celebrated. This makes an additional difference among the various Sodalities; for a person who is a member of one Sodality, having patrons different from those of another Sodality, can gain only the Indulgences of the patrons of his own Sodality.

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

ADMISSION AND INDULGENCES.

What are the conditions of admission into the Saint Vincent de Paul Society?

There is no prescribed formality necessary for the valid admission of members, such as is had, for example, in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the Bona Mors Association where the registration of members' names is essential for validity, or in the League of the Sacred Heart where, besides the registration of name, an authorized certificate of admission is also absolutely required for valid membership. However, as in all canonical societies some outward expression of membership is of rule, the Saint Vincent de Paul Society has also its approved method of enrolment.

Candidates are proposed by members at the meetings, but before doing so the names should have been previously mentioned to the President of the Conference. Every one is free to give his opinion but, as charity is the distinguishing characteristic to be aimed at by all the members, the Society has always urged with insistence that objections to candidates should not be discussed in public, but laid privately before the President. If no observation has been made against the candidate, the President announces his admission at the next meeting: but if objection has been raised, the President requests the member who made the proposal to withdraw the name. This is ordinarily sufficient for the candidate's rejection, but should the member insist upon his admission, the President consults with his Council, or even with the Particular Council, and the decision reached through this intermediary opinion will determine the candidate's admission or rejection. It would be an extreme case to make the majority vote of the whole Conference the final resort. When the candidate has been admitted, some member, usually the one who proposed his name, is deputed to inform him of the fact. It was an old and laudable custom, now unfortunately lapsed in unsystematic Conferences, to give the new member a warm welcome on his first appearance at the Conference meeting, and to assign him to the care of some members for the purpose of inducting him into the routine work of the Society.

Though eligible and worthy men should not be debarred when

they seek admission, still each member should keep his eye single to the well-being of the Society, and should introduce no one into it, as Article XVIII. says, "who will not edify his fellow-members and be edified by them."

What are the Indulgences of the Society?

A list of these is given in the *Manual* of the Society.

It was a common saying of St. Vincent de Paul that "charity is the eternal charm of Angels and of men." He had surely in mind the charity described by St. Paul: *Charity is patient, is kind: charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity: hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity falleth not away.* If there is anything dear to the Church, it is a work of charity, and to foster it she gives super-abundantly of her temporal and spiritual treasures. This explains why from the beginning the members of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society received the Church's sacred sanction of their work and why the Society has been so lavishly enriched with Indulgences.

Besides a Plenary Indulgence on the day of their admission to the Society or into one of the Councils, the members can gain a Plenary Indulgence monthly, provided they have attended three out of the four Conference meetings held during the month. Plenary Indulgences can also be gained on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception¹ and of St. Vincent de Paul or on any of the seven days immediately after, the second Sunday after Easter, and the Monday after the second Sunday in Lent, when Mass is said for the Society and the members have been present at the general meetings on these days. These Indulgences are gainable by all the members, Active, Corresponding, Honorary and Aspirant. Subscribers, or benefactors, who contribute a fixed alms to the Council-General, can gain a monthly Plenary Indulgence, and those who give regular subscriptions to any Conference share in many partial Indulgences. A Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death is granted to members and subscribers alike.

Only those Conferences aggregated by the Council-General are entitled to these Indulgences.

¹ I. Corinthians, xiii. 4-8.

² This Indulgence, according to the Brief of March 18, 1853, can be gained on a transferred day.



THE TERCENTENARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

THE twenty-first of the coming June marks the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth. For many months already preparations have been making in Rome for the celebration of the Saint's feast. Pilgrimages are to be made to the Saint's birth-place at Castiglione and to Rome at the Church of St. Ignatius where the angelic youth's relics are preserved. The Holy Father has given his sanction to this movement in an Apostolic Brief granting special Indulgences to all the faithful who shall take part in this tercentenary celebration.

In the coming *Messenger* for April we shall give a detailed method of worthily commemorating the tercentenary festival of the Saint who has been assigned by the Church to be the Patron of Youth. Meantime we offer to the American clients of St. Aloysius the following suggestions :

1°. As a general observance by all the faithful the practice of the Six Sundays in honor of the Saint, beginning with the third Sunday (17) of May, is urgently recommended.

2°. That all Sodalities which have St. Aloysius as their patron celebrate, over and above the practice of the Six Sundays, a Triduum for the feast. This the Holy Father has indulgenced.

3°. That in colleges, academies and schools, besides the Six Sundays, a novena be made in preparation for the Saint's feast. This has also been indulgenced by the Pope.

4°. The Father in charge at Rome has started an Album in which names of babies and young children are to be inscribed by their mothers who consecrate them to the Saint as Patron of

Youth. The baby King of Spain has headed the list, making his mark, while his mother, the Queen regent, signed for him.

The *General Intention* for January of this year, specially designated and blessed by the Holy Father, was for "the spread of devotion to St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth." This as well as the recent Apostolic Brief will stimulate all who have the care of Catholic youth entrusted to them, to second the desires of the Holy Father by securing a worthy celebration of the tercentenary feast of the angelic St. Aloysius.

THE LEAGUE AND MONEY.

SEVERAL of the Reverend Clergy have drawn the attention of the Head Director to a slight practical difficulty in the working of the League in their Local Centre. In Sodalitys, which are intended to be select and which it is a special honor to join, it is possible to establish a regular assessment of each member in order to pay the running expenses. But the League is intended for all, and tries to induce those to join in its work who regularly do not care overmuch for any pious association. In such a state of things, a general assessment would often prevent those joining the League whom it is most desired to benefit by its means. On the other hand, however simple the working of the League and however elementary its expenses compared with the great numbers it reaches, certain expenses there must be; and when the number of Associates mounts up into the thousands, the expenses also—especially for the foundation—will become something of an item. Evidently, this is not to be paid from the Pastor's own pocket, nor has any endowment been made by which the little Handbooks, Certificates, Badges, Rosary Tickets, and other articles of the League can be furnished free of cost.

Now, in the first place, it is clearly against the temper of our good Christian people that there should be any difficulty in the matter at all. They do not desire to receive something for nothing. And if the Pastors do not care to assess them, on account of half-"hickory" Catholics whom they desire to bring into the League, this is no reason why the Associates of ordinary

good-will should not be asked for regular contributions sufficient to pay the current expenses. There are few of the Associates even, who would not desire to see the League carried on in their parish church with a certain degree of splendor—with novenas, and a proper celebration of the First Friday and the two principal Feasts—of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception. If this is once properly put before the Associates by their Pastor in person—the only one to whom this matter properly belongs—we think there can be no further difficulty.

It does not properly belong to us to suggest methods for obtaining these free and spontaneous contributions. Perhaps in the majority of cases the private work of the Promoters, when distributing the tickets to the members of their bands, may best be used. Others impose a small monthly assessment on each Associate of the Second Degree, which is not however without obvious inconvenience. Yet others rely on periodical collections taken up in the church from the whole congregation, which the League aims at reaching. In any case, with a little patience on the part of the Pastor and good-will on the part of the Associates, together with a clear and open understanding on the subject, this difficulty can be met without restricting the work of the League, among those most in need of it, by a money consideration. As to the mere admission to the League, this must, in all cases and absolutely, be gratuitous—for *validity*.

THE HEAD DIRECTOR.

ROSARY TICKETS.

THE Rosary Tickets have their name from the mystery of the Holy Rosary which appears on each one; but this is only one of the reasons for issuing the Ticket, as a very little examination will show.

The Rosary Set—the booklet of fifteen tickets—is an official publication of the Apostleship of Prayer, intended to do, in a way of its own, the same work as the large *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart and the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, that is, to make known to Associates the Intentions for which they are to pray and the special spiritual fruits, in the way of Indulgences, which it is in their power to gain.

To all Associates the Rosary Ticket tells :

1°. What is the Intention specially blessed by our Holy Father, the Pope, for which they are to pray. It suggests, also, a form which may be used in making the Morning Offering.

2°. The Ticket gives a Patron Saint to each Associate receiving it, even those who practise only the First Degree. Besides the spiritual good that may be derived from this particular application of the Communion of Saints, the asterisk reminds the Associate that by fulfilling the usual conditions he can gain a Plenary Indulgence on that Saint's day.

3°. To all the Associates it tells the day on which the General Communion of Reparation should be made, and the asterisk reminds them that on that day, they may gain a Plenary Indulgence.

4°. To Associates of the Second Degree, it suggests one of the mysteries of the Holy Rosary, upon which they may profitably meditate while saying their Decade. It must be noted, however, that to gain the special Indulgences granted to Associates of the Second Degree, there is no obligation to meditate on a Mystery ; although such meditation is required for the Rosary Indulgences proper. All that is required is the recital daily, of one *Our Father*, ten *Hail Maries*, and one *Glory be to the Father*.

One very great use of the Rosary Tickets is that the representation of the mystery brings clearly to the mind of the Associate who receives a Ticket a particular mystery of our holy faith, and so makes him think once at least in the month, and perhaps once a day, upon that mystery. In this way it helps to keep alive the spirit of faith and of prayer in many who, but for their Ticket, would never give a thought to these mysteries, upon which all our spiritual life is founded.

5°. Those who are united in monthly or weekly Communion bands, so as to make sure that some one shall receive Holy Communion on each day of the month or week, have another Communion day appointed for them by the Promoter, under the direction of the Reverend Local Director. A blank space is left for this purpose.

6°. Besides these official notices of the Head Director to Associates, a fruit or virtue is suggested, which the Associate may endeavor to reduce to practice during the month, and a saying or maxim from some Saint is added, a little seed which God's grace may use as an occasion to work great good in souls.

7°. On the back of the Ticket is the League Calendar of feasts for the month, which enables Associates to follow the Church in her offices, and so helps on the life of faith and union with the Church and with God's saints in heaven. On each day also the Associate will find set down the Intentions recommended by his fellow-Associates in America. All these Intentions are sent monthly to the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, where the Director General of the League has Mass said for them daily. They are also transmitted to the shrines of Our Lady of Lourdes and Our Lady of La Salette.

We may add here what an American Associate temporarily residing in Russia recently wrote in a letter to us :

"I prize the Rosary Ticket beyond everything : it is the chain that unites me to many in prayer. The links for several months are missing, but if I could have them in future I should be happy. The Tickets speak to me and greet me like the voice of a friend. The Saint of the day is with me at every moment, and in converse with him (or her), I forget the crosses and thorns of my lonely path. I know by heart all those who were given me since I left America, and their names make a litany which I recite every morning."

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I. FROM BELGIUM.

I THOUGHT that the Promoters of the Holy League in the United States might be gratified by the perusal of some details of the means adopted and the happy results achieved by some of the young people in Belgium.

At the boarding-school of the Sacred Heart in Bois l'Eveque, one of the suburbs of this ancient city, the pupils are very exact in making a monthly novena in honor of the Divine Heart of Jesus and the *Holy Hour* on the eve of the First Friday. On that day, every month, they take up a collection, and when they leave school for the summer holidays, they devote the little purse to the purchase of beads, pictures, medals, and statuettes of the Sacred Heart, which they divide among them, and take to their homes to distribute.

The pious little friends of the Divine Heart of Jesus have obtained in one year the return to their religious duties of four near relatives of their schoolmates, who had absented themselves from the Sacraments at intervals varying from nine to fifteen years. Each of these sacred triumphs was gained on one of the nine First Fridays when the pupils communicated, as taught by the Master of hearts to the holy nun, Margaret Mary Alacoque.

One of the Promoters of the Holy League, a zealous Child of Mary, has also succeeded by the same prevalent prayer of that Heaven-directed devotion in obtaining the abjuration of a woman who had joined the impious sect of Spiritists, which numbers thousands of deluded victims in the vicinity of Liège. This lady, having been required by her confessor to make some sacrifice—urgent, but very distasteful to his penitent—she no longer approached the holy tribunal; she then avoided going to Mass; and finally, to the great distress of her family, she declined uniting with the daily prayer. However, it was evident to her watchful and affectionate daughters that their mother was extremely uneasy. Was it remorse? How earnestly they hoped so!

During this condition of mental pain, an acquaintance engaged the lady to enter her name on the register of the Spiritists, which she did, as she now admits, “because she could not rest *without some sort of prayer*”! She also accepted a *Manual of Invocations*, which the members address to their presiding demon, of whom the lady declares that her “guides often pointed him out to her as occupying a certain prominent place in their assembly, but whom she could never see. Ah! they did many strange, many singular things in their meetings”! she avers. Our zealous Promoter persuaded her to assist at the closing exercise of the annual spiritual retreat given by a Rev. Jesuit Father to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. There the heart of the Mother, whose Seed crushed the serpent’s head, awaited the deluded victim of the arch-fiend.

The prodigal was captivated by the burning words of the eloquent Father; and when his Reverence began to give out some medals of the Immaculate Conception, to the glad surprise of the initiated, she arose instinctively and begged for one. Of course it was not refused. On returning to her place, she bowed her head and wept and sobbed aloud. It was the long-prayed-for hour of

grace ! She sought the feet of the Director of the retreat, and in due time was restored to her birthright of child of the Catholic Church.

By paying a considerable indemnity, the contrite lady succeeded in having her name erased from the register of Satan's emissaries.

II. FROM KENTUCKY.

I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the following grace obtained from It.

I was requested last March to recommend to the prayers of the League a family that shortly before had been visited with severe affliction. One of several sons had made a venture in a large business concern. As his own property was not large enough to cover the venture, his father's security was required. The venture was a total failure. Then followed mutual recrimination, bitterness of feeling, and estrangement. The father refused to have anything more to do with the son, and could not be got to go to church any longer, alleging that, in spite of his fidelity to religious duties, he had been visited with three such misfortunes in twenty-five years. Last Christmas Day the father made his peace with God again, and the whole family is reunited, happier and, I am told, better for the cross sent them. I recommended this intention every month since March last.

III. FROM WISCONSIN.

I desire to thank the Sacred Heart for restoration to health. I had been sick for many years and could obtain no relief. For the last two years I have kept the First Friday and sent in intentions to the Sacred Heart for recovery of health. At first I felt no improvement. I felt confident, however, that the Sacred Heart would not desert me, and renewed my intentions between the Elevations at Mass, and almost immediately I commenced to improve, and now it seems, as it were, like a dream that I had been sick. I can never be able to return sufficient thanks to the Sacred Heart and would ask the Associates of the League to join me in thanksgiving.

IV. FROM HALIFAX.

It is but just that publicly, through the PILGRIM, we should

express our lively gratitude to the Sacred Heart for the preservation of our pupils from diphtheria. For months past this disease has been spreading terror and desolation among the families of our city ; yet despite the imminent danger, so far, thank God, all pupils inscribed on our registers have been spared.

Last September many schools were ordered by the City Council to close. After about six weeks classes were resumed. During this time we were able to remain open with but few children absent, these latter being kept home through precaution.

V. FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

In June last an afflicted mother called upon us bewailing the unhappy state of her daughter, who had married a Protestant and consequently lost her faith. For five years she had never been to church. The heart-broken mother, who is a fervent Catholic, requested us to make a novena to the Sacred Heart, which was done. Shortly after a mission was given in the parish where they lived, and contrary to expectation, her daughter attended. The husband became so enraged that he threatened to commit suicide if she continued, but she gave no heed to him. He then told her, if she would dare go to the closing exercise to receive the Papal Benediction, he would forsake her and return to his native country, England. Notwithstanding all this, she attended and has ever since been very regular in her religious duties, and at present is an exemplary Catholic. Her husband carried neither of his threats into execution, and does not prevent her from attending church whenever she wishes to go.

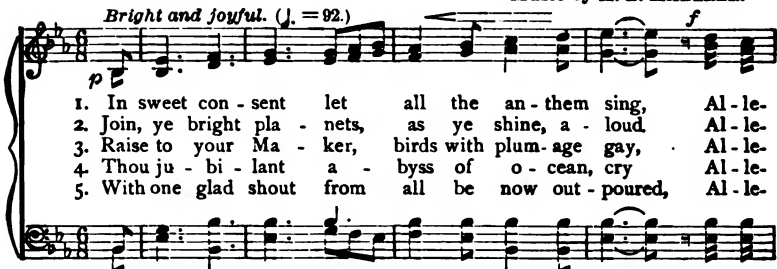
VI. FROM TEXAS.

I wish to make known the goodness of the Sacred Heart toward a great sinner in giving her the grace of repentance and also in restoring her to perfect health. She is a young girl who, although brought up a Catholic, fell very low. Having met her by chance I asked her to wear the scapular of the Sacred Heart. She did so, and on recovering her health she promised to return to the practice of her religion. She has since gone to confession and has received Holy Communion. When I gave her the scapular I promised the Sacred Heart that, if she were converted, I would make it known.

Easter Bells Chime the Lay.

Music by A. B. HABERER.


Bright and joyful. (J. = 92.)



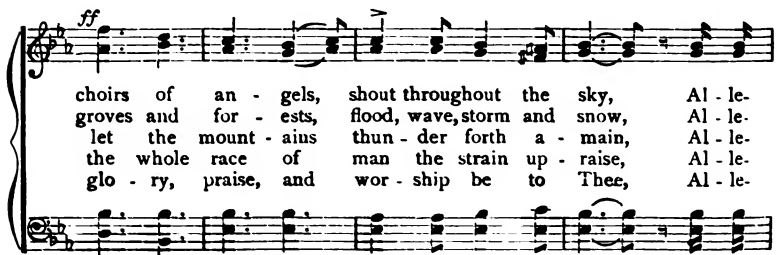
1. In sweet con - sent let all the an - them sing, Al - le -
 2. Join, ye bright pla - nets, as ye shine, a - loud Al - le -
 3. Raise to your Ma - ker, birds with plum - age gay, Al - le -
 4. Thou ju - bi - lant a - byss of o - cean, cry Al - le -
 5. With one glad shout from all be now out - poured, Al - le -



lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Come, all earth's peo - ples
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Join too, ye thun - der,
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye beasts of earth with
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye tracts of earth and
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To Fa - ther, Son, and



praise th'et - er - nal King, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Shout,
 lightning, wind and cloud, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Sing
 va - rying voi - ces, say Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Here
 con - ti - nents, re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let
 Spir - it, God and Lord, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! All



choirs of an - gels, shout throughout the sky, Al - le -
 groves and for - ests, flood, wave, storm and snow, Al - le -
 let the mount - ains thun - der forth a - main, Al - le -
 the whole race of man the strain up - raise, Al - le -
 glo - ry, praise, and wor - ship be to Thee, Al - le -

f *p* *cres.*

- lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! And ye blest souls in
 - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! An - swer, bright days, hoar
 - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! There let the val - ley
 - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! And hymn their Ma - ker
 - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord God om - ni - po -

Par - a - dise re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 frost and summer glow, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 sing in gen - tle strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 in loud bursts of praise, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 - tent, Blest Trin - i - ty, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Eas - ter bells, chimes the lay,
 CHORUS.
f
 Eas - ter bells, chime the lay, Al - le - lu - ia!

Eas - ter bells, chime the lay, Al - le -
f
 Eas - ter bells, chime the lay, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 Eas - ter bells, chime the lay,

- lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
dim. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
rit.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Men of Science.



ALL the great events in human history have been largely the outcome of man's thinking. It is the science of man which has prepared the way for them. But the science or knowledge of the generality of men comes to them from the men of learning, real or supposed, who have acquired a great popular influence. Whence follows the necessity of guarding and directing the knowledge or science which is the wellspring of action, if we desire that acts themselves may be honorable or serviceable to mankind at large.

Now, as a general result of historical observation it may be stated that it is the masses who act, whilst it is only the few who think. Their thought is like the stream hidden away in the mountain, but flowing ever downward 'until it forms the stately river or the rushing torrent. Thus the thoughts of the few great minds become, in time, the germs and mainstay of public opinion—the potent factors working silently but surely for the good of the race.

This idea leads us to understand how important it is to have men of great science, men of genius, thoroughly imbued with Christian principles; so that their knowledge and their teaching may become the fountain source of Christian goodness among the people. Such men can mould and shape the masses, almost at their will. Slow work, it is true, but sure to succeed in sowing good principles and sweeping away damaging prejudices.

Such men as Ampère, Brownson, Ozanam, De Haller, the late Dr. Ward, are real bulwarks of Christian truth and piety. The bent of their genius is all for good; and the rest of us, who could never reach the loftiness of their conceptions, feel nevertheless the influence and the charm of their leading. And the same is true as to branches of science which they did not touch. If, therefore, God would grant us great men of science—learned men, who are pious as well as learned, it would be a great blessing to mankind. Pray that they may arise.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

MAY, 1891.

No. 5.

MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE.



“THE grace of God” is a phrase that is often in our mouths ; and, whatever else we may remember but dimly, this at least has been burned into our souls, that without sanctifying grace we cannot be pleasing in the sight of the Divine Majesty, and without God’s helping grace we can do nothing to win heaven.

Here, at once, are two terms which we need to understand a bit, if we would enter into the full meaning of the beautiful invocation of our Lady — Mother of Divine Grace.

Mary is the Mother of Divine Grace in this sense, first, that she is the Mother of Him Who is the great free gift of God to man, given him for his salvation ; for that is the general meaning of the word grace, a free gift of God to men, helping them to salvation. Again, *the law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ*, says St. John ; and Jesus Christ came to us through Mary : so that here also our Lady may lay claim to the title of Mother of Divine Grace, since God made her the channel of communication, through which He gave us our Lord and

¹ St. John, i. 17.

therefore gave us the graces He had decreed to bestow on us moved thereto by the merits of our Lord.

We must not think that in all this our Lady was merely an unconscious or passive instrument in God's hands, which He used as a man uses a tool. The Fathers insist everywhere on our Lady's active share in the working out of God's designs: they do not hesitate to make her a co-worker with the Eternal Father and His Divine Son and the Holy Spirit. Our very salvation, they say, was made to depend on Mary's consent to the will of God revealed to her by the Angel. She was the second Eve, a real active party to the work of saving man, as the first Eve had been a party to his ruin. And so, in a way which we shall understand only in heaven, where all things shall be opened out before us, the Divine Grace which God has set apart for man has been brought into being through Mary, and depends in its origin on Mary. Of course this is true, it is hardly necessary to say, in a sense which still leaves all grace both in its origin and its distribution God's work alone, and His work independently of all His creatures.

Grace is God's creation both in its origin and its distribution. We have seen how it depends, nevertheless, on Mary in its origin; in its distribution to men, its dependence on her is even greater. St. Bernardine of Sienna, to cite but one of the teachers in the Church, says that no grace is given to men except through her. She is God's Stewardess. Like the Valiant Woman² *she hath risen in the night and given prey to her household, and victuals to her maidens. She hath opened her hand to the needy and stretched out her hands to the poor. She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow, for all her domestics are clothed with double garments.* And as she did at the Marriage of Cana in Galilee, so now also does she exercise a watchful care over those who invite her to come to them.³ Then her simple words to her Divine Son: *They have no wine*, resulted in the great miracle with which He made *a beginning of His miracles*. Now her word of supplication brings about a greater miracle, the changing of a sinful human heart.

But we said in starting out that we needed to know the meaning of these two terms—Sanctifying Grace and Actual

² Proverbs, xxi. 10, 31.

³ St. John, ii.

Grace, in order to enter fully into the beauty and helpfulness of this title of our Lady—Mother of Divine Grace.

What then is Sanctifying Grace? Here is the description a great theologian gives of it. It is a participation, a sharing in the Divine nature, the very nature of God. It is a new nature given us, a supernatural nature, by which we become *a new creature*; and, acting according to it, we give our commonest actions a supernatural price and value, to which correspond degrees of glory in heaven. By it we are made adopted sons of God, friends of God; by it we are clothed with justice, light and beauty, for side by side with it sin can not exist. It is with this grace we were clothed in Baptism, it is this bright garment that is restored to us by Penance, and its beauty and richness while it remains ours are increased by every action done for God and heaven, by every sacrament we receive.

And Actual Grace, what is that? It is a free gift of God, an interior remedy, a help and an aid, which moved by the merits of Christ God gives to fallen man. It heals his wounds, the wounds that original sin has inflicted on him. It gives him strength to avoid evil and to do good. It enables him to raise himself to the supernatural state, the state of sanctifying grace; and to perform his actions with a high and heavenly motive, a supernatural motive, and so to persevere in newness of life and finally to gain eternal joys in heaven.

When we speak, therefore, of Divine Grace and call our Lady the Mother of Divine Grace, we are calling to mind the most consoling and most beautiful of the teachings of the Church on our present life and our destiny. Divine Grace means, first of all, Christ our Lord, our All in All, given to us through Mary. Divine Grace means, besides, that supernatural garment of light and beauty, clothed with which we cease to be children of wrath and are raised to the dignity of sons of God; Actual Grace is that ever flowing stream of life and strength purchased by the Blood of Jesus Christ, which at each moment solicits us, presses us not to degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God, giving us the strength we need to follow the impulse itself gives.

Of this grace Mary is the Stewardess and Dispenser. With what fervor then and what confidence, with what determination to be heard, should we repeat this invocation, *Mother of Divine Grace, pray for us.*

RESURREXIT, SICUT DIXIT.

"He is risen, as He said."

St. Matthew, xxviii. 6.

By Rev. J. B. Oeink.

RESURREXIT.—He is risen
From the grave to die no more,
Sicut dixit.—Past be sorrow,
Joy abound for evermore.

Resurrexit is the lasting
Confirmation of our faith,
Sicut dixit.—Who can doubt it,
When the Word of Truth it saith?

Resurrexit is the warrant
Of our bodies' future rise,
Sicut dixit.—Breathe a grateful
Alleluia to the skies!

"TASTE AND SEE."

By E. Carmel Hendry.

I.

LUCY EARLE sighed as she took the card her maid handed her. "I feared so," she said in a troubled way as she read the name, "Miss Alice Clayton." "Oh, how I wish she had accepted my regret without a protest! I hope I shall be firm in resisting her entreaties to attend the dance."

There was a little altar in a corner of the room on which a lamp was burning before a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. Lucy went and knelt before this, murmuring fervently.

"Dearest Mother, do not let me forget the gratitude I owe you for the love and protection you have always shown me! Aid me to be faithful to my resolution of keeping your feast day in a becoming manner!"

When Lucy entered the parlor a few moments later a pretty young girl with a vivacious air, and attired in the height of the fashion, arose to greet her.

"I came to give you a good scolding, you provoking girl,"

she said in an airy manner. "I'm terribly vexed with you for declining my invitation for Thursday."

"I am very sorry, Alice; but as I told you in my note, I have an important engagement—"

"Yes, yes, I know what it is. I divined it when Uncle Patrick was grumbling because I had arranged the gathering for the twenty-fourth—the vigil of the Annunciation, as he said. I know you and he are very much of a mind on some points, and concluded that you had a reason for spending Thursday evening as much in solitude as possible."

"You are right, Alice; and while I thank you for your great kindness in wishing me to come so much—a kindness I appreciate thoroughly, I assure you—I must yet insist on being true to our Lady."

"Dear me, there's no coaxing you off. I see that only too well, though I came here in the hope of so doing," Alice answered with a pout. "I really don't see why girls of your stamp don't all go to nunneries at once. I often say to Uncle Patrick whom I call a 'church trotter,' when he scolds me for staying from Mass on Sunday through indolence, or for eating chicken salad at a party on Friday, or some such dreadful *crime*; or when he is teasing me to join a pious league or sodality or confraternity: 'Uncle Patrick, I leave rigorism and works of devotion to the nuns. I belong to the world; and I mean to *render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's*.' Furthermore, dear Herbert, my *fiancé*, who is an evolutionist and doesn't believe in religion, says he never would have been attracted to me if I had been a devotee. He declares that such characters are his aversion."

Mr. Patrick Reardon was Lucy's godfather; and she was one of the many who held in high esteem that excellent old gentleman, whose useful, blameless, devout life had set a far-reaching example for good to the community in which he had lived for upward of fifty years. This frank avowal on the part of his orphan niece of the inefficacy of his efforts to infuse a proper spirit into her volatile mind, touched the heart of his god-daughter; and she determined to seize the opportunity of saying a few words in support of his entreaties. She was also impelled to this step by a feeling of regret in which all Alice's friends shared, that the thoughtless girl had become so infatuated with Mr. Herbert God-

frey as to choose him from among several suitors as her future husband. He was well known to be a man of scant principle, glorying in irreligiosity, and an avowed advocate of certain modern infidel theories which his most intimate acquaintances declared he had not the brain power to grasp, and accused him of simply having learned the jargon of the creed in parrot style, so that he could overpower his uninitiated associates by a string of pompous terms. Poor Alice had fallen an easy victim to his assumption of learning.

"I think, Alice," Lucy began very gently, "that in his experiences of life your Uncle Patrick has often seen that when persons allow prosperity or human affection to make them forgetful of God 'the Giver of all good' He often mercifully compels them by misfortune to remember Him in that light; and knowing that you have hitherto been a stranger to sorrow, he would like to save you from being brought to a realization of your delinquency through some great grief. Your Uncle knows, also, that there is nothing, even in a strict observance of our Christian duties to prevent us from taking much happiness and pleasure as we go through the world. I knew a lady once who was the wife of a prominent government official; and who was forced by the duties of her position into the very vortex of worldly society, in which at the same time she found a reasonable degree of enjoyment; and yet every day that lady heard Mass, paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, read her spiritual reading and said her Rosary, besides being constant in frequenting the Sacraments. When a friend asked her one day in surprise how she could follow this course, she smiled and said that it was extremely easy to one who had been led early in life to 'taste and see.'"

"What did she mean?" asked Alice with a show of interest.

"She meant that in her youth—perhaps when a pupil of the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur* in Paris—she had been invited, as the words of the Sacred Scripture express the sublime idea, to *taste and see that the Lord is sweet*, and once having obeyed the loving invitation, was unwilling ever after to forego the happiness it caused her. I think if you would allow Mr. Reardon to influence you in that direction you would soon change your views, and understand why I could not bring myself to set aside my preparation for a particular observance of the feast of the Annunciation, even to

accept your invitation for to-morrow. Dear Alice," and Lucy in her earnestness took her companion's hand in hers, "why don't you 'taste and see'? I never read this sentence, which in the Latin tongue surrounds the tabernacle of our parish church, that I do not lament that the sweet, gracious, alluring words which call us to so much true happiness, must so often be observed vainly by indifferent, unheeding passers."

Alice hung her head for a moment as Lucy finished this speech; but she presently roused herself and said in a light tone:

"Herbert would make such sport of me if he thought I had fallen into Uncle Patrick's views. They are not friends; for Uncle is unwarrantably mistrustful of the poor dear fellow, calls him a fortune-hunter and insists that he cares for my estate, not me; besides saying many other cruel, hateful things, to try to shake my confidence in him. No, Lucy, I cannot yield yet. Maybe when I'm old and tired of the world, I'll turn over a new leaf and perhaps convert Herbert, too: but I must have a happy untrammelled youth. Moreover, I shall do nothing to alienate Herbert's affection from me; for if he failed me, there would be nothing left in this life. Fortunately he is the very soul of honor and constancy, and so sincerely devoted to me that his loyalty and affection could not be shaken."

"Oh, Alice, take care! Do not tempt Almighty God!" cried Lucy in alarm at these reckless words. "You appear to be throwing a defiance to Him by planning to neglect Him and despise His commands so long as it suits you to do so: and only when the best part of your life is gone, to give the miserable remnant of it to Him. I say again, dear friend, take care! Do not compel Him to force you into subjection!"

Alice made no answer to this appeal. She only shook her head obstinately; and after a few cold words of farewell, she left Lucy to herself.

II.

For the six weeks that followed Lucy's interview with Alice, the former was so greatly occupied at the bedside of a distant relative who lived with her, and who was dangerously ill, that during that time she had but little knowledge of passing events. It was therefore a sad surprise to her one morning, when her charge was

a little better, to find in the newspaper of the day the following notice :

"The public were greatly shocked to hear yesterday that Mr. Patrick Reardon had mysteriously disappeared some days ago, without leaving a clue to his intended whereabouts. Some dark stories are afloat concerning his guardianship of his niece's property, particularly as the papers relating to her estate are not to be found."

Lucy would have gone to her friend at once, if her relative had not taken a sudden change for the worse, which that night was followed by her decease. The day after the funeral, when she was sitting alone in the parlor in a very sad mood, she heard a timid knock at the door ; and on opening it, Alice Clayton entered, throwing back a heavy veil.

The sight of her pale, tearful face touched Lucy's heart ; and after kissing her fondly she said :

"Oh, Alice, how glad I am you have come to see me ! I would have gone to you if I could."

"Yes, Lucy, I knew of your trouble and did not expect you : but in my misery I thought of you all the time. You have no doubt heard of my sorrows."

"I have, Alice ; but I cannot believe that which is said of my poor godfather."

"Nor I. I shall never lose faith in *him*, Lucy. As to the other—ah, how uncertain is this world ! Not two months ago I told you in this parlor that all my hopes of happiness lay in his affection, and that I would do nothing to forfeit it, not even make an effort to please God. Now, I feel for Herbert Godfrey the deepest contempt."

"Alice ! contempt for Herbert Godfrey ! What has led you so to change your views ?"

Alice turned very pale as she answered in a hurried tone :

"Herbert used to show some attention, just to tease me, he said, to Laura Steel, a coarse, unrefined girl of plain position and very gaudy tastes, who lived in our neighborhood. She was only noticed socially by a few careless persons because she was wealthy and gave expensive entertainments. When it became known that Uncle Patrick was missing, Herbert failed to come to me, so I, suspecting nothing, and fearing he was ill, wrote to ask him why he did not call. For answer I received a paper containing a

marked notice of his marriage to Miss Steel ; and a very unfeeling note in which he said that he felt compelled to break his engagement to one whose only relative had acted so discredibly ; and that having discovered a mutual attachment between himself and Laura, they had been hastily married."

Here Alice broke down and began to weep.

"I am not crying on account of Herbert's defection," she said presently, "but purely through self-reproach. When the blow fell, and I realized that human sympathy under such circumstances would be but a mockery, oh, Lucy, how I missed a sense of union with God ! I had kept Him out of my life ; and in the hour of darkness I felt He was the only One to Whom I could turn. I had been most perverse in refusing His friendship lest I should alienate from me the affection of one who deserted me at the first shadow of misfortune. I turned coldly away from your courageous, loving invitation to 'taste and see,' little dreaming how soon the gentle warning you gave me at the same time would be fulfilled, and that I should yield to the influence of grace."

"Then, dear Alice, you have begun already to atone for the past?" asked Lucy eagerly.

"Yes, I have just come from church," answered Alice who was beginning to grow calmer. "I know now why your friend was so constant after she was once attracted to God."

"That was the best thing you could have done, dear. It is always pleasing to God when we bow submissively to the yoke of His correction, and allow Him to accomplish His designs upon us ; and surely it seems that these trials were sent you that He might win your heart."

"Thank you for those encouraging words, Lucy. I came at once to tell you of this change in my views knowing how it would please you ; and also to ask your prayers for the safe return of my dear Uncle."

"Your Uncle has returned, my poor little pet," said a weak voice that caused both girls to rise hurriedly and confront an old gentleman who stood in the doorway and wore a smile on his pale, thin face.

"I called to ask Lucy to break the news to you, my dear, not thinking I would find you with her," he said as he kissed Alice who had thrown herself into his arms. "As to my mysteri-

ous disappearance, it can be explained in a few words. Certain persons were trying to establish a false claim to some property I have in Boston, so I went there to see about it in a secret way, never telling any one where I was going. Well, I got there all safe and after looking around a bit I employed a lawyer and gave him his instructions, and was on my way back to my hotel from his office when I was seized with vertigo and fell to the pavement. I did not happen to have my address with me, so they just sent me to a hospital where I lay delirious for some days without being identified. Just as I came to my senses, the proprietor of the hotel where I had been staying found me out, and when I was able, which was in a very short time, he sent me home in care of a friend. As to your fortune, Alice, it is intact: the story about your bonds and certificates having disappeared was a thoughtless libel which my trusted legal adviser's absence in Europe left no one to refute. Business men, if they are in their senses, don't leave valuable papers where inquisitive strangers can easily lay hands on them."

"I only thought of you, not of my fortune, dear Uncle," said Alice, patting his cheek. "You are more precious to me now than ever."

"I have just heard of Godfrey's base course," said the old gentleman returning his niece's caress. "And I rejoice that at the expense of a little suffering to us both, he has been led to show his true colors."

"And I, dear Uncle, as I will explain more fully to you again, that I have been led through the failure of an earthly hope, too dearly cherished, to *taste and see that the Lord is sweet.*"

ST. JAMES THE LESS AND ST. PHILIP, APOSTLES.

MAY 1.

THESE two Apostles have something very special to recommend them to all lovers of our Lord. St. James, to begin with, was a cousin of the Lord and, according to the Hebrew way of speaking of near relatives, was our Lord's brother. In features and manners he was, if we may credit tradition, most like his Divine Master. St. Philip, on the other hand, stood in a

very special relation to our Lord, a relation of trust and confidence which even those not of the number of the Disciples recognized. He had for office, it would seem, to look after those who wished to approach our Lord. No sooner had he himself recognized in our Lord the long expected Messiah, than he hurried to share his happiness with his friend Nathanael¹ and to bring him to the presence of the King of Israel. It was to St. Philip our Lord addressed Himself when about to feed the multitude with the loaves and fishes. *When Jesus therefore had lifted up His eyes and seen that a very great multitude cometh to Him, He said to Philip: Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat. And this He said,* continues the Evangelist, *to try him.*² Again, in the same Evangelist we read, that *there were certain gentiles among them who came up to adore on the festival day. These therefore came to Philip . . . and desired him, saying: Sir, we would see Jesus.*³ Finally at the Last Supper, it was Philip who spoke for all, and said: *Lord, show us the Father and it is enough for us.*⁴

There is, in all this, plenty of food for thought and reasons why we should have recourse to these great Saints to obtain for us that which we need more than all things else, close relations of love and of intimacy with our Blessed Master.

St. James was probably eleven or twelve years older than our Lord. His early life was so blameless that he had earned the title of the Just, even before he was invested with the mission of the Apostle. There is a tradition, found in some early writers, that his acknowledged holiness brought him the privilege of admission into the Holy of Holies when he wished to pray there, although this was allowed by the Law to the High Priest only, and that only once a year. The very existence of the tradition proves at least how great was his reputation for holiness. There also seems to have been a belief that St. James had been sanctified in his mother's womb, like Jeremias and St. John Baptist. He never ate anything that had had life, his only drink was water, and so constant were his prayers that the flesh of his knees had grown hard and callous.

After the Descent of the Holy Ghost, St. James was made Bishop of Jerusalem. In the Council of Jerusalem held to settle the difficulties arising from the admission of Gentiles into the

¹ St. John, vi. 5.

² Ibid., xii. 20, 21.

³ Ibid., xiv. 8.

Church, he gave his opinion immediately after the Prince of the Apostles, and without further deliberation the settlement advocated by him was adopted. St. Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians ranks him with St. Peter and St. John, and calls them the three columns of the Church.

The success of St. James in making converts to Christ was so great, that the High Priest, Ananus, resolved to put him out of the way at whatever cost. He invited him therefore to come to the temple during the Paschal feasts, and there tell the people what he thought of Jesus Christ. The High Priest thought the Apostle would not dare to proclaim Christ as the Messiah, at such a time and to such an assembly; or, if he did, the fanaticism of the Jews would be sufficient to secure his death.

St. James accepted the invitation and on the appointed day, when the temple was crowded, he came out on a platform from which all could see him. There, standing before the Jews of all the world assembled to celebrate the Pasch, the High Priest said to him: "O just one, whose judgments we all honor, tell us what think you of Jesus Who was crucified?" Without hesitation, the Apostle said: "Why do you ask me my beliefs concerning Jesus, the Son of Man? They are known to you all. Know then that He sits at the right hand of His Father, and that one day He shall come to judge the living and the dead." Great was the joy of the Christians at this noble confession of faith: but the priests and their partisans full of rage cried out that the just one had erred and that he was no longer to be believed; and with that, rushing on him, they hurled him down from where he stood. The fall did not kill him; he was able even to get on his knees and he was praying for his enemies, when a blow from a dyer's staff sent him to enjoy the glory of heaven. The Jews attributed the destruction of Jerusalem to God's anger aroused by this act of injustice. His death took place on the feast of the Pasch, the 10th of April of the year 61.

Of St. Philip, besides the Scripture references we have already given, he is said to have been the Disciple who asked leave of our Lord first to bury his father before following Him.

After the feast of Pentecost, St. Philip passed into Asia and from there into Scythia. It was in Phrygia in Asia Minor that he died, like his Divine Master, on a cross.

LOST AND WON.

By L. W. Reilly.

IT was at the battle of Resaca. General Sherman was driving Johnston's army from Dalton to Atlanta, preliminary to his famous march to the sea. He had with him a hundred thousand men. Opposed to him were fifty thousand. Having forced the Confederate General from his first position, he had now come up with him again, and was about to engage in one of the most bloody engagements that took place on the soil of Georgia.

In the Union camp there were many Catholics. Gathered together from many States, they had met as strangers, but had become like brothers, banded together by a common cause, by regimental ties, and by the dangers to which they were exposed and the sufferings they had to endure. Their rough life was not conducive to piety. Still, the majority of them attended to their religious duties as faithfully as circumstances permitted, and more than one of them received the Sacraments for the first time in years just before they were killed. For these, death was gain. A few neglected or refused to accept the ministrations of the priests who went with the Federal forces in the capacity of chaplains throughout the whole campaign.

Among the Catholic soldiers was one who, it may be, lost his crown of life and let another take it. He had been away from confession for many a long day before he had enlisted, and, ever since, he had resisted the entreaties of Father Dooney to make his peace with God. He put off his conversion from day to day, and when he did fix a date for his shriving, he managed so as to avoid keeping the appointment. Over and over again he promised to become penitent, and time after time he failed to keep his word.

On May 14, 1864, Sherman formed his line of battle at Resaca. His troops were deployed so as to confront the Confederates' intrenchments and to turn the latter's flank. He was sure of victory.

Father Dooney went from company to company, hearing confessions and giving his blessing to his men. Finally, he came to the delinquent. Feeling his heart grow sad at the deplorable condition of the man's soul, especially in view of the dreadful chances

of war, the priest went to him and putting his arm through the soldier's, tried to lead him aside, saying :

"Come, Munson, let's get behind that tree. There are two minutes before the battle opens, and I'll have time to give you absolution."

"Oh ! I can't, Father," he protested, "I've got to keep in line."

"Do come," persisted the priest, "the captain will let you. You know you promised that"—

"Yes, I know, Father, and I'll keep my promise this time. Honor bright ! I'll go to confession after this battle's over."

"But you mayn't have the time. This may be your last chance. For God's sake, don't postpone it any longer."

Boom ! boom ! boom ! The battle had begun. Boom ! roared the cannon about a mile away. Boom ! came back the answer from Johnston's breastworks. The musketry added to the reverberating din. Cheers and counter-cheers echoed along the lines.

"Come, Munson," cried the priest, "come !"

"Not now, Father," replied the soldier, "not now. Just wait until"—

The sentence was never finished. A shell from the enemy came shrieking through the air and exploded not far from the two. A piece of it struck Munson in the head and crushed in his skull. He fell like a log.

The priest knelt beside the stricken soldier, not knowing the extent of his injury. He tried to staunch the flow of blood and to look for a sign of returning consciousness. He did everything for him that his experience with similar cases taught him was advisable, and when he saw that death was there or nearly there, he gave him conditional absolution.

"God have mercy on him !" prayed the priest.

Looking up, Father Dooney saw a drummer-boy standing near by and watching his solicitude for the dead. The lad was about seventeen years old, and gazed so sympathetically at his fallen comrade that the priest's attention was attracted to him ; but before a word could be said by either of them, a rifle-ball struck the youth on the side of the head, near the temple. He sank to the ground. The shock took away his senses for a few moments, but

a second or two after the priest got to his side, he came to. He was lying almost within reach of the body of the dead soldier. Father Dooney gave him a drink of water out of his own canteen, and then, seeing the regiment's surgeon, he called to the latter to render whatever aid was possible.

As soon as the doctor saw the bullet-mark he said: "That wound is mortal!" And hurrying away, he hid behind some trees.

The battle was now raging all over the field. The cannon were belching out their deadly messengers. The balls from the guns were falling like hail. The two armies were engaged in an almost hand-to-hand conflict. Hurrah replied to yell, and shriek answered groan. The field was strewn with the dead and the dying.

Amidst this scene of carnage, Father Dooney knelt beside the drummer-boy.

"Are you a Catholic?" inquired the priest.

"No, sir."

"Were you ever baptized?"

"No, sir."

"You heard what the doctor said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to be baptized and become a Catholic?"

"Yes, sir, I would. My mother was a Methodist, but I'd like to die a Catholic."

Wonderful ways of God! The bad Catholic was killed almost instantaneously; the well-disposed Protestant was so injured that although the stroke was fatal, his mind was left clear to prepare for the judgment.

With the utmost haste, the priest instructed the neophyte in the principal articles of the faith, and after explaining each of them, he would ask:

"Do you believe?"

And the answer would come firm but low: "I do believe."

At last the preparations for the Sacrament of Baptism were all made, and in the midst of flying shot and shell the priest poured the saving waters over the forehead of the dying youth. And even while the "Amen" trembled in the air, the soul of the drummer-boy went forth to meet its God.

A crown of life had been won. Alas! had it also been lost?

THE URSULINES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE February *Messenger* contained an illustrated article on the work done and to be done by the Ursuline Sisters among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. Much has already been accomplished, but much still remains to be done. What is particularly needed is material and pecuniary aid for the establishment of necessary schools. Buildings of some kind are necessary, but buildings cannot be erected, no matter how unpretentious they may be, without money. The Indians can contribute nothing, for they have nothing. In nearly all cases the Sisters must furnish them with everything—lodging, food and clothing.

Several houses have already been built, but these are entirely too small to accommodate the numbers of children belonging to the various missions. To educate the Indian child, to teach it the customs and habits of civilized life, to make it above all a Christian, it is necessary to take it from its camp in the woods and bring it under the religious roof of the Sisters. This is what the Sisters are trying to do in the face of many obstacles.

In a recent letter a Sister writes :

“We are pressed just now and pushed for lack of means. Gladly would we accept any offering made us. We are going to make one final effort to obtain money by opening a *one hundred dollar subscription list*. We will need the help of all our friends and of the friends of the poor Indians to bring it to a successful issue.”

The PILGRIM will gladly undertake to transmit to the Sisters any contributions made toward their work.

Besides money, the Sisters also need co-workers. Their number at present is too small to do the great work that is before them. Stout hearts and brave souls, filled with the love of God and zeal for His glory, will find among the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountains a task whose accomplishment will mean the salvation of many souls and their own eternal happiness.

Acknowledgment was made in last month's PILGRIM of money received in the name of Joseph Travers. The contribution should have read :

For the Chinese Missions :

Mary Travers, Boston \$1.00.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

SEVERAL correspondents who have sent us contributions toward the erection of the Memorial Church of Our Lady of Martyrs have at the same time explained the motive which urged them to make their gift.

In most cases the offering was given because of some favor that had been granted in answer to the special intercession made to Our Lady of Martyrs, while in other instances the gift was offered because the contributors were petitioners asking for the help of our Blessed Lady in some pressing need. Here is an extract from a letter recently received :

"Enclosed is a contribution which I beg you to accept for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. My prayers were so speedily answered upon one occasion that I presume to hope that Our Lady of Martyrs will again take pity on my petitions."

Another contributor writes :

"Enclosed you will find five dollars to increase the building fund for the Memorial Church of Our Lady of Martyrs. It is offered in honor of St. Joseph, in thanksgiving for a special favor obtained through his intercession on the feast of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady."

Our Lady of Martyrs is evidently pleased to be invoked under this title by her readiness to answer so generously the appeals addressed to her by her clients who have shown practical interest in her American Shrine.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

"O," Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	\$5.00
Friend, Cohoes, N. Y.	1.00
Promoter of the League, St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore	1.00
Promoter of the League, Camden, N. J.	1.00
Mrs. Mary Powers, Brooklyn	1.00
Miss Anne Cannon, Brooklyn	1.00
D. C. Sullivan, Rochester, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. Margaret Spillane, New York	1.00

Associate of the League, Cincinnati	\$2.00
Miss Ann Devlin, Brooklyn50
Miss Mary McHugh, Brooklyn	1.00
Miss Mary Moran, Boston	1.00
Mrs. John Jenkins, Mt. Rock, Pa.	1.00
Lewis Rehr, Lebanon, Pa.	1.00
Promoter of the League, Plains, Pa.	1.00
S. M. A., Waterbury, Conn.	5.00
B. W. B., Cincinnati, O.	1.00

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

ITS MEETINGS.

Are there prescribed days for meetings?

Outside of special days assigned for general meetings, the St. Vincent de Paul Society does not bind its Conferences to definite periodical meetings. Its spirit and tradition, however, encourage weekly meetings for the various Councils as well as for the local Conferences, inasmuch as the monthly Plenary Indulgence is granted to the members of Councils or Conferences on condition that three out of the four meetings held every month have been attended. Weekly meetings, too, enable members to visit the poor on their list every week, thus affording greater relief because constant and timely.

What is done at the Conference meetings?

It is doubtful if any more edifying scene is presented to the Catholic eye, outside of church walls and precincts, than that offered by a St. Vincent de Paul Conference. Only men are there, and they have been drawn together by one motive—to help God's poor in God's name. It is not mere philanthropy or humanity that has made these men turn aside from business or politics or professional engagements, or leave their family fireside, but genuine Christian charity which presses upon them the needs of Christ's poor and suffering.

The meetings are always opened with prayer, followed by reading from some book which treats of their work and is calculated to animate the members with Christian motives. Only after these exercises have been finished, does the business of the meeting begin with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting and the admission of new members, should there be any. Then the

work of the Conference is considered. Each member is called upon in turn by the President, and mentions aloud what assistance he applies for, and for how many families. When asked to do so, he gives detailed information about these families, unless charity should forbid making known what should be kept private. If a member is in doubt about some difficult case, he asks advice, which is given him by the President and any or all the members.

Questions of doubt, properly speaking, are not *discussed*, but rather considered, weighed, and suggestive solutions proposed, for charity is the ruling spirit and seeks only for truth.

The object in furnishing minute details about the needful cases it is proposed to benefit is to guard the Conference against imposition or misplaced charity as well as against partial and favored distribution of aid. Were each member to receive whatever he should ask for without exposing to his fellow-members the wants of the persons he seeks to relieve, some families would be favored while others would suffer.

A special safeguard against fraud and imposition or unequal distribution of alms is the Visiting Committee, or Committee of Inquiry, whose duty it is personally to investigate all cases before admitting them to what is called the "relief roll." The information gathered by the committee is laid before the Conference, and every member is at liberty to make any remarks upon the case in question he may think useful. This system of self-protection which the Society uses may cause delay and consequent inconvenience in individual cases, but the general good that has resulted from this course stands as proof of the wisdom and prudence of the system.

With the help in clothing, food and other supplies, the Conference also considers ways of assisting those who are temporarily out of employment, or are sick, or otherwise are in distress.

At the close of the meeting which is terminated by prayer, a collection is taken up by the treasurer. Each member contributes some offering, but no one except himself knows how great or how small the offering is, for the contribution is made in secret. It is the charity which *seeketh not her own* that drops the coin or bill into the treasurer's basket.

THE SODALITY AND THE TERCENTENARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

THE April *Messenger* gave a detailed explanation of the advisable method to be adopted for the proper celebration of the coming three-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Aloysius. In the Brief of the Holy See commending this celebration and granting special favors to those who take part in it, the Sovereign Pontiff tells us persuasively the motive for paying public honor on this occasion to the Patron of Youth.

"It is a decorous and lovely thing," he says, "to honor with particular reverence the singular holiness of Aloysius, and yet more lovely when it comes from men who are in the prime of their life; since he was the best example of purity in youth that ever the world saw." His Holiness particularly recommends to Catholic students a pilgrimage to the tomb of their Patron in Rome.

Few of our American students will find it possible to take part in this pilgrimage. However, there is not one student who will not be able to honor, in some measure, his holy Patron. Above all, those who are both students and sodalists under the patronage of St. Aloysius will do their utmost to honor the Saint's Tercentenary. For these, indeed, it will be "a decorous and lovely thing to honor with particular reverence the singular holiness of Aloysius," as the Holy Father says.

There are many Sodalties in our American churches which have St. Aloysius for their Patron. Nearly every college and academy has a Sodality for its young men and young ladies placed under the special patronage of the angelic Aloysius. On these students and sodalists mainly rests the befitting celebration of the Saint's coming feast. In honoring St. Aloysius we are showing how dear to the Catholic heart is the virtue of purity, for, as the Holy Father says, "he was the best example of purity in youth that the world ever saw."

We reprint from the *Messenger* the following hints :

The part of the celebration which naturally appeals to all the faithful is that concerning the *Feast* itself. To this may properly be added the very popular and richly indulgenced practice of consecutive Communion on each of the *Six Sundays preceding the Feast*.

To insure the success of this devotion, it should be announced suitably for several weeks beforehand. The *Messenger* will have ready for distribution, by the 1st of May, a small *Life of the Saint*, with devotions suitable for the Six Sundays and a form of consecration for the Feast itself. Such a *Life*, properly distributed among the members of the congregation or read publicly during the novena or for some time daily in the classes of the schools, will awaken the fervor of the faithful to the importance of this celebration.

In schools and communities, and in general wherever the devotion of the people may warrant it, a public *Novena* immediately preceding or following the Feast should be held. This has been specially approved by the Holy Father.

In the case of Sodalities having St. Aloysius as their Patron, a *Triduum*, which has also been approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, might properly be celebrated with a certain degree of solemnity, *v.g.*, with a special sermon each day and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

In the case of Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart, wherever the *semi-annual Reception of Promoters* and renewal of their Consecration through any cause has been deferred beyond the Feast of the Sacred Heart on the 5th of June, the present Feast of St. Aloysius—which this year falls on a Sunday—might very properly be taken for that purpose and the consecration to the Saint added. This also would properly be preceded by a Novena or Triduum.

The Central Director of the League is anxious to make this celebration the starting point of an important work for Catholic children, already begun in other countries and more than once specially approved and urged on the League by the Sovereign Pontiff. This has a twofold object:

First, the *public and solemn Monthly Communion of Children*, beginning from the time of their First Communion. The month of June is very commonly taken for the First Communion of children in our American dioceses; and this work, so urgently needed, can easily be started in connection with the present Feast.

Second, the introduction into schools of that special adaptation of the Apostleship of Prayer which is variously known as the *Pope's Militia*, or *The Apostleship of Study*.

With this may aptly be joined the application of the devotions of the League to the cause of Temperance, as propagated by Father Cullen in the *Irish Messenger*.

Moreover a special Album in memory of the Centenary is to be deposited in the tomb of the Saint, containing the names of the

young children whose parents may consecrate them under his protection. Where the child is old enough, it may itself make its mark and even sign its name, though the parent is authorized to do this. The Leaflets of the Consecration and Lists for the Album may be had on application at the *Messenger* Office, after the 1st of May.

The Fathers charged with the Celebration of the Feast at the tomb of the Saint desire to take this occasion for renovating the Altar and further beautifying the church which derives its greatest glory from his relics. This is the Church of the former Roman College, in which St. Aloysius completed his sanctification and died.

At the *Messenger* Office, any alms for this purpose will be received and duly acknowledged.

The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has promulgated the following privileges in favor of the churches or chapels celebrating the Anniversary, with Indulgences for the faithful :

1°. A Plenary Indulgence for the Triduum or for assisting five times at the Novena, to be gained on the Feast itself or any day of the Triduum or Novena. A visit to the church or chapel where the Feast is celebrated is required, under the usual conditions of Confession and Communion with prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

2°. To those making the Pilgrimage and to children who as far as they are capable place themselves under the protection of St. Aloysius, and to their parents who see that this is done, an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines.

All these Indulgences are applicable to the souls of the Faithful Departed.

3°. In all the churches of the world which celebrate this Anniversary, the Mass of the Saint may be said for three days beginning on the Feast itself.

All the above privileges and Indulgences require the usual consent of the Ordinary.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

A CHILD brought up in an orphanage received in that institution her First Holy Communion. She seemed so strangely happy during the whole day that she tried to keep by herself. When she had the opportunity, however, she managed to steal unseen by others up to the priest, who was the director of the house, and timidly asked him :

“Father, isn't Heaven always a First Communion Sunday ?”



THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE purpose which the *Treasury of the Sacred Heart* is intended to serve is sometimes misunderstood, even by zealous Associates. Some even think that to set down the number of good works they do—the number of times, for instance, that they say their beads, or that they perform acts of mortification—has something of vanity and parade about it. The very same people would feel very much touched and very closely drawn to the child or the friend who would say to them, after some little manifestation of kindness or thoughtful consideration: "I did that for you," or who would come to them after an absence of some days and say: "I thought of you every day while absent, and everywhere I went, I tried to find something that you would like and here are the things I have brought you."

They would not consider this way of acting or talking vain or empty display, or unworthy of either themselves or the person whose attachment was shown in so simple but practical a way. And more than this they would in spite of themselves find they were becoming more attracted to such a person than to another whose affection they could not doubt, but who took things for granted and never spoke of or gave outward signs of their love. This is human nature.

Now true holiness builds on human nature, and never seeks to do more or better than the human heart moved and helped by God's grace is capable of, so that we need not fear to mark down what we do on the *Treasury* Blanks. If we are acting from true love for the Sacred Heart, our simplicity will touch that Divine Heart, Which is after all a human heart as well, and draw It to us.

The *Treasury* Blanks, too, help to remind us to make these special acts; they keep before our thoughts the fact that there is a *Treasury* to be replenished. There is besides always the likelihood that we shall bring to an act intended for the *Treasury* a greater degree of attention to what we are doing, a livelier spirit of faith, a more real desire to please and glorify the Sacred Heart on Whose treasures we are drawing so constantly.

THE LEAGUE AND CHURCH STUDENTS. .

AMONG the petitions of the Intention Blank is one marked "Church Students," and every month many prayers are asked for the young clerics in the seminaries who are to be our future priests. These need health that they may have the physical strength to complete their long and trying course of studies, and they need much grace to fulfil the duties that will make them holy and faithful workers in their future ministry of leading souls heavenward. Here are two letters which show how the love of the Sacred Heart reigns in two seminaries.

The Local Director of the League in St. Vincent's College and Ecclesiastical Seminary, Cape Girardeau, Mo., in charge of the Lazarist Fathers, writes encouragingly :

"I am happy to be able to tell you that we see a marked change among the boys since the League has been established. This is only giving you the expressions of all the professors. We have reason to thank God since our dear Lord smiles on us and our institution through His Sacred Heart. This devotion, in my humble opinion, is the most fruitful and popular devotion in the Church to-day. I often say to myself and to the students that it is '*Heaven made easy* for poor sinners.'

A letter from the Provincial Seminary, Troy, N.Y., says :

"We try to celebrate each First Friday here in the Seminary in a becoming manner. In the morning we have a *Missa Cantata* and the General Communion; in the afternoon there is a meeting, at which it is customary for one of the Promoters to preach a sermon on the Sacred Heart; and finally in the evening we have solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In warm weather, besides these exercises, we usually sing something out at the Shrine during the evening recreation time."

COME TO ME,

DEAR heart, art thou weary?
Does thy whole life now seem dreary?
Come to Me.

I have loved thee, I have sought thee,
With my Heart's pure Blood I've bought thee :
Come to Me.

Are griefs and sorrows hard to bear?
Do other lives look far more fair?
Come to Me.

Come, and I will refresh you,
Come, and to My Breast I'll press you :
Come! Oh, come to Me!

THE CHILDREN'S ALBUMS.

THE Reverend Mother Marie de Sales Croizier, Superior of the Visitation Monastery at Paray-le-Monial, wrote recently acknowledging the safe arrival of the *Children's Albums* containing the names of the children who had consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart last year in honor of the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Blessed Margaret Mary.

"The splendid *Albums*," the Mother says, "have reached us in excellent condition. This morning they were shown to all in our community. Many were the expressions of admiration of their beauty. We feel sure our Blessed Sister takes delight in this touching offering of your dear American children. We are going to place the *Albums* quite near the *Golden Books* of Consecrated Families in the room where Blessed Margaret Mary died. This room is now, as you know, a chapel. We wish you could only see how sweet and devotional is this little oratory, with its two pretty *bibliothèques* in sober and religious style! It was your offering which helped us to get them.

"The 83,000 American Families and 233,000 children who have been consecrated to the Divine Heart will never be forgotten here in our convent."

There is not one of our Associates who will not feel grateful to Mother Marie de Sales for this gracious assurance.

A SUGGESTION TO PROMOTERS FOR MAY.

WITH the month of May come joyous thoughts that are exhilarated by the awakened life of spring. The merry sunshine, the blossoming flowers, the budding trees, the jubilant freshness of the morning air and the soothing breezes of the evening stimulate us with new vigor. All nature is lovely in May. But, loveliest of all to the Catholic in this lovely month is the Queen of May. It is instinctive with the Catholic heart to associate all the charms and beauties of May with our Blessed Mother to whom the Church has dedicated this month. May is the fairest of months, its flowers exhale sweetest perfumes, its sunshine is joyous in its brightness, and its refreshing breezes are the balmiest, because we love to think that all these are tributes to the fairest and loveliest creature that God ever made—Mother Mary, Queen of May.

Renewed and loving devotedness to our Blessed Lady is spontaneous with us on the coming of May. And well for us that it is so, for if we have not love for the Mother, then we may reasonably fear that we have none for the Son.

But true and genuine love for our Lady will not rest satisfied till it has done its utmost to promote her honor among others. It is during this month that we should resume the old practices learned long ago and since perhaps neglected or laid aside, or add others to our customary devotions. The Rosary should especially be cherished. The voice of the Church makes us understand that now, perhaps more than at any other time, the Rosary is the form of prayer which will please our Mother best. Blessed Louis de Montfort says in one of his exhortations: "I pray you, then, most earnestly for the love I bear you in Jesus and Mary to say the beads—five decades—and even, if you have time, the whole Rosary—fifteen decades—every day, and you will bless, at the hour of your death, the day and hour when you believed what I am now telling you; and after having *sown in blessings* the blessings of Jesus and Mary, you will reap eternal blessings in heaven."

This great servant of Mary furnishes us with a suggestion which we offer to the Promoters. After the interests of the Sacred Heart, nothing can be so dear to the Promoters as the honor of the Blessed Mother, and none have such opportunity of making

known to others the claims of our Blessed Queen as the Promoters of the Holy League.

Now, why cannot every Promoter during the month of May undertake to say daily the Rosary in honor of the Blessed Mother? What is there to prevent this? Can anything be so important—any engagement, occupation, or duty—as to interfere with a daily practice so profitable? It will take but a short time to say the five decades, yet the merit gained during this brief period will be incalculable. They need not be said kneeling, nor in the church or house, but while walking, travelling—anywhere and everywhere.

Besides saying the beads every day themselves, let the Promoters also induce the members of their Rosary Bands likewise to adopt the practice. They will, of course, insist that this is not any obligation imposed by the League, but a special practice to be offered as a tribute to our Lady during her month of May. In many cases a word or suggestion from the Promoters will be sufficient, while in others it may require the exercise of their eloquence before gaining assent, but they may rest assured that eloquence employed in so praiseworthy a cause will have fruitful results.

At least, if the Promoters cannot win their members to a daily saying of the beads, they can induce them to practise the 2d Degree of the League—the daily decade. In fact, would not many more of the Associates practise this 2d Degree, if the Promoters were more earnest and zealous in speaking of it and making known its advantages?

If every Promoter will adopt, in real earnestness, this suggestion which we have just made, then May will be fair and lovely for him, bearing blossoms and flowers whose fragrance will be everlasting, because he sought to promote the honor of Mary the Mother of God.

O Mother of mercy,
O star of the wave,
O hope of the guilty,
O light of the grave!
Through thee may we come
To the haven of rest,
And see heaven's King
In the courts of the blest.

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I. YONKERS, NEW YORK.

AS I do not wish to take up much of your valuable space, I will just give you a few items of interest concerning the work of the League in Yonkers, N. Y. The League was established here on February 2, 1890. We began with forty Promoters; now we have one hundred and twenty-five, and a membership of nearly three thousand. Before the League was started in this parish (St. Mary's), a few devout old ladies were accustomed to approach the Sacraments on the First Friday. Now we have an average of five hundred communicants on the days specially consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

Last Sunday evening we held our second reception of Promoters, at which thirty-seven received the Cross and Diploma. After a few words by the Director, the entire congregation present, numbering over twelve hundred, arose and sang in perfect accord the well-known hymn, *To Jesus' Heart all burning*. During the benediction, all present joined in the singing. Immediately after the *O Salutaris* the Act of Consecration was read in chorus by the new Promoters, and, the benediction over, all the people standing sang in exultant tones Psalm cxvi. in English—"Praise the Lord, all ye nations." Have we not every reason to praise the Sacred Heart for all the blessings It has brought to the parish in one short year?

PROMOTER.

II. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Zealous and untiring as have been the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart in St. Patrick's parish, they have found it impossible to attend fully to the wants of their fast growing charge. Consequently on the feast of the Holy Name ten candidates for this dignity solemnly promised to assist them in propagating the interests of the Sacred Heart, and received the Crosses and Diplomas of Promoters.

For fear that their worldly cares should dim the flame of love for their Saviour, the Promoters of the League have pledged themselves to keep a lamp burning perpetually before the image of the Sacred Heart. There in the watches of the night when

gloomy darkness holds the world entwined, when solemn stillness broods o'er arch and dome, the glowing taper throws its mellow light on high, and speaks to Christ of those whose hearts are bound to His in common chains.

III. PORT HURON, MICHIGAN.

Public thanks are due to the Sacred Heart for the wonders wrought in our midst. Last Holy Thursday the alarm of fire rung from our church struck terror into all hearts. The church was saved, but the altar of the Blessed Virgin was a total wreck. The fire was a blessing in disguise, as the sequel will show.

Prayers were immediately offered up to the Sacred Heart to obtain an altar, and on Easter Sunday a lady of the congregation came forward and said she would erect an altar in memory of her deceased husband. Gratefully the Sacred Heart was again besought to obtain an altar for St. Joseph, as one had never been in the church. A few days later a gentleman announced his intention of presenting an altar for St. Joseph in memory of his deceased son. Now, a statue of the Saint was needed, and on the feast of his Patronage word was sent from a lady that she would procure it. All came in good time, but the crowning glory is a magnificent main altar which made the congregation open its eyes wide, its intended erection not having been announced. It is also a memorial from an estimable family. And still the good work goes on. A handsome statue of the Sacred Heart is now promised, and a silver crucifix for the main altar. So many handsome presents in such a short time, when for nearly twenty years gifts to the church were unheard of, is certainly wonderful.

The League is fast spreading and the earnest and zealous Promoters have at last received their long-coveted Diplomas and Crosses. The pastor, notwithstanding he is alone in his charge of a large congregation, has services every First Friday and a meeting of the League on the evening of the same day.

IV. FALLS OF SCHUYLKILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

In returning thanks to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration of the sight of my eye, it might be well to give a brief statement of my case. Would to God that every creature could know it! Then surely more hearts would love God.

My right eye had been dark for about two years with cataract. Previous to going to the hospital for treatment, I asked from the Sacred Heart through the prayers of the League for restoration of my sight, subject to the will of God in all things. The august sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the same intention; the good Sisters in charge of an orphan asylum made a novena for me, and the Sisters in the hospital also prayed for me. Being a humble workingman, my sight is needed to earn my living.

My Promoter's Cross was considered too precious to take to the hospital, but I took my Badge with me. I pinned my Badge on when lying down to be operated upon and, although the pain was the most severe that I ever felt, it was of that sweet nature that I could bear it with pleasure.

This operation was performed on January 16, and from that time until the present no pain, nor trouble, nor discomfort of any kind has been felt. With the use of glasses I can read the smallest print. Would that I could return adequate thanks for this proof of God's goodness. The Sister who nursed me was surprised at the ease of my case. The doctor pronounced it the most successful he has ever had, but not being a Catholic, he did not know the power of prayer. Again, I wish from my heart that every member of the League knew the power he has in united prayer to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

V. LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

It affords me great pleasure to be able to give you an encouraging report of the Holy League since it was established in the Immaculate Conception Church in October last. Our Promoters are a set of earnest, zealous, hard working people, who already recognize the good that is being done in their midst. We have our meeting on the third Sunday of every month, and scarcely have I had to note a single absentee. May the love of the Sacred Heart never grow less in their own hearts! Our meetings on the First Friday of each month are excellently well attended. Many have testified to the Rev. Fathers the joy they experience in being present on these occasions.

Owing to our people going to work so early in the morning we are obliged to have our first Mass at five o'clock. Two

Fathers begin to give Holy Communion at the Offertory, and when Mass is ended they are joined by the celebrant; great crowds approach the Holy Table, and what delights us greatly is, that among the numbers are many young men and also many fathers of families. The next Mass is at seven o'clock, and here again the same is repeated. How can we fail to succeed, when the Kingdom of Heaven suffers such violence?

Already have we witnessed great things done through the Adorable Heart of Jesus. On the opening night of the League there was a Protestant who came to church, invited by some of his Catholic friends. He was a young man of twenty-four years, and had been brought up in some of the Protestant sects. After the services were ended he expressed his delight at what he had heard and seen, and requested his friends to inform him of the next gathering in the church for the same object. On the First Friday in November he was again present, and also testified to his joy in assisting at the devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart. During the month of November he fell ill with the typhoid fever, and was removed to the hospital where he grew every day weaker and weaker. All that could be done to cure him was done, but to no avail. His end was speedily looked for, and finally it was said, "he will live but a few hours longer." Still he continued to struggle: what was the surprise of his attendants one morning, several days after he was expected to die, to hear him asking for Father —. The Father was sent for, and the young man in very feeble tones told him that he wished to "be prepared to meet Jesus." Thinking at first that the patient was raving, he inquired of the Sister in charge, only to be told that he was in full possession of his senses, and had during the previous night uttered with greatest sentiments of faith the most adorable Name. The Father lost no time, and did what he considered to be his duty. After a few questions, so clearly answered as to leave no doubt in his mind regarding the dying man's dispositions, he administered the Sacraments of Holy Church, and in less than half an hour the soul of this victim of the Sacred Heart was before its Maker. Sister G — piously remarked after she had closed his eyes in death: "We didn't know what he was waiting for! Thank God, all is clear enough now."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Christian Artists.



OUND morals and the beautiful creations of art are closely linked together. The true, the good, and the beautiful are intertwined, and appear as the chief manifestations in the wondrous works of God, Who is both their first and final Cause.

Art has for its object the portrayal and representation of the beautiful. Its purpose is to embody in material forms ideal beauty. What the Christian scholar does in the service of truth, what the Saint proves by his life for the exalted worth of goodness, that the Christian artist accomplishes for ideal beauty. He is its interpreter to the world.

The artist's power is like the power of beauty itself—immeasurable. For as beauty can hold the senses captive by its charms, so the artist by his production of the ideal under sensible shapes wields in his brush a sceptre over human hearts. He may be a true or a false interpreter. He may, by the reproduction of his ideal, lift the mind to the noblest conceptions and fill it with holiest thoughts, or degrade it to the lowest and most shameful sensualism.

The Christian artist has and must have, for his aim, the inspiration of moral beauty in his creations. Perfection of form, freshness of color, splendor of tint and the delicate charms of composition must be brought to his work, because they are to serve only as the images acting on the senses that will elevate the mind to the grandeur of the Eternal Beauty. Naturalism, or realism, is not art, because it lacks this aim, and its advocates are not artists, but enemies of both art and morality.

The Church has ever fostered genuine art, and her artists of the past are the great masters and illustrious models she wishes the Christian artists of to-day to imitate. Hence, the Holy Father asks us to pray that their example may be emulated, that our artists may employ their talent in cause of Christian morality, seeking their inspiration in the centre of all beauty—the Sacred Heart.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

JUNE, 1891.

No. 6.

MOTHER MOST CHASTE.



THIS is the month of the Sacred Heart, the Heart that above all things loves and prizes the pure and stainless. So much so, indeed, that It would not allow spot or flaw in her whom It chose for Mother. *Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee.*¹

Now our great desire is to be found pleasing in the sight of the Sacred Heart, to so live now that one day It may receive us, with a bright smile of approval and welcome into heaven. How may we best secure this happiness? By striving to become like our Blessed Lady in that which is the fairest of her many jewels, her spotlessness.

How many reasons we have to make us love and prize this purity of heart and of body. Have we not all felt the sweet influence an innocent child or a pure man or woman sheds around? Have we not perceived that peculiar brightness or glory that encircles like a diadem the pure brow or softly glows in the depths of pure eyes. How true, we have felt at times, are the words of Wisdom: *How beautiful is the chaste generation with glory.*² Even the very origin of the word *chastity* and *chaste*, points, if we may believe the etymologists, to this peculiar

¹ Canticles, iv. 7.

² Wisdom, iv. 1.

brightness that seems to flow from pure hearts. For these words, as well as the words *candor* and *candid*, come from a root which signifies to be of brilliant, glittering whiteness, to shine, glisten, glitter. By contrast, what a cloud comes over the person in whose soul the demon of uncleanness has taken up his abode. What a sad moment for those who have been watching the growth of some dear child, that moment which, if we may trust external signs, reveals the first entrance of sin into the soul and of that knowledge of evil which blights and scorches.

The vice opposed to holy purity was the prevailing vice of paganism. The power that men now have, if they will use it, to make head against this vice, was one of the great boons of our Lord to the world. Long before His coming, the Prophets foretold this. *For what is the good thing of Him and what is His beautiful thing, but the corn of the chosen ones and wine which maketh virgins to spring forth.*³ In the Blessed Sacrament the Sacred Heart has left us the antidote for the poison of impurity and strength against our natural weakness.

This goodness of our Lord, especially when we think of all it cost Him, should move us strongly. *You have been bought with a great price. Glorify and bear God in your body.*⁴ Our bodies are a great and precious trust. *Know you not*, says the Apostle in the same place, *that your members are the temple of the Holy Ghost, Who is in you, Whom you have from God and you are not your own?*

Our bodies are not only the temples of the Holy Ghost during this life—and in this sense a precious trust—they are one day to rise again glorified or full of corruption. And on what does this happy resurrection depend? On purity of heart and body.

And then, to come back again to this life. We are here to prepare for the next world, that is for the clear vision of God, and we have our Lord's promise: *Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God.* Now this promise is not to be realized only hereafter. It has its fulfilment here. When, after the Resurrection, the Apostles were with St. Peter on the lake of Tiberias fishing and had caught nothing the whole night, in the silent, grey dawn they saw a figure standing on the shore. They did not

³ Zacharias, ix. 17.

⁴ I Corinthians, vi. 20.

recognize our Lord at first, but when He bade them cast in their nets again and they drew in such a quantity of fish as to surprise them, then they looked more closely at the solitary figure on land and one of them at length recognized Him, and that Apostle was St. John. The old writers loved to dwell on this fact, that it was not Peter nor Thomas that first recognized the Master, but John, and the reason or the explanation they found for it is that John was pure—the virginal Apostle recognized the all pure Son of God. And so with us—who are they who are most sensitive to the presence of the Lord in the Tabernacle, who in the Holy Sacrifice need not raise their bowed heads as the tinkling bell proclaims the coming of Jesus on the Altar, in order to make sure that He is come? The pure and the clean of heart. A voice within them, an attraction they understand well, reveals to them: *It is the Lord.*

It is sad to think of the care that is expended on the body to keep it physically clean and free from all that could be offensive to ourselves and others and how little many think of moral cleanness. It is told of St. Philip Neri that when he was near a person given to sin, he perceived a most disgusting odor coming from him, and among those old legends, which have fed the piety of many a generation, there is one of a young man addicted to vice, to whom the devil frequently appeared, but always holding his nose. The young man, getting tired of this, finally asked the devil what he meant, and the demon very frankly answered that he could not endure the stench that came from the young man's body. The legend goes on to say, that this made the young man enter into himself and prepared the way for his return to God.

These thoughts may help us to understand why so much is made of our Lady's purity; why, too, those Saints who have imitated her in this virtue have something so engaging about them, something that draws us to them in spite of ourselves. St. Aloysius, for example, whose tercentenary we are celebrating this month, St. Stanislas and St. John Berchmans, St. Agnes of Rome and St. Eulalia of Spain, and so many others, exert this power, the magnetism of purity. They attributed their success in preserving their innocence, as others in regaining theirs, to the watchful care of our Most Chaste Mother. May she watch also over us.

MY PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART.

By D. D.

O SACRED HEART, Thou joy of Saints,
Thou hope of sinners here!
Attracted by Thy words of love,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

I love Thy Heart, I worship It and bless It,
For Thy pure Godhead draws my soul to Thee.
But more, I love Thee—let my tears confess it—
Because Thou art so good, so very good to me.

Why do I love Thee? not, ah! not the anguish
Of yon dread fires Thy justice lights below,
Nor yet the thirst to be of those who languish
In bliss undying, bids my love to glow.

Not for these things, or not for these things solely,
Nor for this hope or fear, though both I feel;
I love Thee for Thy love's sake, freely, wholly,
For Thy sole worth, not for my woe or weal.

Because I sinned, and yet shall be forgiven,
Because Thou spared, when none but Thou couldst spare;
Because I've erred, and yet shall dwell in heaven,
Indulged beyond what boldest heart could bear.

For these and for the thousand thousand graces
This cold heart feels, but may not utter here,
And for the love whereof they are the traces,
For these I love Thee, love Thy Heart most dear.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY JOB.

“**F**ORTY years ago and better,” as he would say himself, old Mr. Foley came to this country. He was not old then; on the contrary, few of those who left the Green Isle during the fifties to seek their fortunes in America came with higher hopes, or better chances of realizing them, than Joe Foley. Of a bright, happy disposition, strong and clean of body, with a mind whose brightness had not been dimmed by indulgence of any kind, he was of the number of those who seem by nature marked out to succeed, and whose rights to “go up higher,” their fellows never dispute.

After a few months spent in Boston, Joe Foley determined to go West. Chicago was then in its strong lusty youth, and to Chicago he went. Working steadily at his trade—he was a stone-mason—he soon had money to put by, and this he invested in real estate. His investments were made judiciously and soon he began to build on his lots. The houses he built brought him in a handsome return, and so little by little his fortune grew, until Joe Foley was recognized as a rising man.

The wife Joe had chosen was a worthy helpmeet. “How could she be else?” he used to ask. “Sure, didn’t I pray to God every day to send me the right kind, and many a Mass I had the priest to read for that same. Signs on it! there she sits now, and never had man a better wife than Nellie has been to me.”

Years passed on, and children came to Joe and his wife: one son and three daughters—“all as purty as pictures.” They were well grown, too, at the time misfortune came, for Joe was to be tried as few are tried in this world. *Gold and silver, says the Wise man, are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of tribulation.*

The first blow was the death of his son. In the space of three days his boy had been stricken down by fever and carried off. It was a sad blow to Joe Foley: “but praises be to His holy Name this day,” was all he said. “Sure, God does nothing but what is right.”

Still a cloud began slowly to gather over Joe’s life after the death of his son. He worked as before. He was attentive to all his duties as a Christian man. His affection for his wife and daughters seemed to grow more tender and more devoted, and they on their side tried in every way to cheer him up, but the cloud was always there.

A few years more passed and, except for the one great loss, there had been no other change in Joe’s fortunes. He was still pointed out by some of his less fortunate countrymen as “lucky Joe”; while others whose spirit of faith was livelier and more enlightened were sometimes heard to say, “well, wishing him no harm, Joe is too good a man not to feel the hand of God before long. Mark my words, Joe’s the kind that meets the heavy cross!”

Who can forget the thrill that ran through the country the

morning after the Great Fire in Chicago? The first meagre account, to which only half credence was given, was followed by the more detailed reports that left no doubt of the terrible nature and extent of the disaster that had fallen on the young Queen City of the Lakes. Joe's houses were in the very heart of the burnt district. In one night the fruit of years of toil had been swept away.

Hurriedly aroused by the shouts of the firemen and the neighbors and by the roaring of the flames, Joe and his family had not had time to dress. Hardly had they got out of their home before the devouring flames had seized on it, and in less time almost than it takes to tell the tale, the fierce agent of God's wrath, as it really seems to have been, had passed on to other victims.

Joe and his family with many others encamped on the Lake shore for months. Cold and exposure began to do their work and soon a natural feeling of despondency took possession of them all. Bravely did Joe strive to keep up the spirit of his wife and daughters, but the seeds of wasting disease were already planted in their systems. Slowly they faded away before his eyes and when at length they had a roof to shelter them once more, Joe had four invalids to support and to nurse. For nearly three years this cross was laid on him. The property on which his houses had stood, he had been forced to sell at a great sacrifice in order to support his wife and daughters, and when one by one they had dropped into the grave, Joe Foley was left a broken man, old before his time, without wife or children, and with only a few hundred dollars to begin life anew, if he could.

And what were his thoughts all this time? Only these: "Sure, what God does is right, always right! Hasn't He only taken what was His own? Aren't they better off? Praises be to His holy Name this day, and every day that the sun rises."

But Joe's trials were not yet over. He could not stay in Chicago. Everything in that great city, now full of bustle and activity, as it rose so proud and so beautiful from its ashes, reopened the wounds which his losses had inflicted on a heart naturally tender and loving. Nor was this an imperfection in Joe, who was one of God's saints. The purer and the holier the soul, the more keenly it must feel its losses and the blows of God's

chastening hand. In this is the bitterness of the Cross. It is only the higher part of the soul—the mind illumined by faith and the will strengthened by charity—that can bring the human heart to embrace the cross that crushes us to the ground, or to welcome the sword-thrust that pierces the heart.

Leaving Chicago, Joe drifted back to the East about the time the new State House was building in Albany. Here he found work at his trade as a stone-mason. The other workmen tried to be sociable with him and he on his part always had a bright or an edifying word for all. But that subtle bond of sympathy that is found so often among the poor made those around him soon feel that Joe was a man of sorrows, and his story told to one who had become a little more intimate with him than the others soon spread among them, and Joe was treated with a kindliness and a consideration which touched his heart. Many a prayer did he say for the rough but gentle workmen around him—rough in manners, but gentle of heart—and to these prayers many of them owe much—how much only the Judgment day will reveal.

One day as Joe chipped away at a block of stone, a small piece in some way struck his right eye and so lacerated the pupil as to destroy the sight forever. The poor fellow went to a hospital and there remained for several weeks. Then, blind of one eye, his scanty store of money exhausted, without home and without friends, he started to tramp to New York. There he thought he would be able to find a priest whom he had known in better days, through whose good offices he hoped to obtain admission to the House of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

When we last saw him, he was begging and the deep grateful tones with which he received the little coin given him, affected the donor more than he would care to say. His last words were: "What cause have I to complain? Blessed be God's holy Name! Whatever He does is right!"

A SAINT'S BOUQUET FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

IT was said of the Venerable Cottolengo: "When the Father speaks to us of the Eucharist, he resembles a seraph."

The comparison was a just one. It was *love*, the virtue

of the choir of seraphim, that characterized the holy priest; love of Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar. He had charged one of the Sisters with the preparation of the hosts, which were always made of the purest flour reserved for that purpose. When they were ready he would be present to bless them, expressing his admiration and gratitude to God for giving Himself to us under such humble forms. "Oh, praised be Jesus for such a mercy!" he would exclaim, often with tears: "May He always be loved and adored among us!"

His love was ingenious in testifying itself in all sorts of ways. Before commencing his Office, he would recite the "O Sacred Banquet." Every work was begun by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament to implore a blessing. In leaving the house he would kneel before a picture of the Blessed Virgin and offer her a prayer; then rising: "Let us set out in the name and in the presence of God. Praised be Jesus Christ!"

Starting on a journey he immediately began reciting the hymn *Pange lingua*; if he had companions, they recited it with him. Wherever he arrived, his first visit was to the church.

In the refectories of his great house of charity he had pictures of the Last Supper, and he would invite all to take a glance from time to time during their meals and implore by a thought of love to be fed with that most precious Food. Nay more, in celebrating, when he had given the Holy Communion and was replacing the chalice in the tabernacle, he would pause and look at it, as if he had not the courage to separate himself from his Love.

"If the Church permitted us to celebrate ten times a day, how happy I should be!" he would exclaim. "Oh, surely I would not forget even one of those blessed Masses!"

After a brief time of repose, he rose before four o'clock in the morning, and devoted two hours, at least, to preparation for Mass. This was a time of strict silence throughout the house. "God first; the rest will follow," was his maxim. His thanksgiving after offering the Holy Sacrifice was long, and included the hearing of another Mass. Sometimes distinguished persons, even from the King, would be waiting impatiently to see him, but the Saint would courteously explain when he at last appeared that God came before man.

He celebrated every day without fail, unless he was really too ill to rise. To a friend who reproached him for venturing to go to the church immediately after being bled, he replied: "I may be deprived of all, but of Holy Mass, never!" Often an extraordinary light was seen about him when celebrating, and it was even affirmed that the Sacred Host was at times seen to grow brilliant in his hands.

"One Mass will profit you more than all your work and planning," he would say to discouraged laborers; and the poor who came to implore alms he would send to the church, if they had not heard Mass that morning, alms being ready for them on their return. The physicians of the establishment were expected to hear Mass, particularly when operations were to be performed. "Ah! you have not assisted at Mass this morning!" he would say to the head doctor. "Very well, we will not give you any coffee!"

ST. BARNABAS, APOSTLE.

JUNE 11.

DURING this month of the Sacred Heart, the Church honors two Saints, who knew that Divine Heart while It was on earth, St. Barnabas on the 11th, and St. Philip, one of the first Seven Deacons, on the 6th. Of the first, St. Barnabas, we have many and very interesting details preserved to us by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, in the Acts of the Apostles.

The name of the Apostle was Joseph. Barnabas was a surname given him, as it appears, by the Apostles, and its signification furnishes a hint as to what must have been his charm of character, for it means the "Son of Consolation." So we read in the Acts of the Apostles: *And Joseph who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is by interpretation, the Son of Consolation).*¹

May we not believe that the Holy Ghost has left us this interpretation in order to draw afflicted souls to have recourse to this Saint, for St. John Chrysostom says the reason why the name was given him was the wonderful gift he had for consoling the afflicted.

¹ iv. 36.

He was a Levite and born in the island of Cyprus, and his parents seem to have been wealthy. Cyprus was at the time he lived the centre of the impure worship paid to Venus, the heathen Goddess of Love. Our Saint must have found many temptations therefore in his early surroundings, but neither wealth nor the soft allurements of pleasure seem to have tarnished his soul. We find him early in life at Jerusalem, the pupil, together with Saul and Stephen, of the great Jewish doctor Gamaliel. Avoiding wild and bad companions, and spending much of his time in prayer in the temple, he was prepared to recognize our Lord when He appeared in Jerusalem. Tradition says Barnabas was one of the seventy-two disciples whom our Lord *sent two and two before His face unto every city and place whither He Himself was to come.*¹

After the descent of the Holy Ghost, his interest in St. Paul led him to try to win the future Apostle of the Gentiles to Christ, and if we may believe the chronicles, he and St. Stephen went over with St. Paul the lessons of Scripture, that as students they had pondered together, demonstrating to him that these had found their fulfilment in Christ. This legend gives us a sidelight on the character of all three, the charity and zeal of St. Barnabas and St. Stephen and the fierce prejudices of St. Paul, which drove him to the lengths of standing sponsor for those who stoned his friend St. Stephen.

What must have been our Saint's joy when he heard of the events that took place on the road to Damascus and that the fierce Saul was a follower of Jesus. He was careful to learn every detail of Paul's conversion and of his preaching in Damascus, for when Paul fleeing from the anger of the Jews of that city, *came to Jerusalem and essayed to join himself to the disciples and they all were afraid of him not believing that he was a disciple, Barnabas took him and brought him to the Apostles and told them how he (Saul) had seen the Lord and that He had spoken to him and how in Damascus, he had dealt confidently in the name of Jesus.*²

The first mission of St. Barnabas was to Antioch. The Gospel had spread thus far, very soon after the days of Pentecost and, as St. Luke tells us, *a great number believing was converted to the Lord, and the tidings came to the ear of the Church that was at Jerusalem touching these things and they sent Barnabas as far as*

¹ St. Luke, x. 1.² Acts, ix. 26, 27.

*Antioch, who when he was come, and had seen the grace of God, rejoiced : and he exhorted them all with purpose of heart to continue in the Lord. For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and a great multitude was added to the Lord. And Barnabas went to Tarsus to seek Saul, whom when he had found he brought to Antioch and they conversed there in the Church a whole year, and they taught a great multitude, so that at Antioch the disciples were first named Christians.**

The next mention we have of our Saint is in Chapter xiii. of the Acts. *Now there were in the Church which was in Antioch prophets and doctors among whom was Barnabas. . . . And as they were ministering to the Lord and fasting, the Holy Ghost said to them : Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have taken them. This work was the conversion of the Gentiles. So that with St. Paul, our Saint divides the honor of having been the first to receive the commission to preach to us. As St. Paul said to the Jews of Antioch : To you it behoved us first to speak the word of God, but because you reject it . . . behold we turn to the Gentiles, for so the Lord hath commanded us.†*

In Acts, xv. 36, 37, we are told how St. Paul and St. Barnabas finally separated. In their first mission they had been accompanied by St. Mark, but he finding the labors of the mission too great had returned to Jerusalem. He seems to have repented of this and when the two Apostles were to set out again, he wished to go with them and St. Barnabas was disposed to condone the fault of his cousin, and bring him with them, but the ardent spirit of St. Paul would not suffer this. *And there arose a dissension among them so that they departed from one another and Barnabas indeed taking Mark sailed to Cyprus.* This is the last mention we have of our Saint, an act of charity and indulgence worthy of a disciple of the Sacred Heart. The tradition says he was stoned to death by the Jews.

* Acts, xi. 21-26.

† Acts, xiii. 46, 47.



THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

THE General Intention of this month is the practical love of the Cross. A little incident that happened to a young priest in an out-of-the-way mission some years ago may help to increase this practical love in our hearts.

As this priest was travelling through a rather wild and desolate district of his mission, he learned that in a certain place there lay ill a man who had not practised any religion for years. A scoffer and a blasphemer through life, he now lay helpless and almost abandoned, not knowing when the dread summons would come : *Render an account of your stewardship.* The young priest, full of zeal, determined to make one effort to save this soul.

Several hours over a rough road brought him at length to the home of the dying man. He entered the house and the wretched man no sooner recognized the character of his visitor, than with a storm of oaths and blasphemies he ordered him to leave the house. "He would have nothing to do with God or priest. He had lived without them, he would die without them, and he did not fear what might be beyond the grave."

Very quietly the priest took a seat by the bedside and when the unhappy blasphemer was utterly worn out with the efforts he had made, the priest began. He spoke of God's mercy and love for sinners, of the stable at Bethlehem, and the garden of Gethsemani and Calvary. He told the story of the Prodigal, but his heart at length began to sink, for he saw clearly that it was only weakness and utter exhaustion that kept the dying man silent, and that if it were not for this, his own charitable efforts would have but excited him to greater and more terrible blasphemies.

Finally the priest arose and said : "Well, N——, you have lived many years and in all those years you never did a thing for God. It cannot be long now before you will be standing before your Judge. Here, make the Sign of the Cross, anyway, and have that at least to say to Him : 'I once made the Sign of the Cross,' when He asks you what you have done for Him." Suiting the action to the words, the priest took the man's hand and formed the Sign of the Cross over him. Hardly had he done so than the man burst out into tears, and before the priest left the house, to his own great consolation, he had reconciled this poor man to God.

MISSION LETTERS.

AS the PILGRIM was instrumental in transmitting much-needed alms to various missions, so now it is the medium of conveying the grateful thanks of the missionaries to those whose charity enable them to carry on the apostolic works in which they are engaged. The letters show the timeliness of the assistance.

PARAMARIBO, SURINAM, DUTCH GUIANA,
March 10, 1891.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

His Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop Wulfingh, asks me to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of February 7, with draft for \$10.00 enclosed. His Lordship thanks you most sincerely for your kindness. Would you also thank the donor in his Lordship's name, if you have an opportunity.

The leper question is advancing slowly but surely, we trust. The Bishop hopes to be able soon to begin a new leper settlement, over which he would have greater control. Then these unfortunate beings could be better cared for. His Lordship most willingly sends his best blessing, and kind regards, in which I wish to join. I remain,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

C. J. GIFKINS, C.S.S.R.

LAC LA BICHE, SASKATCHEWAN, N. W. T., CANADA,
March 9, 1891.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Many thanks for your kind remembrance of me and its practical result. Your cheque came at a time when I was very anxious, on account of the distress of my poor people. Out of 500 inhabitants of this mission, I don't think 100 have two meals in advance, and I am besieged every day by beggars who suppose our stores to be inexhaustible. May God bless you for your charity which gives us the means to help a little our poor Christians.

Gratefully yours in our Lord,

✠ V. GRANDIN, O.M.I.

HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS,
DISTRICT OF HILO, VILLAGE OF HILO,
March 30, 1891.

REVEREND FATHER :

I wish to recommend to the prayers of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart St. Joseph's parish in the village of Hilo, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, but more particularly a family, which I desire to see converted. I established the League in this parish in 1886, Bishop Herman Kockman having sent me the power to act as Local Director, but, for reasons which it would take too long to detail, the work has made little progress. I feel myself urged to ask the prayers of our Associates. What I read in the *Messenger* encourages me greatly to take this step for a parish in which I have been for forty-five years, ever since my arrival from France as a missionary of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, sometimes called the Picpus. Owing to my advanced age, I am no longer in charge of the parish; but I am still Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, and it is in this character I write to you.

Be kind enough, Reverend Father, to accept my intention and have prayers offered for our poor Canacks, but especially for him who has the honor to be with very profound respect, Reverend Father,

Your very humble servant,

CHARLES POUZET,
Missionary Priest of the Sacred Heart.

Other letters from missionaries and Sisters among the Indians in the Rocky Mountains are no less expressive of the gratitude they feel towards those who have aided them by their charity in the apostolic work entrusted to their charge. We shall defer their publication for some future issue. But it is well for the donors to know that even in this world there is a reward for their gifts—the grateful remembrance and prayers of the missionaries.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Ursuline Sisters in the Rocky Missions :

Mrs. Johanna Manley, Bluffs, Ill.,	\$1.00
F. W. Dammann, Baltimore, Md.,	2.50

For the Sisters in Alaska :

F. W. Dammann, Baltimore, Md.,	2.50
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Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SHRINE AT AURIESVILLE.

AS we go over in fancy all the beauties of nature that at this season cluster around our Lady's Shrine at Auriesville, the longing for the existence of a proper church dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs grows in intensity till it is almost beyond un murmuring and patient endurance. But our Lady is patient, and we must be patient too if we wish to be worthy of her regard.

The exquisite loveliness of the scenery around the Shrine is just now beginning to appear and will go on increasing till the great feast of the Assumption, when it will mellow into the peaceful charms of autumn beauty. Nowhere does the sun seem to shine so brightly, or the atmosphere appear so grateful, or the distant sky along the mountain so varied in its beauty, or the water in the winding Mohawk so limpid, or the song of birds so sweet, or the flowers so pleasing to the eye, as on the hill-top at Auriesville where our Lady has fixed her Shrine, and where years ago the blood of her faithful clients was shed in testimony of their love for her crucified Son. Nature does well to lavish its luxuriant charms on a spot so hallowed.

We hope before long, though, to see this place further consecrated by the erection of a suitable edifice in which the pilgrims to the Shrine may assist at the offering of the august sacrifice of the Mass. Our readers have noticed in the successive issues of the *PILGRIM* the various contributions that have been offered for the building of the Memorial Church. Two have already subscribed their names to the *Memorial Fund*, contributing each \$100.00. Others will be found, we are sure, to imitate their example.

Meantime the smaller contributions received periodically will help to swell the *Fund*.

A priest, who wishes his name withheld from publication, writes this note to accompany his offering :

"What I read in the *Little Messenger*, just received, about contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs leads me to carry out a thought I have entertained for some time.

"I enclose five (5) dollars for this Memorial Church of our

Lady, praying for Mary's help in obtaining the needed funds to build our church."

Another correspondent writes thus :

"I read in last month's PILGRIM an account of a request that was made and an offering given before the favor was granted. Acting in a like spirit, I make my offering, believing our Blessed Lady will give or withhold the favor I am praying for—which ever will be for my good."

If our Lady is pleased to grant favors to those who invoke her as Our Lady of Martyrs, will she not also procure the means to erect a Memorial Church?

A SECOND CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

THE blessing of a new chapel in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs is worth describing in the PILGRIM which is devoted to her honor.

Keyser Island is made up of a few acres of fertile and grass-grown land at the end of the salt meadows that run out into the sea from the Connecticut village of South Norwalk on Long Island Sound. A long causeway-like road gives access to it when the tide comes up over the brown stretches of sand that lie between it and the mainland. On three sides the waves beat against it at all times but the position is protected from the fury of storms by a chain of low islets some distance away in the midst of the waters. Pines and elms and apple trees have long since been planted here and the pleasantness and peace of the situation cannot easily be surpassed. Here the Jesuit Fathers some years since opened a House of Retreats where members of the clergy and devout laymen might retire for a time of solitude in which to perform the *Spiritual Exercises*.

The present Superior was the first Director of the work of Our Lady of Martyrs, Father Joseph Loyzance, then superior of St. Joseph's Church in Troy, New York.

The new chapel has been built on the highest spot of the island. Though no more than a small hill yet, it commands an extensive view as far as the Long Island shore. Sailing craft from the neighboring coast and steamboats from New York are constantly passing by, giving that hint of the outer world which

so helps to the impression of solitude in this spot. The chapel, something like the present Oratory at Auriesville, is just large enough for the altar and the service of the Mass. Over the altar is the same pathetic group of the Pietà—the Sorrowful Mother seated at the foot of the Cross holding the dead Christ in her arms—which has so touched the hearts of pilgrims to the original shrine. At the end of the chapel, towering above the hill there, is a great crucifix which can be seen at a considerable distance off from the island.

This is the gift of a pious lady of New York, in memory of a daughter whose brief life was consecrated by suffering and the cross. A neat enclosure surrounds all, and a gravelled walk leads up from the road by the sea wall below.

On the 23d of April under the bright sun of the springtime, with the fresh breezes blowing from the shining blue sea in the distance, the chapel and cross were blessed by the Reverend Father Provincial. Those who take advantage of the house opened here, to refresh soul and body in this solitude so fruitful in health and holiness, will find spiritual strength and consolation with Mary at the foot of the Cross on this lonely sea-girt hill-top. It will add in its measure to the devotion of Our Lady of Martyrs at her shrine on the Holy Hill of Auriesville.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

Jerry Lardner, Notre Dame, Ind.,	\$.25
Suppliant of St. Joseph, Troy, N. Y.,	1.00
A Priest, "In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the success of a mission"	10.00
"An Exile of Erin," New York,	5.00
Associate of the Holy League, Marysville, Cal.,	1.00
Mrs. Rebecca C. Fish, Chicago, Ill.,	1.00
Mrs. Johanna Manley, Bluffs, Ill.,	1.00
Andrew J. Devine, Lowell, Mass.,	2.00
A Priest,	5.00
A Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
A Promoter, Manayunk, Pa.,	1.00
Michael Mulvill, Albany, N. Y., "For a favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs,"	1.00
Mrs. M. T. Caulfield, New York,	1.00
Michael Dunn, Philadelphia,	10.00
"A Little Boy in Affliction," Mt. Hope, Md.,	1.00
"A Child of St. Vincent," Mt. Hope, Md.,	2.00

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

THE PARTICULAR COUNCIL.

What is the Particular Council?

It is the governing body which unites together several Conferences.

What is the object of the Particular Council?

It is to preserve unity of aim, uniformity of direction and harmony of action among the different Conferences in a city or town.

The spirit of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society is to have numerous Conferences rather than Conferences of numerous members. Large bodies must naturally have more or less formality in their public meetings, and with the increase of formality there is a proportionate decrease of cordiality. The Society guards against the danger of a want of freedom and simplicity among its members in the meetings of local Conferences by insisting upon a limited number composing a Conference, and encouraging the formation of new Conferences. The multiplication of Conferences, besides benefiting the members themselves, also aids the work of the Society ; for the existence of local branches in the various sections of a city will give opportunity of supplying the different needs which each locality has. But this very multiplication of Conferences and the varied forms of works of charity the Society assumes might lead in time to a total change of spirit, were not provision made against such a danger by the institution of the Particular Council. The Particular Council, while allowing the individuality of each Conference to subsist intact, combines the common strength of all. It is this special union in its government that makes the Society of St. Vincent de Paul so flourishing, and so efficient in the accomplishment of unspeakable good.

What are the duties of the Particular Council?

The Particular Council is charged with those works and important measures which concern all the Conferences of a city. It has nothing to do with details which affect only some special work of relief in a Conference ; with this it does not concern itself. But when a question arises bearing upon the Society at large and touching the interests of all the Conferences of a city, the Particular Council is looked to for a decision. Thus, should a Con-

ference be delinquent by violating a rule or by undertaking works outside its legitimate sphere, the Particular Council must administer the correction. The Particular Council also decides the allocation of the common fund, which is maintained by all donations not made expressly to any special Conference and by the collections contributed at the general meetings of the Society. From this common fund the poorer Conferences receive help. Misery is seldom equally distributed throughout the different parts of a city, and it is the duty of the Particular Council to aid those Conferences which are unable to relieve the distress that presses upon them in their neighborhood. This action gives uniform efficiency to all the Conferences, and at the same time strengthens the bond of charity which links together the local branches of the Society.

What officers compose the Particular Council?

The Particular Council is organized similarly to a local Conference; it has a Spiritual Director, a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. Though these officers may be attached to a Conference, still it is preferable for them to be free from connection with any one Conference, so that they may impartially administer the affairs of the general Society. The interests of each Conference are guarded over by its representatives, for the President and Vice-President of all the Conferences are members of the Particular Council. This system precludes any possible danger of neglect on the part of single Conferences, particularly if the representatives of the Conference are watchful of its interests at the meetings of the Particular Council.

Beside these, the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of Special Works have a seat in the Particular Council. By Special Works are meant those undertakings for charity's sake in which all the Conferences of a city have an interest and which require their common concurrence. Spiritual Directors also of the various Conferences attend the meetings of the Particular Council.

Certainly, the system of government in the Society is admirable, and experience has long ago proved its wisdom. Charity, and not ambition, is the ruling spirit. Other societies might profitably imitate its spirit of government.

ST. ALOYSIUS AND THE SODALITIES.

THE Tercentenary of St. Aloysius' death promises to be a general celebration here in the United States among the different Sodalities and societies of the young. The Catholic press throughout the country has published the Holy Father's Brief and is already announcing the anticipated ceremonies to be held in various places in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the angelic Patron of Youth. As a result of making the event known, we may look forward to a vigorous renewal of genuine Catholic spirit among our youth.

For our part we know that the Tercentenary has become the occasion of reviving in the minds of the people the memory of the Saint's virtues. The *Illustrated Life* of the Saint, published at the *Messenger* office, has met with gratifying favor, and many copies have already been distributed. The Very Reverend Chancellor of the archdiocese of Philadelphia in transmitting to us his own *nihil obstat* and the *imprimatur* of the Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan sent us this gracious letter :

“ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA, CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE,
Philadelphia, April 27, 1891.

“MY DEAR FATHER :

“Having read your little ‘Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth, a Memorial of the Three-hundredth Anniversary of his Death, June 21st, 1591—1891,’ I send you the *Nihil Obstat* as ‘*Censor Librorum*,’ together with the *Imprimatur* of his Grace, the Archbishop.

“I hope the little work will have a most extensive circulation ; for alike to young and old it tells beautifully the story of one of the loveliest Saints of modern times who, with St. John Berchmans the ‘*alter Aloysius*’ of your Society, will ever remain the two young Saints whom the youth of both sexes will best be able to imitate.

“St. Aloysius, faithful, innocent, pure, the delight of the Sacred Heart, and model of the devout Communicant, pray for us !

“IGN. F. HORSTMANN.”

Perhaps the most eloquent and edifying appeal for the worthy celebration of the coming festival of St. Aloysius is contained in

the letter of the Reverend Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. It is addressed to the Catholic Young Men's Societies. We quote this extract from it:

"Many of those most deeply interested in the welfare of our societies have written me, urging that, in the name of the National Union, I call upon the societies throughout the country to do all in their power towards fulfilling the wish of the Father of the faithful, by making this Tercentenary of St. Aloysius a gala occasion in our history. They argue that by so doing we will begin a new departure to even higher and better work than we have hitherto been able to accomplish; firstly, through the intercession of the great Saint whose feast we celebrate; secondly, through the love for his noble qualities of mind and heart to which we will be drawn; and thirdly, through the proof we will give to the public that we are really in earnest in our work, and that the only object at which we aim is the true welfare of those who either are actually included in our membership, or who come within the sphere of our influence and example.

"I take the liberty, therefore, of requesting that all the societies make it a special point to receive Holy Communion on the day of the festival itself in a body. Moreover, I would suggest that wherever it can be done a Triduum be observed immediately before the feast day. The mode of making this Triduum is very simple. It consists simply of a special sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament on the evenings of June 18th, 19th, and 20th. It might be advisable to hold the Triduum in the cathedral church of each diocese. If this be not available, or convenient, the devotions can take place in any church that may be chosen. All the members of the societies of each locality should make it a point to be present at each of the exercises.

"We need help from heaven, more than from earth, in order that we may insure the success of the cause in which we are enlisted. There can be no question that a due compliance with the recommendations herein contained will merit for us far greater blessings than any we have hitherto enjoyed."

As the 21st of June falls on a Sunday, Sodalities and societies can easily meet to give the testimony of their love of the Model and Patron of Youth.



DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

THE First Friday of June, the month of the Sacred Heart, is, as our Associates will notice, the feast of that Divine Heart. Few, we are sure, will neglect the opportunity of consoling our Lord on that day by a fervent Communion of Reparation. Many in preparing for this great Feast will be helped by the words of the *Imitation*: "About the time of the principal festivals we should renew our good exercises and implore more fervently the intercession of the Saints. From festival to festival we should make our resolutions, as if we were then to depart from this world and to come to the eternal festival. And so we ought carefully to prepare ourselves in seasons of devotion and walk the more devoutly and keep every observance the more strictly, as if we were in a little while to receive from God the reward of our labor."¹

To our Promoters and Associates these words are full of meaning and of consolation; perhaps, in the case of some, full of reproach. Our acts of consecration and of reparation made on this Feast last year and so often repeated since, those acts in which we made such protestations of love and such proffers of faithful service and of efforts to compensate for the coldness and ingratitude of others, have we lived up to them? Are we not, perhaps, in the number of those of whom the Apostle in sorrow complained: *They all seek the things that are their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's.*² What did we mean to do for the Sacred Heart during the last year? What have we done in point of fact? What do we intend to do, beginning from this coming

¹ Book I. cxix.

² Philippians, ii. 21.

festival of the Heart that has loved men so well? These are timely questions to put ourselves now that we are preparing to renew our acts of consecration and of reparation.

When our Lord said to St. Peter: *Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?* St. Peter answered as we know: *Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.*³ Now in our English translation, both the word our Lord used and that used by St. Peter are rendered by the one English word, *love*; but in the original, our Lord and St. Peter used two different words, and this fact is not without bearing on what we have been saying. When our Lord said: *Lovest thou Me?* He used a word (*diligere*) that implies a love of deep respect and regard, a love based on esteem and admiration; St. Peter in replying: *Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee*, used a very different word, which is thus explained: "To love (*amare*), what is it but to wish to heap the very greatest good on another, even though nothing at all come back to oneself?" Or again in the same place: "To love (*amare*) is nothing else than highly to esteem (*diligere*) him whom thou lovest (*amas*), without a thought of your own needs or your own interests." So that our Lord seems to have asked St. Peter whether he valued Him more highly than he did others and St. Peter, ardent as ever, replied: "Yea, Lord, I have no thought but for Thee." So our love for the Sacred Heart must not be a matter of only esteem or regard for our Divine Master, but of complete absorption in Him. And that kind of love is shown by deeds more than by words.

TO DIRECTORS AND PROMOTERS.

1°. DIRECTORS. As the feast of the Sacred Heart and the First Friday come together this year in the first week of June (5th), many Reverend Directors will doubtless have the reception of their Promoters on that day. To avoid any delay, interference with their arrangements, or disappointment, we ask them to send us the names of candidates for the official Diploma and Indulgenced Cross *two weeks in advance*. This will allow the Head Director time to sign the Diplomas and to have the names of Promoters filled in. The Promoters who are entitled to the Diploma and

³ St. John, xxi. 15.

⁴ Cicero, Fin. 2 24.

Cross are those who have exercised the duties of their office, on probation, for six months, and have charge of a Rosary Band. Instead of having the reception on the feast of the Sacred Heart, some may wish to defer it till the feast of St. Aloysius. This would be an appropriate day, both because it is the three-hundredth anniversary of the Saint's death, and because, according to St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, St. Aloysius is the "Saint of the Sacred Heart."

2°. PROMOTERS. The month of June brings with it blessings in abundance from the Divine Heart of love and pity—blessings of light for the darkened mind, strength for the feeble will, joy and healing for the bruised spirit. The memories which this month of roses wakens crowd upon us like Angels of the Altar, reminding us of everything connected with the Tabernacle and Its Prisoner of love confined therein, and a feeling grows upon us that during June our powerful Friend and dearest Brother is nearer to us—immeasurably nearer—than He has ever been before. And God grant that we may be nearer to Him, and more deeply hidden away in the depths of His Heart than we have ever been before.

But, we must have something more than devotional tenderness, and we must be more than pious in thought. Love must be shown in *deeds*. Therefore, Promoters to show their love of the Sacred Heart must *work* for Its interests. Their first work is to be faithful to the duties of their office. What Promoter will claim this privileged title without working to make good this claim? The Promoter's office does not require *much* work, but it does require *earnest* work, and earnest work will be inventive of measures and methods to hasten the coming of the Kingdom. Communions of Reparation from themselves and from the Associates, self-denial in things which nature cherishes so tenaciously, charitableness in thought and word, kindness in our dealings with others, gentleness in our manner—all these will be practical proofs of the love which should animate a Promoter.

A special work for Promoters during June will be to induce as many as possible to take part in the solemn commemoration of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius by having them attend the services of the Triduum and securing the Consecration of Children to the Sacred Heart under the Patronage of the Saint. Moreover,

they should use their efforts in the spread of the new and important works which the League is now inaugurating among the American Centres—the Monthly Communion of Children, the Pope's Militia or Apostleship of Study, and the "Heroic Offering" of Temperance. The *Manual of Children* explaining these practices has just been issued.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

By M. E. S.

SWEET Heart of Jesus, on this day
 Each act I do, each prayer I say,
 All suffering that waits for me—
 In union with the Mass divine
 For each intent and wish of Thine—
 Through Mary's Heart I offer Thee.
 To me Thy saving grace impart,
 And with Thy love inflame my heart.

AN UNFULFILLED PROMISE.

By E. V. N.

I.

NIGHT had drawn her starry veil over the Canadian landscape, while a wearied watcher lingered with frustrated hopes by the couch of a silent, motionless epileptic!

"Sister dear, is Agnes no better?" softly whispered a nun, who glided noiselessly into the alcove of the boarding-school infirmary.

"No, Reverend Mother, I cannot perceive the slightest change since I came here six hours ago. I could take her up and lay her down like a waxen doll. See!" and the nurse, proved it by raising gently the slight form of the afflicted maiden.

"What a mysterious sickness!" mused the anxious Superior gazing intently at the calm face of the patient.

"Some people call it '*The Sacred Malady*,'" rejoined the infirmarian. "And I call to mind that our late Pope Pius IX. was troubled with similar attacks!"

"Yes: that is true," said the Superior, "and there too was

the Ven. Liebermann. Both of these cases were cured by prayers and almsdeeds. When Agnes recovers consciousness, we must take an opportune moment to suggest to her to make a liberal promise to our Lord, so as to obtain her permanent relief from this distressing illness."

"It would be a first-class miracle if she *were* relieved," observed the infirmarian, "for her crises are long, frequent and very severe."

Just then an assistant infirmarian entered to replace the tired watcher, and the Reverend Mother suggested to the Sisters to join her in a petition for light in regard to the supplication for the cure of Agnes. She herself went to the altar, bidding the infirmarian retire promptly to rest, but not to forget to recommend her patient in the Mass of the following morning.

About a week after the above midnight chat, Agnes was in a condition to resume her studies. A bright, intellectual girl, she was eager to study thoroughly the branches to which the members of her class were applied, and it was rare that she did not win the first place in competitive exercises.

She was as pious as she was studious. Hence she obtained permission of her indulgent father to learn to play on the organ, hoping that she would be able, on her final return home, to contribute needed aid to the parish to which her family belonged.

As soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself, the devoted Superior with truly maternal tact broached to Agnes her idea of imploring Heaven to relieve her of her attacks of epilepsy. "As you wear the medal of a Child of Mary," she suggested, "perhaps, the Blessed Lady will intercede for your cure?"

"True, Reverend Mother, our Lady of the Sacred Heart will intercede with her Divine Son, and I do ardently love the Sacred Heart of Jesus," exclaimed the invalid with enthusiasm. "If you think well of it," she went on, "I will promise to go to Communion on the First Friday of each month."

"For that, my child, we will obtain the sanction of your confessor; I think he will be pleased to allow you to do it! But for alms you must obtain the means from your excellent father, and his paternal approbation of the pious project . . ."

"Oh, I am quite sure papa will agree to allow me to do anything of the kind that I propose to him: for, first, he has never

refused me anything reasonable since my poor mother died ; and secondly, he is secretly annoyed at my being thus afflicted, since he says, it would prove a formidable obstacle to my success in the future. Mother, may I write to my father directly?"

"As soon as you have obtained the sanction of Rev. Father X——. It will also be well for you to propose as nearly as possible the sum that you would like to offer as an alms."

"Well, I will do so," rejoined the musician (for such she deserved to be styled from her skill in the art of music). "I shall ask him to donate an organ to a little church that is now building and will in due time be consecrated to the Divine Heart of Jesus."

"I fear that would require a larger amount than your father will agree to promise. Is it the church that he mentioned to you in his last letter?"

"Precisely ! He wrote me all the particulars with such enthusiastic remarks because he knows how dearly I love the Sacred Heart, and tried to spread the devotion. Poor papa ! how I wish that he would love It as we do and far more than I do !"

II.

The reply of Mr. Y—— was not long coming. He cheerfully assented to his daughter's proposal to give an organ to the new church, if her petition were accepted, and to the sum supposed requisite for its purchase. The Novena of Communions for the First Friday, he remarked, was very suitable to a Child of Mary. In a note addressed to the Superior, he begged that Agnes should not be allowed to undertake any indiscreet penance that might further weaken her already shattered constitution.

The delighted child wrote the warmest thanks to her father. A formula was drawn up, and she pronounced it before the altar of the Sacred Heart, surrounded by the loving members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, all sympathizing with their friend in her desire for a favorable answer.

Agnes steadily accomplished the promised devotions, and when the bright chrysanthemum bloomed she would bind bouquets of the symbol in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary, to win her powerful intercession with the Sacred Heart. To the great consolation of herself, her father and her kind disinterested teachers, the pious girl did not experience any new attack of her disease.

Rejoicing and with a heart full of gratitude, she took upon herself to inform the priest of her father's intention to give the church an organ, and begged that a suitable place be reserved for the donation.

In course of time Agnes left school bearing all the most coveted honors of the Institute, which deemed itself happy to send out a model of youthful piety, one adorned with various mental acquirements, and imbued with that genuine, graceful modesty which is the most desirable ornament of the female sex. Words are inadequate to describe the pleasure of Mr. Y—— in introducing his accomplished daughter to their admiring and congratulating circle of friends. One day Mr. Y—— proposed giving a dinner in honor of some political associates, and the busy Agnes was suddenly interrupted in her domestic affairs by the arrival of a letter, reminding her of the promised organ and saying—"Things were in readiness for its reception and erection!"

Agnes hailed the missive with unfeigned happiness! Now she could give the Sacred Heart of Jesus the tangible proof of His gracious answer to prayer! Her countenance was radiant with holy joy, her step was even more buoyant than ever, and hence when the guests had departed Mr. Y—— congratulated his blooming daughter on her good spirits, and her cheerful efforts to please the whole company. "Daughter, you never appeared so brilliant, though your sole ornament was that bouquet of *Marguerites*. Tell me what shall I do for you: what will please you the most? Would you not like some pearls?"

"Dearest Father, if you really wish to give me pleasure, fulfil promptly that promise, of which I am reminded in this," and she gave him the letter to peruse.

"Pshaw! Pish!" cried Mr. Y—— indignantly, and throwing the envelope across the room, "do you suppose, Agnes, that I was in earnest in promising an organ? Why it will cost some thousands of dollars! I thought you had more sense!"

"Father, what do you—what can you mean?" cried the agonized girl, pale with terror. "Why I made that promise to God, and you are aware that He heard my prayer, and that I am not only relieved of my attacks of epilepsy, but enjoy excellent health."

"Humph! well don't cry and get sick; I am sorry that you

and Reverend Mother Z—— could be so absurd as to believe me in earnest. In the first place you were too young to bind yourself to a promise of prayers. I never have believed that you are cured: in fact, the epilepsy is incurable, especially when it is, as with you, constitutional!"

Hot tears streamed down Agnes' burning cheeks, as without arguing further she withdrew to her room, and found relief in agonizing prayer.

III.

Scarce three short months elapsed, when Agnes wrote to her former convent-home, begging prayers. Her attacks had come back with unusual severity, and an expert physician had used violent remedies, and her symptoms *now* proved that her lungs were seriously attacked. In short, the poor sufferer after a cruel illness, departed this life leaving her doting father and loving friends a notable warning to all Christians to *pay their vows to the Most High!*

ROSARIES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE Rosary of the Sacred Heart is both a simple and meritorious practice, and may easily find place either during the ordinary time of prayer, or in those spare moments which are so often unemployed.

For this devotion, an ordinary Rosary of five decades may be used, which will thus serve either as the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, or the Rosary of the Heart of her Divine Son, according to the different prayers which are said on each bead.

In reciting the Rosary of the Sacred Heart, instead of the *Our Father*, the following offering is substituted:

"Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in expiation of my sins, and the necessities of holy Church."

Instead of the *Hail Mary* say: "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine."

For the *Glory be to the Father*: "Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation."

Each time that one of these prayers is recited, Indulgences, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, may be gained.

For the first prayer, Pope Pius VII. granted 100 days'

Indulgence (March 9, 1817). 300 days were attached to the second by Pope Pius IX. (Jan. 25, 1868). The same Pontiff granted 300 days also to the third (Sept. 30, 1852).

The Rosary of the Sacred Heart is composed of five decades, in honor of the Five Wounds of our Saviour. An Indulgence of 46 years may be gained by reciting it with the requisite dispositions.

The excellence of this pious practice is manifest from the very prayers of which the Rosary of the Sacred Heart is composed; they give expression to acts of the most admirable devotion.

The offering to the Eternal Father breathes a tender devotion toward the Holy Trinity, the Passion of our Lord, and the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, honored in a spirit of zeal and reparation.

The prayer to Jesus, meek and humble of heart, is dictated by a feeling of devotion to the Sacred Heart, which it presents to us, in an interior and practical way, by leading us to the generous imitation of the virtues of our Divine model.

Lastly, the invocation to the *Sweet Heart of Mary* is the cry of a soul full of confidence and devotion towards the Immaculate Queen of heaven and earth, who is so justly styled "the Refuge of Sinners."

These valuable Indulgences, and the intrinsic excellence of the acts themselves, justly merit for the devotion its appellation of the "Golden Crown."

There is another kind of Rosary, the use of which dates farther back. It is mentioned by Father Galliffet in his book of *Devotion to the Sacred Heart*. It consists of a cross, five large beads in honor of the Five Wounds, and thirty-three small beads in honor of the thirty-three years of the mortal life of our Lord.

On the Cross say the *Anima Christi*,¹ to each recital of which 300 days' Indulgence is attached, and one of 7 years in addition, when said after Holy Communion. Also a Plenary Indulgence may be gained once in the month by those who, having recited it daily, approach the Sacraments of confession and Communion, visit a church, and there pray for the intentions of His Holiness.

Before each large bead, say: "O most sweet Jesus, make my heart like unto Thine."

¹ To be found in *The Holy Hour* and *Manual of Children*.

On each large bead, say: "We adore Thee, O Jesus, sorrowful in the Garden of Olives even unto death, and now, in the Holy Eucharist scorned and despised by wicked men; for Thou only, O Jesus, art Holy, Thou only art Lord, Thou only art Most High."

On each small bead, say: "I adore Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! O Heart, burning with love for me, kindle my heart with love of Thee."

RETURNED AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

(Letter from a Sister of St. Joseph.)

YOU will be glad to know that the promise of our dear Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary that He would give an increase of fervor to those who pay special honor to His Sacred Heart seems to have been fulfilled in our community and our children ever since our general Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

Both these Consecrations were renewed on the first anniversary, March 19th. As in the first instance, they were again preceded by a Triduum. Instances of extraordinary devotion and fervor are not at all uncommon among the children, and often we are obliged to exclaim: "*Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*"

The beautiful practice (noted in the March number of the PILGRIM) of commending certain sinners to the loving care of St. Joseph, and of appointing a member of the community to be special pleader for those whose names she has drawn, was carried out among us. The devotion of the Holy Hour was made on the eve of the First Friday especially for these poor wards, and two days later, we received the glad news that one who for twenty-five years had not approached the Sacraments, one who was thought to have completely lost his faith, was received, thoroughly penitent, back to the Fold. Two other remarkable conversions of souls thus recommended have been communicated to us since the end of March. Surely the "Friend of the Sacred Heart" has the special power of a friend to move the Divine Heart to mercy!

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Practical Devotion to the Holy Cross.



DEVOTION to the Cross is bound up with the very life of the Church. Everything within her speaks to us of the Cross. It would be difficult, then, not to pay to the Sign of Salvation an outward worship and veneration, at least. In our days however something more is needed.

Effeminacy—the pursuit of pleasure as the end of life and discontent with the present conditions of society—a growing restlessness fomented by the purely material aims which the majority of men have set before them, these are two great sources of danger for the future, because the outcome of deep-rooted corruption now. The only hope of remedy for the world is in the Cross. The Cross is the enemy of softness. The Cross is the emblem of the true revolution, because the emblem of justice and patience. The Cross must therefore be enthroned in the hearts of men. Its teachings must be understood and relished. They must be adopted as guiding principles.

This involves a great awakening of the people; a great stirring up of the life of faith, and devotion to the Sacred Heart is the providential means to bring about this revolution. It can insinuate into the heart love of the Cross and acceptance of the teachings of the Cross. In fact these two are inseparable; devotion to the Sacred Heart and devotion to the Cross. They speak of the same love for men, they give the same efficacy and sweetness to the sufferings and trials of this life, sufferings from which nature shrinks, but cannot escape, and they make them lovable to many, meritorious and bearable to all, because of the thought of Him Who first bore them for us.

As an example of this teaching and of the power of the Cross we may point to the Saint of the month, Aloysius. From it he drew that hatred of softness which was so singular in him and that equally marked contempt for the good things of this life which made him sacrifice rank and wealth to follow the Cross. Let us join our prayer to his, to obtain for the world the love of the Cross.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

JULY, 1891.

No. 7.

MOTHER MOST ADMIRABLE.



THE faculty that wakes within us when we come face to face with anything beautiful or refined or ennobling has been given us by God to help us to know Him better and to grow towards Him. Just as the seed that by some chance has sprouted in a dark cellar has the power to stretch its puny stalk towards the feeblest ray of light that filters down to it through chink or crevice, so our soul has the power to admire what is pure and beautiful, what is noble and refined; and admiration is followed by an instinctive striving to put ourselves on the more elevated plane of the object of our admiration.

What little use we make of this God-given instinct? How greatly we abuse it? All around us are wonders to which we hardly give a passing thought, and yet even a passing thought would help to make us better and happier. What is more admirable than the growing flower from the time the seed is put into the earth, and the tender blade pushes aside the dark clouds of mould and shoots upward fresh and green and slender, until at length the bud appears and then the fragrant blossom? What is more admirable than the sun shining above us, its daily rising, its genial, life-giving light and

warmth? What is more admirable than one day of life in country or city, from the fresh, grey dawn when all around us is waking to renewed activity, through the morning hours with their growing noise and bustle, till the noonday comes and the sun hanging high above us looks down on the busy tumult which, but for its light and heat, could not exist, and so on through the waning day till all is hushed again and the world at rest? These things so wonderful and mysterious in themselves are nevertheless commonplace to us now, and their teaching is overlooked. So too is it with the mysteries of our holy religion. Often we lose ourselves in wonder of some slighter manifestation of God's goodness in a temporal favor, a cure effected through prayer or an evil averted, while remaining wholly untouched by the astounding wonder effected by the words of Consecration at the Mass, or by the consoling mystery wrought through the power of the words of absolution in the soul contritely and humbly kneeling before God's priest. And then such mysteries as the Incarnation and the Passion, the Resurrection and Ascension, with all the light they throw on our life here below, and the future that awaits us—are they much more to us than names? St. Paul could appeal to the Resurrection as the great motive and source of strength and consolation in all the trials of life, in persecution, in interior temptation, in times of mourning for friends departed. The early Christians painted the Resurrection and every mystery of the Old Law that foreshadowed it on the walls of the Catacombs, and found in thinking about it and meditating on it strength to brave the terrors of martyrdom. What influence has it on our lives? How much admiration does it excite in us?

And so when we invoke our Blessed Lady as Mother Most Admirable, how often do we think of the deep reasons that justify this title. If we admire beauty of feature, who was so beautiful as she of whom St. Denis the Areopagite is quoted as saying, that her countenance was radiant from her constant intercourse with God and the Incarnate Word, and she seemed a very goddess; of whom St. Epiphanius said, that in her every look and gesture and speech, there was a grace little short of divine. But beauty is the least of Mary's claims on our admiration, though the thought of her beauty cannot fail to help us. For from what did

the beauty of her face mainly spring? From the purity of her heart, from the elevation of her mind, from the peace and serenity which flooded her soul, because her every desire was set on God and the things of this life could neither sadden nor afflict her.

What then are her chief titles to our admiration, if we put aside her beauty? First stands the great and surprising deference, if we may use the word, shown her by her Creator, in asking her consent to her own elevation to the dignity of Mother of God. Spiritual writers love to dwell on the two *fiats* which have been preserved for us in Holy Scripture.

The first was spoken by God, and by its infinite power, material light was made to flood the universe. *And God said: Be light made. And light was made.*¹ The other was spoken by Mary, and what an infinitely more precious result followed! Into the world then for the first time came in visible form, *the true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world.*² *And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word.*³ *And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.*⁴

Bound up with this first mystery is a second, which reversed all the laws of nature. Mary became a Mother and yet remained a Virgin. Privileged above all the daughters of Eve, she gave to her Son the substance that went to make His most precious Body and Blood, and in this privilege no other mortal had any share.

Then with what wonder and awe should not the thought of the intimate relations of Mary and her Divine Son fill us: the years in which He seemed to live for her alone; the years in which He was obedient to her. How hard after all it is to obey and to be subject to another, more especially to one inferior to us in any way? How hard it is on the other hand to exert authority when one feels his inferiority to the person who obeys? Mary, Mother truly Most Admirable, commands and Jesus obeys. And yet far as Mary is above us, she falls infinitely below her Son in sanctity, in wisdom, in power. She is a creature, and He is God. What reason we have to say Most Wonderful of Mothers, Most Admirable Mother: admirable in thy calling and election to the dignity of

¹ Genesis, i. 3.

² St. John, i. 9.

³ St. Luke, i. 38.

⁴ St. John, i. 14.

the Mother of God ; admirable in the wonders that preceded and accompanied thy virginal bringing forth ; most admirable in the obedience and respect paid thee by thy Divine Son, and in the share thou hadst in His suffering and Cross in Gethsemani and on Calvary. For in this too is Mary Most Admirable, that when all the disciples fled away, she stood by the Cross. *Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother.*⁵

IN THE HEART OF JESUS.

By Mary E. Mannix.

BE strong, O timid heart !
 The peace of Jesus holds thee.
 All fearful as thou art,
 His patient love enfolds thee ;
 Naught, naught can pain or wound thee
 Safe in His Sacred Heart.

Be brave, O stricken heart !
 The Saviour's Heart throbs near thee.
 Sad, sorrowing as thou art,
 His tenderness can cheer thee ;
 All lonely as thou art,
 His pity still hath crowned thee,
 Be brave, O stricken heart !

Despair not, erring heart ;
 Fling off the bonds that bind thee,
 Break sin's dark chains apart,
 Cast guilt and shame behind thee.
 Unworthy as thou art,
 His tenderness hath found thee ;
 Despair not, erring heart.

THE TWO XAVIERS.

A MOST curious and interesting scene can be witnessed in the courtyard and immense reading-room of the Hotel du Louvre and de la Paix, in Marseilles, on the day the mail-steamer arrives from China. One could fancy a fragment of the far East had been transported to the shores of the Mediterranean.

One day, while calmly observing the excitement of arriving

⁵ St. John, xix. 25.

guests, I noticed a child of twelve or thirteen years, who stood back from the crowd in a shady corner and seemed entirely desolate and alone. His dress, his eyes, graceful head, swarthy complexion, could leave me in no doubt of his nationality. He was evidently an Arab; or rather, from his motionless form, I was led to imagine he was the *shade* of some defunct Arab. Besides, the bones seemed to penetrate his livid cheeks and I wondered how it was possible life could animate that emaciated figure! However my idea of a ghost was false. Drops of perspiration beaded his forehead and his little limbs shook beneath the wretched garments; plainly, the child was very ill.

Fatigued, weak, dying with hunger, perhaps, he sank down upon one of the benches in the courtyard. In this busy, cosmopolitan seaport there was no one to give him a moment's attention. Whence had he come? Who cared to know? He was only a beggarly Arab!

"Did he know where he should sleep that night?" I thought. "Would some charitable hand help him to food and shelter?" In the midst of this universal indifference each succeeding moment served to increase the sympathy and interest I had for this forlorn little being. These feelings were changed to profound emotion when getting nearer I looked at him in the glare of a neighboring gaslight, and found that in one hand he held a letter and in the other a Rosary.

By an irresistible impulse, I mentally adopted this friendless child of the great Christian family and going to him asked his name.

"Xavier," he answered in a faint voice.

"That is your baptismal name; who gave you such a beautiful one?"

"The Father!"

His large dark eyes wore a wondrous expression of gratitude and love. Our conversation did not end immediately. Night was at hand, time pressed and I must go.

"Dear child," I said to him, "will you come with me and have supper?" He accepted with a sign; two big tears trembled on his lashes, while a smile flitted across his pale lips. I knew that the nourishment of one almost famished must be the same as a convalescent's—that a small quantity was all I could safely

give my little guest. When he had a glass of good wine and a wing of chicken, I said :

“ You have a letter for some one, Xavier ? ”

“ Yes, will you read it ? ”

I read it ; it was the best recommendation possible to any soul possessing a mite of charity. It was from a missionary to a priest in Paris.

“ My dear friend,” wrote the priest, “ when you receive this, I shall probably be dead. It is not that which worries or grieves me. We have each our battle to fight and it is just that we should be rewarded for a hard won victory. I can give you no real idea of the horrors of the famine whose ravages extend over the greater part of the country. We can do nothing for the unfortunate people. Our poverty equals theirs. We give the consolation and sympathy of our hearts and souls, but it is bread they need. I have given them all I had and now my heart is to break for them.

“ The young messenger who brings you this letter is one of God’s *protégés* ; he is the only survivor of a large family to whom I had the happiness of bringing the light of the Gospel. This child whom I have called Xavier has impressed me, not only by his extraordinary intelligence, but still more by his natural piety and love for his religion. I have told him he cannot live much longer in these scenes of starvation, breathing the pestilential air, and that I wish him to live ; therefore I send him over the long distance to you. My little child, wasted by suffering and fever, how will you resist the fatigues of the journey ? I know not, but my trust is in God. For the deliverance of this unhappy land, for the ransom of Xavier, I have offered to Him my life. May He accept it ! I leave you this child, dear friend, as a sacred trust.

“ XAVIER M., S. J.”

The letter, a most precious relic, fell from my nerveless hands to the table. Days and days had passed since it was written, and I said to the young Arab :

“ At this hour, he must be dead ! ”

“ He is dead ; I am sure. I have seen him in a dream,” he answered without hesitation. His beautiful eyes softened with tenderness and a strange supernatural expression came over his countenance.

My emotion could not be restrained, and I murmured: "A saint! A martyr!"

"Yes, a martyr and a saint," said Xavier, in a voice suffocated with tears. "In this letter he has not said how or why he died. In order to preserve life in his poor, starved people he denied himself everything. He was extremely weak, scarcely able to drag himself from place to place, when he heard that the epidemic was very severe on the coast. He left us, travelled there on foot, and attended to the sick, saving many. His sacrifices and privations were increased, and his strength—if his zeal can be so called—gave way, for nature refused to countenance such reckless treatment of self. During this state of almost continuous agony, the good Father thought of me, wrote this letter, and started me on my journey. All my relatives were dead; I think I would not long have survived them, for hunger and fever had all but consumed me. You know the rest."

The story had been told between long pauses and choking sobs and at its close the lad's head was bowed upon the table; his grief was painful to behold.

"Xavier," I said, taking one of his burning hands in mine, "your good friend's work must not be undone. His memory must give you courage, and I know he would not be at all pleased at this wild grief; you will surely be ill! Now listen, dear child; I have the honor to be acquainted with the priest to whom this letter is addressed and will see that you reach him. Besides, since Divine Providence has placed me in your way, I intend to take care of you." He made a tender gesture of thanks.

"No; do not thank me. It is no more than justice and 'tis a pleasure for me. To-morrow morning we will hear Mass at Notre Dame de la Garde, and you will pray for all poor sinners, myself included. And now to bed, dear boy."

The next day as we entered the holy edifice, I noticed a lady whom I remembered seeing at the Hotel de Louvre the day before. I had supposed her to be a Parisian that I had met in the capital; I was not mistaken. Although quite young and very beautiful, it was easy to see that some great grief had destroyed the buoyant element of youth. I afterwards learned that her husband was a noted banker in Paris, and that she was on her way to Cannes where her daughter was dangerously ill with consumption.

She had stopped over at Marseilles to make the pilgrimage to Notre Dame de la Garde.

When Mass was over, the Patron of the Afflicted sent me an inspiration I could not mistrust. I had a strong desire to associate my good work with this lady, to interest her in my little Arab. We were close to the holy water font and as she passed me, I made way for her to approach it, at the same time bowing in a most respectful manner.

Perceiving that I wished to speak to her, the lady awaited us in the vestibule. Then presenting my young companion, I told his story in as few words as possible, after apologizing for the unusual manner of procedure.

"My dear child," she said to Xavier, "you have been recommended by one saint to another—our dear Father B——. I have been indebted to him for some time for a great favor for which I scarcely know how to repay him. I shall send you to him with a certain amount of money and you are to tell him I wish it to be used in any way he desires."

She opened an elegant Russian leather bag and handed Xavier a new bank note for a large sum.

"But, my child, I would like you to do one thing for me. Pray for your dear dead friend, for all those you love, for your good friend here and for my beloved Eugénie, my daughter, my treasure, my one joy in all the world."

The poor mother's grief at this point was most distressing; then with an effort she controlled it, and turning to me she smiled amidst the tears.

"And you, sir," she said, "can you not imagine a second request?"

"Alas, no, Madam?"

"It is that you write for all, in the paper you represent, the 'Story of the Two Xaviers.'"

A farewell to each of us, and this noble, benevolent woman was lost in the dispersing crowd.

M. C. B.



DR. MORIARTY'S SHORT SERMON.

“THE shortest sermon I ever heard was from the Reverend Dr. Moriarty, the Augustinian of Philadelphia.”

A murmur of incredulity went through the little party of ladies chatting over their needle-work.

“Dr. Moriarty—of all preachers!”

“Why, I always felt dismayed when I saw him enter the pulpit, eloquent as he was.”

“So did I, for there was no telling when he would leave it.”

“Everybody raved about his eloquence, but though I liked the beginning of his sermons, they were so long that at the end I could not for my life have told what his Reverence had been preaching about.”

So ran the various exclamations.

“Really, ladies, your experience has been sorrowful,” said the first speaker, laughing merrily. “No, I am not ‘talking for talk’s sake.’ I repeat, in all seriousness, the briefest sermon I ever heard was from the great Augustinian, and you may judge how impressive it was, since I remember it yet, though I was then but thirteen years old. Well, I shall repeat it in his exact words, as you ask.

“It was soon after the great Doctor’s arrival from France, and you have all heard what a sensation he caused in Philadelphia, the ‘Quaker City’ as it was then truly called, for it was quiet and old-fashioned, with not the least taste for excitement or progress. Outside the Church, therefore, people had a horror of the great preacher, who roused up Catholics in a manner quite startling even to themselves.

“Of course he was taken to see all the Catholic institutions; there were not many in Philadelphia at that date. I can vouch for what occurred at one.

“The Sisters of Charity, who had charge of the Orphan Boys’ Asylum in Thirteenth Street, conducted an academy and free-school in the basement of St. John’s Church. The academy was a fine, spacious room: the free-school a small room fronting on Clover Street into which its crowd of girls, from six to sixteen years old, was literally packed. The academy pupils often made remarks about it to the Sister Superior, but no remedy was

possible. 'If we only had another Sister,' she would say, 'some of them could be taught in this room,' looking wishfully at the opposite small apartment which led into our spacious school-room.

"One day Father Gartland (afterwards Bishop of Savannah, as you know,) came through the chapel into our room in great haste. Dr. Moriarty was in the house, conversing with Bishop Kenrick, and he had come to propose bringing the celebrated Divine in to see our school, to which Sister Alphonse—our beloved teacher, God rest her soul!—cordially assented. The visit passed off quite pleasantly. The Doctor seemed very much pleased with all he saw. He was particularly struck with the fine school-room, and congratulated us on 'the unspeakable privilege we enjoyed in being under the same roof which sheltered the Blessed Sacrament,' hinted how naturally our 'ardent young hearts could prompt to frequent acts of adoring love,' etc., etc. He took particular notice of our ornamental needle-work, for which the academy was famous, and quite set us up by the declaration that it was equal to the French. Of course, we had heard similar compliments before, but they were not valued like his. The brief interview was altogether charming: alas for the finale!

"As I have said, the Reverend gentlemen had come through the chapel, but Father Gartland, intending to escort the visitor to the omnibus which he would take at Thirteenth and Clover, led him through our ante-room to the entry that opened on Clover Street. Of course Sister Alphonse and her pupils escorted them. Just as Doctor Moriarty gained the passage-way, the door of the free-school opened and he had a full view of the interior.

"Often afterwards we discussed the important question whether it was or was not the visitor's duty to pass on to the street door as though 'seeing, he saw not.'

"However that might be, Dr. Moriarty was not of the kind to pass on blindly. Laying his hand on the head of the child who had unluckily opened the door, and was standing half terrified at sight of the two priests and the Sister, with the whole academy at their back, he gave a quick glance at the crowded room, and another over our heads into the large room behind us; then he addressed us in his most sarcastic tone:

"'You are very pleasantly situated, young ladies, but you are *not God's poor*!'

“With a bow of overpowering politeness he disappeared, while the *pleasantly-situated* young ladies made their way back into the school-room in bitter mortification at the enormity of their guilt in being so ‘situated.’ No word was spoken by teacher or pupils. Presently Father Gartland came running back, rubbing his hands, as he had a way of doing when pleasantly excited. ‘Well, Sister,’ he cried joyously, ‘what do you think of the great Moriarty?’ And her reply was in a tone as sarcastic as Dr. Moriarty’s own: ‘He may be a learned divine, an eloquent preacher, but he is *decidedly sarcastic*.’

“How Father Gartland laughed, and—‘That was not a sermon,’ do you say? Indeed it was, the best as well as the shortest I ever heard of, if measured by its effects. It was reported everywhere, not only by the school-girls, but by Father Gartland. Bishop Kenrick enjoyed it immensely, and from it the improvement in ‘schools for the poor’ had its origin among Catholics in other cities as well as in Philadelphia.”

ST. JAMES THE GREATER, APOSTLE.

JULY 25.

ST. JAMES, the son of Zebedee and the brother of John, was one of the three Apostles to whom the Sacred Heart revealed all Its secrets while on earth. We find him with Peter and John, a witness of the Transfiguration; we find him again in the Garden, a witness of the Agony of the Divine Heart. It is this intimacy with our Divine Lord that gives him the strongest title to our veneration, and to the devotion of those who desire to penetrate into the secret depths of the Heart that loved men so well.

St. James was evidently prepared by a life of virtue to recognize the Messiah when He should appear, and he was of the number of those who were confidently expecting His speedy coming. His brother had followed St. John the Baptist as a disciple. He had heard the testimony John rendered to our Lord, and with Andrew he had accompanied the Lord to His dwelling-place and had stayed with Him a whole day.¹ Andrew, we know,

¹ St. John, i. 39.

went at once to his brother Peter when he left our Lord and made a convert of him. We may believe that John did as much for his brother James, for when some time after our Lord was passing by the Sea of Galilee, He called first Peter and Andrew and going from thence a little farther, *He saw James, the son of Zebedee and John his brother mending their nets in the ship and forthwith He called them. And leaving their father Zebedee in the ship with his hired men they followed Him.*²

From the very start, St. James was one of the favorite Apostles. With Peter and John, he was present when the daughter of Jairus was raised from the dead. *And when He was come to the house He suffered not any man to go in with Him, but Peter and James and John.*³ He was present, as we have seen, at the Transfiguration and at the Agony in the Garden. He was one of those to whom it was permitted to ask the meaning of our Lord's oftentimes mysterious sayings. *And as He sat on the Mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked Him apart: Tell us when shall these things be.*⁴ And it is well to note that our Saint is always mentioned after St. Peter, as if by character and age he naturally ranked next to the Chief of the Apostles. Even the Beloved Disciple is several times described as the *brother of James.*⁵

Some light is thrown on his natural character by the name our Divine Lord Himself gave to St. James and his brother St. John. *And to Simon He gave the name Peter, that is the Rock, and James the son of Zebedee and John the brother of James He named them Boanerges, which is the Sons of thunder.*⁶ Strength of character and fiery zeal would seem therefore to have been the distinguishing marks of the brothers and a disposition that brooked no half measures. Thus when the Samaritans refused to receive our Lord into one of their cities, *and they received Him not because His face was of one going to Jerusalem,* . . . *His disciples James and John, said: Lord wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them.*⁷ On this occasion the Sacred Heart revealed something of Its spirit to them, for turning He rebuked them, saying: *You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save.*

² St. Mark, i. 19, 20.³ Luke, viii. 51.⁴ St. Mark, xiii. 3.⁵ St. Mark, v. 37. St. Matthew, xvii. 1.⁶ St. Mark, iii. 17.⁷ St. Luke, ix. 54.

On another occasion, they were given a second insight into the Heart of their Master; the first had been a lesson of mildness and charity, the second was one of humility. *And James and John . . . come to Him saying: Master we desire that whatsoever we shall ask, Thou wouldst do it for us. But He said to them: What would you that I should do for you? And they said: Grant to us that we may sit, one on Thy right hand and the other on Thy left hand in Thy glory. And Jesus said to them: You know not what you ask; Can you drink of the chalice that I drink of or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized? But they said to Him: We can. And Jesus saith to them: You shall drink of the chalice that I drink of and with the baptism wherewith I am baptized, you shall be baptized: but to sit on My right hand or on My left is not Mine to give to you but to them for whom it is prepared.*⁷ How mildly and gently was the lesson administered, as if to show us that it was not merely natural ambition that prompted the prayer of the brothers, but a desire not to be out-done in serving their Master, and a wish to have the assurance that no one should come nearer to Him than themselves, an assurance which would be theirs if they got the promise beforehand that theirs would be the highest reward in the Master's gift.

And St. James did indeed drink of the chalice, for we read in the Acts of the Apostles, *that Herod stretched forth his hand to afflict some of the Church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword.*⁸ But before he died, as we read in the Lessons of the Roman Breviary, he had preached in that Samaria on which he had once desired to call down fire, and from Palestine he had passed into Spain, where his preaching was but coldly received. Later however the seed he had sown bore fruit. And the great glory of Spain now is to possess the body of the Saint at Compostella, the famous shrine to which so many thousands of pilgrims yearly direct their steps. St. James was the first of the Apostles to suffer martyrdom.

⁷ St. Luke, x. 35-40.⁸ xii. 1.

FROM THE MISSIONS.

SOME months ago the PILGRIM was made the medium of sending two hundred Masses to the Reverend Father Pfister, the French missionary who has spent so many years among the Chinese. In answer to our letter he says :

Shanghai, China, 31 March.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

I received your gracious letter a few days ago, containing the draft of offerings for Masses. The offering for a Mass here in China is the same as in the United States. As soon as the Masses were received they were at once distributed among the different Fathers, who are in great need of alms, so that the Masses were said almost as soon as they were received. I can hardly say how grateful I am for your charity in thinking of us. The western portion of our Mission receives very few Intentions, because nearly all are as yet neophytes, and are very poor. Your alms then, you see, was very timely, and the Fathers are full of thanks.

I do not wish to be importunate, but if you have others who wish to help us, as the benefactor who sent us the two hundred Masses in your letter, I would ask them to remember our poor Mission. Our Mission consists of over 40,000,000 pagans spread throughout the various districts, who are in almost absolute need and look to us for assistance.

I commend myself and my Chinese to the prayers of the readers of the PILGRIM, and to your own prayers and sacrifices.

Your devoted servant and brother in *Corde Jesu*,

P. PFISTER, S.J.

We have another letter of a different character but not less interesting from a Father in British Honduras.

Stann Creek, B. H.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Last January a year ago our zealous Prefect, who is always devising something new in the way of spiritual evolution, had a bright idea. "Last year," he said, "we had consecrated the families to the Sacred Heart. This year we will put the crown on that by dedicating the entire Prefecture—not in any sort of fashion—but by bringing together delegates from all parts of the colony to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Stann Creek, and there, in the name of all, make the offering."

Well, the idea was novel and bold, but it had never entered into anybody's head to suggest such a scheme, much less to imagine that it could be realized. Time went by and the pretty picture of conch shells and calabashes of water and the pilgrims' staves had all faded from the mind, when suddenly the invitation to make the pilgrimage to Stann Creek was issued. Thanks to some fervent gentlemen in Belize and the Catholic Association, the Father in charge immediately began to develop the plan. As, however, the day drew nearer, the "wishes" and "woulds" had to become facts or die, for a notice was issued that no names would be accepted after the eighth of June. Meanwhile I was quite helpless, not knowing whether we were to be honored with a visit or not. However, we forearmed ourselves with a plan of action and then we sent word that we were ready.

The preparations for the great day were pushed forward with right goodwill, but the weather-clerk seemed to forget how many anxious hearts were turned to him with supplication, for he started his wind-bags, ruffled up the sea, and then settled the dust which he had made on land by a drenching rain. But he stopped the rain at last.

At last the 14th arrived, and whilst we were busy stringing flags and bunting of whatever sort we could lay hands on, putting up arches and otherwise spending ourselves for the occasion, some wee boys came running in with "*The Experience* is coming!" Sure enough, it was coming, and behind it came the *Mary*, of Corozal, and behind it again the *Astro*, and we looked to find the smoke of the steamer *Experiment* as well, but that came later. Within a couple of hours from first sighting the vessels, they anchored in front of Stann Creek. Before the *Experience* was disembarked, the other boats had begun to discharge likewise, and a procession was formed at once, marching through the main street to the church. Everybody looked so happy that the Reverend Prefect, forgetting they had not yet been home, was tempted to prolong the service, but a less enthusiastic Father suggested the propriety of allowing repose to the weary travellers, who since eight o'clock had been penned up on the deck of a schooner.

The next day, Sunday, was a grand occasion indeed for a little place like this. At six o'clock with the first Mass Communion began, and as many as 500 persons approached the Altar. The children were sent for convenience' sake to the school-room for their Mass.

We had a Solemn High Mass, at which there was a special and fervent address. After Mass, when the people had refreshed

themselves, they were gathered in the school-room to deliberate on general Catholic topics. Among other matters, it was decided to vote for a memorial of this first great reunion of Catholics here in honor of the Sacred Heart.

As we could not raise a military band, we had to content ourselves with the sylvan strains of Indian native music. One man played his home-made harp, another his home-made mandolin, another his home-made fiddle, each acquitting himself to the satisfaction of his audience. Soon the people were called for Vespers and the procession. We disposed ourselves so as to leave Belize the place of honor near the Blessed Sacrament. The canopy was carried by the presidents of the different associations, while the clergy bore the Blessed Sacrament, guarded by eight men who walked on either side. Arriving at the church an address was made, and the "Great Act of Consecration" was read.

A hearty *Deo Gratias* that all went so well was heard from the lips of many, and as soon as the Carib young men had donned their working suits they began the work of embarking over fifty business men and clerks, who were bound to be at their places on Monday morning.

This consecration was a great success. All was done *con amore*. It was beautiful for the observant eye to mark the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Carib, the Indian, the Yucatecan, the Italian and the Chinese, the rich and the poor, the white and the black, all gathered together with but one bond, and that the bond of faith. Their consecration to the Sacred Heart will strengthen this bond, and leave in their minds sweet memories.

Faithfully yours,

G.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Ursuline Sisters, in the Rocky Mountains:

James Cullen, Rochester, N. Y.,	\$2.00
Delia Farrell, Seneca Falls, N. Y.,	2.00
Kate J. Taylor, Worcester, Mass.,	2.00

For the Foreign Missions:

Per Sister M Stanislaus, Joliet, Ill.,	\$10.00
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Our Lady of Martyrs.

CONCERNING THE SHRINE.

ONE of our correspondents sent us a letter recently saying that she had written to Auriesville to ask the one in charge of the Shrine there to have Masses said for a special intention in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs. She was surprised to receive an answer from the postmaster at Auriesville telling her that there was no priest there in charge of the Shrine. Upon this she communicates with us and asks to whom she shall write to have these Masses said.

Others have written us somewhat in the same vein regarding the supposed priest at Auriesville. To all the readers of the PILGRIM we will now say what we have so often said before, that there is no priest stationed as yet at the Shrine, though this has been the great wish of the PILGRIM for many years now—in fact ever since the Shrine has been built. There is even no suitable church in which the Holy Sacrifice can be offered up. It is true that there is an oratory large enough for a priest and his server, but no building that can afford shelter against change or inclemency of weather for the pilgrims. It is this building of a suitable church that the PILGRIM is striving to push on. This is the meaning of the "Memorial Fund" that was started at the beginning of this year. As our readers have noticed, contributions have been sent in to us for this purpose, and they still continue to come.

Some of these contributions have been offered with a view of obtaining favors through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, or have been given in grateful recognition of some favor which has been received at her gracious hands. One correspondent, for instance, says: "Enclosed please find \$2.00, a small offering for the Church of Our Lady of Martyrs. I hope our Blessed Mother will obtain for us the means to build our convent and chapel." Another says: "I enclose \$5.00 for the Memorial Church of Our Lady of Martyrs. This amount is given in fulfilment of a promise to Our Lady of Martyrs for a temporal favor obtained." A third sends an offering "in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for

a favor obtained through Our Lady of Martyrs." This thanksgiving is offered for a cure which had been wrought upon a woman who had been afflicted for many years. One who signs himself "An Exile from Erin," writes: "I promised Our Lady of Martyrs that if my son got a situation I would give the first \$5.00 out of the money earned in thanksgiving to the Queen of Martyrs. He got the situation the day after I made the promise—almost miraculously, I would say. Hence, I now fulfil my promise."

Among special gifts received is a diamond. The sender said nothing more than "the enclosed diamond is an offering to Our Lady of Martyrs." This is the second diamond which has been offered for the Shrine, the other—a diamond ring—having been presented three years ago by a Southern lady. Some day, we hope, these will sparkle in the chalice which will be among the Shrine's treasures.

The gift of \$20.00 which comes from Boston and is presented in memory of Father Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., recalls his presence at the numerous pilgrimage from Troy last year, two days after the feast of the Assumption. He was one of the five priests who celebrated Mass in the oratory and assisted in giving Communion to the pilgrims.

Other letters sending contributions also add some message. One who is a Promoter of the League, and is now abroad in Belgium, speaks of visiting some of the shrines there. The person has seen the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs and had witnessed the great pilgrimage from Troy last year. The memory of her pilgrimage to the Shrine is evidently vivid, for in her visit to one of the Belgian convents she saw there a group representing the dead Christ in the arms of His Mother. At once she was reminded of a similar pathetic group—the *Pietà*—which rests above the altar, in the little oratory on the hill-top at Auriesville. The correspondent adds: "As soon as I saw the *Pietà*, I was at once carried back in thought to our Shrine at Auriesville."

At the present moment this Shrine is still lonely, but next month many visitors will make their way up the Mohawk Valley to Auriesville to kneel at our Lady's American Shrine. On the feast of the Assumption, as well as the day after, which will be Sunday, Mass will be celebrated at the Shrine. Whether pil-

grimages will be made in any great numbers this year, we have not yet ascertained; but doubtless we shall soon hear of some. As there is to be Mass two days in succession, there is no doubt that many who cannot join the large pilgrimages will yet be able to make a private one.

For the benefit of those who do not know we will add that those wishing to have pilgrimages should apply for permission and information to the Reverend Father McQuaid., S. J., St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York:

Mary A. Ward, Boston, Mass.,	\$1.00
Mrs. S. Grismen, Louisville, O.,50
Rev. J. P. Dion, Vincennes, Ind.,	5.00
Per Sisters of Mercy, Mobile, Ala.,	1.00
Promoter of the League, Plains, Pa.,	1.00
Lillie Welton, Boston, Mass.,	2.00
Mrs. R. P. M. Kelly, Reno, Nev.,	2.00
—, Boston, Mass., "In tender memory of the Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S.J., who died at St. Lawrence's Church, New York,"	20 00
"In Thanksgiving," Baltimore, Md.,	2.00
Associate of the League, Philadelphia, Pa.,	A Diamond
Children of St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	10.00
A Lady, Pittsfield, Mass.,	1.00
A Religious Superior, Indianapolis, Ind.,	2.00
Child of Mary, St. Louis, Mo.,	5.00
A Friend, Philadelphia, Pa.,	5.00
A Correspondent,	2.00
A Grateful Client, Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
Mrs. W—, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Mrs. Stephenson, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
A Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	5.00
—, Springfield, Ill.,	1.00
Rev. P. Gloden, Fostoria, O.,77
Annie McGinnis, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	5.00
Catharine Dolan, Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
Mrs. J. T. Donahugh, Cresco, Iowa,	5.00
Nellie Dore, New York City,	1.00
Ellen Fullan, New York City,	1.00
PILGRIM Reader, Lowell, Mass.,	2.50
Promoter of the League, Plains, Pa.,	1.00

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

ITS SPECIAL WORK.

CHARITY is the special object of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. But its original purpose was to limit the exercise of its charity to the exclusive work of visiting the poor in their homes. Soon, however, the Society found it necessary to extend its work. Its real and particular work is the aiding of poor families, who are visited by the members of the various Conferences, and when any Conference takes up any work outside of this its usual work it gives it the name and classifies it under the title of "Special Work."

What does this Special Work include?

The real answer to this question is, that it includes everything that may come under the exercise of charitable zeal. The greatest feature of what is called Special Work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is what usually goes under the name of "Patronage." Patronage is an elastic term. There are Patronages of all grades to meet the various forms of human misery: patronages of infants, patronages of orphans, patronages of finding places for poor children with farmers, patronages for school-boys, patronages of children for First Communion, patronages for factory-boys, patronages for young men, patronages for young men from the work-house, patronages for journeymen and for apprentices, patronages for chimney sweeps, patronages in a word for procuring aid in all the different walks of life. In the United States we are not so well acquainted with this form of charitable work as they are in Europe. In France particularly, and in Belgium and Italy, the greatest charitable work done is through the system of Patronages. However, this method of charitable aid has extended also to this country. In Boston especially it has proved very successful. But of this we shall speak in particular on some future occasion. Under the Special Work in the United States many of our Conferences devote themselves to the visiting of jails, prisons, and poorhouses.

What, for instance, is the Patronage of School-boys?

The object of this is to see to the education of the children of those parents who neglect their duty in the matter of sending their children to school. The St. Vincent de Paul Society takes

upon itself the charitable task of seeing that the neglected boy is sent to school, and that he will have all the means requisite to keep him there until he has learned the elements of intellectual and moral education. To do this, it is necessary to go into the homes of the parents, to see that the children are prompt in the morning at school, to co-operate with the teacher, so that the pupil becomes docile, and then after school hours to see that the child keeps proper company. In many instances, those who are appointed for this purpose periodically visit the schools, and there they obtain from the teacher the pupil's standing in the class. They take note of this, and if praise is deserved it is given publicly to the child; otherwise, caution is administered. Where a child has been successful in his studies often a reward is given. And so on for all the details relating to the child's needs at this period of life.

The results of this Patronage-work among the school-boys has been simply incalculable in its results for good.

A work similar to this, and perhaps more far-reaching, is the Patronage of Children for First Communion. The object here on the part of the Conference is to instruct those children, who would not otherwise have the opportunity, in the necessary elements of this important act. There is no doubt that the period of First Communion marks an epoch in every child's life, and there is no doubt also that there are many boys and girls who, for the lack of attention on the part of their parents, have never had the opportunity of making their First Communion, or if they have made it, they have made it after very insufficient instruction. This kind of Patronage-work will supplement in a very great degree the work of the pastor, who is too preoccupied with parochial duties and who cannot go around in the parish after these neglected children.

ST. ALOYSIUS' SODALITY.

THE occasion of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius has brought about the desire in congregations, colleges, and academies of establishing Sodalities under the patronage of St. Aloysius. By many of the Sodalities that are erected for young men St. Aloysius has been chosen as patron.

To have a St. Aloysius Sodality the requirements are simple; they are the same as for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. This means that with the approbation of the Ordinary the Sodality is erected and affiliated to the Roman Primary. The Primary Patron is some feast or mystery of the Blessed Virgin, while the Secondary Patron is St. Aloysius. Both of these patrons or titles give to the members of the Sodality the privilege of gaining Plenary Indulgences. Sodalities that have St. Aloysius for their patron are often called St. Aloysius Sodalities or societies, though in reality they come under the rules and regulations of Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin. The Indulgences of the St. Aloysius Sodality are the same as those of the Blessed Virgin.

Perhaps no more fitting time and no more auspicious occasion could be chosen than the present, for inaugurating Sodalities for young men and young women, for boys and for girls, in all our colleges, academies and schools. It is in the Sodality that many a one has learned the practice of virtue which has sustained him in the trials of after-life.

The *Messenger* will gladly lend its aid to any one wishing to establish a Sodality in honor of St. Aloysius.

Some of the clients of St. Aloysius have answered the appeal which was made by the Father who is in charge at Rome, and have sent in contributions, which are to be used for the repairing and adornment of the Tomb of St. Aloysius. These we shall transmit to Rome as the offering of the Saint's American clients.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions received for this object:

B. W. B., Cincinnati, O.,	\$1.00
Per Sister M. Wilfrid, Loretto, Ky.,	2.00
John J. Perrillies, Mexico City,	3.00
Mrs. Mary Griffin, Grass Valley, Calif.,15
R. C. P., Louisville, Ky.,	1.00
Father Kinsella, S.J., Omaha, Neb.,	1.00
Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.,	1.00
Anonymous,10
Mrs. C. Kelly, Marblehead, Mass.,	1.00
Per Sister M. Genevieve, Chicago, Ill.,	2.00
Rev. J. Roduit, S. J., Mobile, Ala.,	13.00



The League.

TWO MESSAGES.

I.

A MESSAGE from the Sacred Heart !
What may Its message be ?
"My child, My child, give Me thy heart :
My Heart has bled for thee."

This is the message Jesus sends
To my poor heart to-day :
And eager from His throne He bends
To hear what I shall say.

II.

A message to the Sacred Heart :
Oh, bear it back with speed !
"Come, Jesus, reign within my heart !
Thy Heart is all I need."

Thus, Lord, I'll pray until I share
That home whose joy Thou art.
No message, dearest Jesus, *there*,
For Heart will speak to heart !

TO PROMOTERS.

THE furtherance of the interests of the Sacred Heart rests in very great measure with the Promoters. Many of the Associates must rely on their Promoters for the information concerning these interests. For knowledge of the General Intention which is given the League each month by the Holy Father, as well as for the particular intentions of the Associates, the Rosary tickets serve as the means of communication. The

faithful Promoter is cautiously and zealously careful to distribute these to the Associates in good time every month. Those too who read the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM* will further learn what are the additional interests which press daily upon the faithful and call for co-operation on the part of the League and its Associates. All these are faithfully recounted in both these official organs of the League.

But to advance these interests—to suggest means, to devise ways, to proffer hints, to advise methods, to adopt plans—all this will depend upon the Promoters. Some Associates may be lax or tepid. Perhaps they are so, because they do not understand the League, because they do not grasp the value of their membership, because they fail to realize the importance of the daily Morning Offering.

Here is offered an opportunity for the zealous Promoter to explain what the League is, what is the value of associated prayer, and thus to make the Associate appreciate the daily Morning Offering. What is said of the Morning Offering applies also with the same force to the other practices of the League, namely, to the practices of the Second and Third Degrees.

But, besides these practices of the Three Degrees, there are developments or side-issues which concern the League and enter among the interests of the Sacred Heart. Thus, for instance, it will rest often with the Promoters to explain to Associates the beautiful practice of the Holy Hour, and during the months of June and July no more profitable exercise could be proposed to them. A timely suggestion made by the Promoter will often be the means of inducing some one to make this devotion, which is fully explained in the little book entitled *The Holy Hour*.

A development to which we call the special attention of Promoters is the Total Abstinence League of the Sacred Heart. The object and manner of spreading it are given in detail in the *Children's Manual*. The work of the Total Abstinence League of the Sacred Heart is sure to be beneficial and have wide-spread results. We advise Promoters to read thoroughly the third part of the *Children's Manual*, explaining how the League is taking up the question of temperance. They will find there a means suggested of how they may efficaciously help to overcome the evils of intemperance.

A PROMOTER'S DOUBTS.

A PROMOTER of one of the Centres up in New York State has asked the solution of several doubts. Among others, these questions are asked :

1. "Are the Plenary Indulgences for the Communion of Reparation on the first Friday and the first Sunday the same?"

To this we answer in the affirmative. Any one, even not belonging to any Sacred Heart association, may gain this Plenary Indulgence, and he may choose either day—the first Friday or the first Sunday of the month.

2. "Does the answer about the General Communion of Reparation given in the May *Messenger*, on page 394, apply to the first Friday, the first Sunday, and the General Communion day?"

No. The Communion of Reparation made on the first Friday or the first Sunday is quite distinct from the General Communion. The Plenary Indulgence for the first Friday or the first Sunday may be gained at any Mass. For the General Communion of Reparation, however, Associates must necessarily come *in a body*, and this can be done only by attending one Mass. This is the meaning of the answer given us by the Director General in the May *Messenger*.

Before this answer was given, Local Directors had the faculty of appointing only one day each month, when the Associates approached the Communion in a body. But now, since this answer of the Director General, the faculty of Local Directors is extended, so that they may appoint different days each month for each section of Associates: for instance, they may appoint one day for the men, another for the women, another for the children, etc.

3. "On the Rosary tickets there is always a General Communion day designated. Is this the day which must be adopted by all the Local Centres?"

The Communion marked on the Rosary tickets is the day chosen by the Head Director for the General Communion for all the Centres in the United States; but this does not abrogate the power of Local Directors. In some places the Local Directors do not fix upon a special day for the General Communion of Reparation, but allow the Associates to take the one designated on the

Rosary tickets by the Head Director. If this day is found not suitable for a particular Centre, the Local Director may change it.

Briefly, then, we will say this about the Communion of Reparation: first of all, for the first Friday or the first Sunday of the month all the faithful may gain a Plenary Indulgence, by making a Communion of Reparation. Secondly, the Associates of the League may besides the first Friday or the first Sunday, make a Communion of Reparation on some fixed day every month, and gain a Plenary Indulgence, and if moreover the Associates fix on some particular day every week, then they may gain a weekly Plenary Indulgence. Just as the practice of the Third Degree itself is optional on the part of all the Associates, so the practice of going to Communion monthly or weekly is also optional. It might be well also to add that the Communion of Reparation does not interfere in any way with the Communion made by rule or regulation of a sodality or some other society or association.

4. "Is it advisable to enrol bad Catholics in the League and allow them to practise the First Degree?"

Certainly it is. If bad Catholics are willing to practise the Morning Offering, why should they not be encouraged to do so? It is a prayer, and a very great prayer, to make this daily Morning Offering; and if we can induce bad Catholics to make a daily morning prayer, surely we are doing a good work. Moreover, those who make this daily Morning Offering will not remain bad long. They will soon become good; they will soon be practical Catholics. Then, by all means, try to induce as many Catholics as possible to practise the Morning Offering—"offering up their prayers, works and sufferings of the day for the intentions of the Sacred Heart."

TERCENTENARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

SOME of the letters that have come to us telling of the Consecration of Children to the Sacred Heart, under the Patronage of St. Aloysius, make very pleasant reading. In many of our colleges and convents the celebration of St. Aloysius' Tercentenary was taken up with energy and goodwill, and the

consequence has been, as many of our correspondents write us, a renewal of spirit among the pupils. Here, for instance, is a letter which has been received from New York.

It says: "Enclosed are the names of 96 boys and 184 girls who have been consecrated to the Sacred Heart, under the protection of St. Aloysius. It may please you to know that our class made together in the convent chapel the devotion of St. Aloysius. The candles were lit up at the feet of the statue of our Blessed Lady. We have a picture of St. Aloysius in our class-room. On the first Friday of May, in a neighboring school, the Sisters had the boys consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The Sister explained the many virtues of St. Aloysius, in order that the boys might practise them in imitation of their Patron. Among other things, she spoke of mortification. One of the most heedless boys came forward after school and asked what that meant. Knowing that the lad was addicted to the use of tobacco, she said: 'Suppose a boy takes eight "chews" a day, and in honor of St. Aloysius gives one up, taking only seven: that would be an act of mortification.' 'Oh, that's it, is it?' he exclaimed, walking away seemingly disposed to break a habit that is known to be very strong in him.

"Another instance is related concerning a little girl. Handing in her class *List* the child said: 'I have a brother named Aloysius.' 'And why didn't you write his name down?' asked the Sister. 'He is dead,' she replied. No doubt her angel brother reminded her of St. Aloysius, as the child's remark reminded me of Wordsworth's 'We are seven.'"

The *Lists* containing the names of those who have been consecrated are now coming in to us. We ask all those who propose having the consecration, as well as those who have had it, not to delay sending in the *Lists*. These we will forward to the Father in Rome who is in charge of preparing the *Album* wherein these *Lists* are to be bound, that will afterwards be placed on the Tomb of the Saint.

We shall give timely notification of the final closing of the *Lists*.

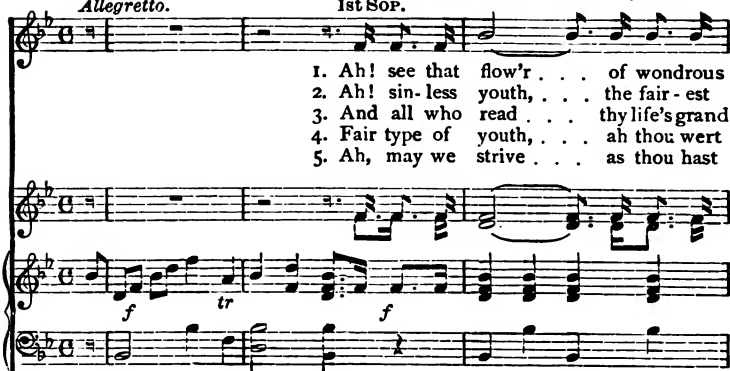
Hymn to St. Moxins.

In Honor of His Tercentenary.

Words and Music by S. N. D., Phila.

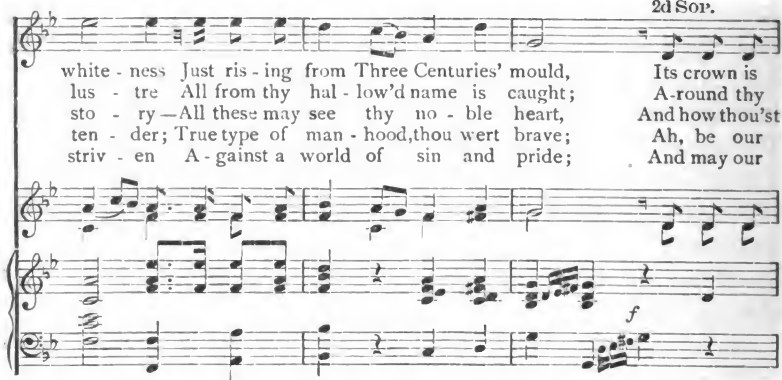
Allegretto.

1st Sop.

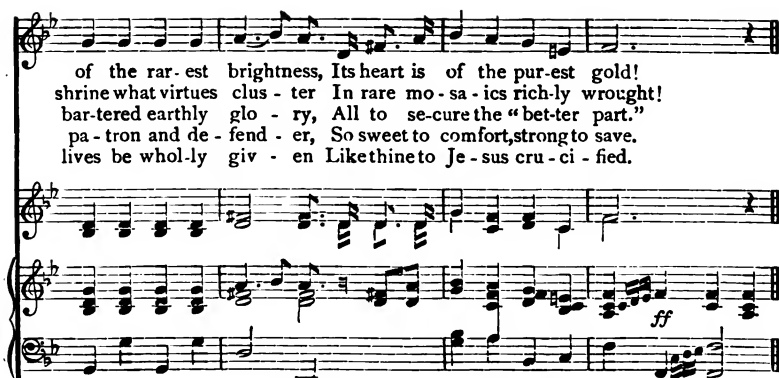


1. Ah! see that flow'r . . . of wondrous
 2. Ah! sin-less youth, . . . the fair-est
 3. And all who read . . . thy life's grand
 4. Fair type of youth, . . . ah thou wert
 5. Ah, may we strive . . . as thou hast

2d Sop.



white-ness Just ris-ing from Three Centuries' mould, Its crown is
 lus-tre All from thy hal-low'd name is caught; A-round thy
 sto-ry—All these may see thy no-ble heart, And how thou'st
 ten-der; True type of man-hood, thou wert brave; Ah, be our
 striv-en A-gainst a world of sin and pride; And may our



of the rar-est brightness, Its heart is of the pur-est gold!
 shrine what virtues clus-ter In rare mo-sa-ics rich-ly wrought!
 bar-tered earthly glo-ry, All to se-cure the "bet-ter part."
 pa-tron and de-fend-er, So sweet to comfort, strong to save.
 lives be whol-ly giv-en Likethineto Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

CHORUS.

p Hail to thee, St. Al - o - y - sius I low'r of love and gem of truth; Prais'd on

Al - o - y - sius

earth and crown'd in Heaven, Sweet Mary's flow'r, An - gel - ic youth; Prais'd on

earth and crown'd in Heaven, Sweet Mary's flow'r, Angel - ic youth.

ff rit - an - *ff* - do. *ff*

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I.

There is no better way of making known the work and efficacy of the Apostleship of Prayer than by proclaiming to all the wealth of graces procured by the prayers—earnest, fervent prayers—of its Associates. Their watchword—"Thy Kingdom Come!"—is in itself the greatest inspiration to labor in the field of work, which the Sacred Heart has specified as the Apostleship's—prayer, petition for all in need, spiritual or temporal, so that no obstacle may prevent the eternal salvation of any one soul in this world, bought by the Precious Blood.

The Associates' Morning Offering, which in a few words covers the entire ground of the League's work, gives an abundance of wealth in the millions of fervent hearts offered each morning to the loving Heart of God for Its intention; namely, that the grace and infinite delights of His heavenly home may so fill all souls, that their only wish and every act of their life may be directed to the one end of a blissful eternity in His Kingdom.

I often induce the members of my band to be more regular and patient in recommending their intentions to the prayers of their fellow-Associates, by thus speaking of the wondrous beauty and many meanings of the League's watchword, and by continually reminding them of the great and constantly increasing number of members, and consequently of prayers, hearts and lives which have been given to our dear Lord for the ends of the Apostleship.

Many are the favors granted which, I can truthfully say, have been the fruit of the League's charity; great are the thanksgivings of rejoiced hearts, but of none more so than the family I will speak of, who ask that all the Associates will add their prayers in honor of the goodness of God.

A young girl, gay and thoughtless as youth is, but withal a good, pious Catholic, was stricken with a dangerous fever. Recovery was assured to the sorrowing parents, but with convalescence came a new evil in the form of insanity—violent mania. It was necessary to place her in an asylum and there for three years the unfortunate girl was kept in strictest confinement. At the end of this time it was discovered that consumption was

rapidly sapping away life. The parents' anxious prayer was, that God would not permit her to die without the light and comfort of His grace. The prayers of the League were asked for during three consecutive months. Their petition was granted. A few days ago she died after receiving the Sacraments of Holy Mother Church. For a week previous her reason had been entirely restored.

II.

I would be an ungrateful child of the Sacred Heart, did I not try to make known to our Promoters Its infinite mercy and power. Since I became a Promoter some three years ago, I have been sending in my petition to the League for their prayers for three persons. Amongst them was my son, who was, I am sorry to say, the most despicable of drunkards. Every one said: "Let him go": "He will never do better," and such like talk. I could not give him up, neither could I lose confidence in the loving Heart. It is now four months since, of his own doing (of course through the help of the Sacred Heart) he has given up his terrible vice. He goes to Mass on Sunday, a thing unheard of with him for years, and I feel so grateful to our Divine Lord, that I wish the whole world could join me in rendering thanks and gratitude to the merciful Heart of Jesus.

III.

I can never hope for another favor until I have kept my promise to the Sacred Heart. About fifteen months ago, the signal goodness of the Sacred Heart spared my mother's life when there seemed almost no hope of her recovery from an attack of "La grippe." The engraving of the Sacred Heart, commemorative of the Family Consecration, had remained unframed until, as a last resort in my anxiety, I thought of it, and putting it into the frame of another picture, hung it where my mother's eyes would rest on it when she awoke. Then pinning a League Badge to her clothing, I awaited with renewed hope the first symptoms of her recovery. These the Sacred Heart soon mercifully granted, for with her return to consciousness came unmistakable signs of returning health. The doctor expressed surprise at the sudden change for the better, saying that she had been "very low."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Christian Doctors.



DISTINGUISHED thinker of the last century did not hesitate to say once, that he preferred a thousand times the common murderer of the highways to the impious doctor; and the reason he gave was, that there was some chance of defending oneself against the highwayman and some hope of seeing him finally hanged. This is rather strong language, but not too strong. During these last months our prayers have been directed against those who are using literature, science, and the arts, to pervert men and to kill the life of faith in individuals and states. Now there is no denying the fact that in the great conspiracy against God, the medical faculty is playing a great part. The signs are multiplying around us which indicate this. And when there is no conscious hatred of God, impelling to a bad use of medical knowledge, what havoc in souls is not the consequence of materialistic leanings, and lax principles of morality? How many souls are hurried into eternity without due preparation, how many men and women have learned to curse the day in which they met a doctor who failed to conceive rightly of his responsibilities!

On the other hand after the priesthood itself, what profession has been able to do so much for truth and virtue? It was not without reason that our Divine Lord called Himself the Physician of Souls. In all times medicine has been under obligations to the Church of Jesus Christ. She preserved the mysteries of the healing art in her cloisters in time of anarchy and confusion. She inaugurated and fostered medical teaching in the great universities, and she has at all times extended over it the ægis of her protection. Woe to the world and woe to medicine itself, when it separates itself from Jesus Christ and submits no longer to the control and guidance of religion and revelation.

We need then a generation of Christian doctors who will be able by their science and their spirit of devotedness to make the religion of Jesus Christ respected, and so put a stop to the ravages materialistic and infidel doctors are causing in souls. Let us implore the Divine Heart, the Great Physician of Souls, to grant this prayer of ours.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(*LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART*).

SEVENTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1891.

No. 8.

VIRGIN MOST PRUDENT.



A FEW years ago in one of our great cities there died a young girl who had been for many years a Child of Mary. A woman in years, much suffering and many infirmities had checked her physical development and, as some of her friends had come to think, her mental growth as well. She was, however, as was made apparent before her happy death, one of those who *are taught of God*. Through suffering and silence she had learned that wisdom which is not taught in the schools, nor acquired by experience.

One of this young girl's sayings just before she passed away is very striking: "I have never ceased praying for purity, prudence, patience, and humility." That a young girl should pray for purity is easily understood. That a constant sufferer should ask for patience and humility has nothing in it to surprise us. The striking fact is that she prayed for prudence. What did she mean? And what need had she of this particular virtue? And again, how many of us, of the young, the strong and healthy among us, have ever thought of offering to God a like prayer?

What did she mean? Probably she would have found it difficult to answer. Clearly, she did not pray for shrewdness of spirit, for that

power of cool calculation which helps so much to success, or those smooth insinuating ways which are the outward signs of worldly prudence. What she did ask for was that prudence which St. Augustine calls, "love that discerns well the things which help us to tend to God from the things which hinder" us from tending towards Him. What she prayed for was supernatural prudence, the precious gift which helps us to shape our course towards eternity, the faculty which enables us to detect the snares laid for us by the devil, and to make the most of the chances given us to gain merit, the great good without which it would be difficult indeed for us to save our souls.

Now this supernatural prudence is a free gift from God, infused into our souls with sanctifying grace in Baptism. It is not something acquired by experience or by our own exertions, it is a free gift of God. But just as natural prudence is necessary for success and happiness in this world, so is supernatural prudence necessary for success in the one great business of life, the securing of eternal happiness. To keep it, then, and to prize it, to use it carefully, is one of our principal trusts in this life, for when we say that this supernatural prudence is infused into our souls, we must understand that it is there in the beginning somewhat as the seed which is put into the ground. The seed must be watered; the earth around it must be dug up and loosened; care must be had to protect the young shoots that finally appear from the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. So with prudence. Its existence, its growth, its activity depends on our preserving ourselves from sin and on our constant efforts to keep ourselves pleasing in the sight of God. And nothing can help so much towards this end as prayer,—prayer like that which this Child of Mary so constantly uttered: "Lord, give me purity and prudence, patience and humility."

All the Saints of God have been distinguished for this supernatural prudence: especially have the young Saints whom we all delight to honor been remarkable for the degree in which they possessed it. It was this supernatural prudence which kept constantly before the mind of St. Stanislaus the golden saying: "I have been made for higher things," and before that of St. Aloysius the other golden thought: "How will this affect my eternity?" It was this that ruled the life of the girl-Saint Agnes who could

say: "Him have I loved, Him have I sought, Him have I always desired." Flesh and blood had not taught these Saints, so young in years and so little experienced in worldly affairs, such deep wisdom. It was the Spirit of God dwelling in them that infused it into their hearts.

A greater and more splendid example and model of this prudence is our Blessed Mother, Virgin Most Prudent. As a child in the Temple this divine virtue was with her, regulating her life by this one standard—the good pleasure of God. Her friendships, her conversations, her discharge of her duties, her every look and movement were ordered by prudence, and this without anything of severity or gloom or criticism of others appearing in look or word or action. What a model for all! In the little House of Nazareth, in the questions she put the Angelic Messenger, undazzled by the splendor of the dignity he proposed to her, in her gentle acquiescence to the will of God, *Behold the Handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word*,¹ in the silence with which she bore the suspicions of St. Joseph until God's good time came to right her in the eyes of her spouse—what prudence she displayed through it all!

Then the words which St. Luke under the influence of the Holy Ghost sets down twice in his Gospel. *And His Mother kept all these words in her heart*.² Is there no lesson for us in these words?

Through her whole life, patience, silence, a heavenly maturity of thought and word, peace and self-control, were the characteristics of the Blessed Mother of God, and these are the fruits which are the outcome of heavenly prudence, the precious fruits we should never cease to pray for.

P. P.	H. V.
L. O.	P. P.
P.	L.

Over the porch of the Chapel of the Sisters of the Annunciation in Bourges, symmetrically disposed around a niche in which once stood a statue of our Lady, are the above ten letters.

The Annunciades, as they were called, were a body of relig-

¹ St. Luke, i. 38.

² Ibid. ii. 52.

ious women founded by St. Jane of Valois, towards the end of the fifteenth century. The object of this religious family was to imitate the virtues of the Blessed Mother. Now what were the virtues particularly chosen as distinguishing the Mother of God? They were these, the initial letters of which are carved over the chapel door at Bourges: Purity, prudence, humility, truthfulness (*verité*), praise of God (*louange*), obedience, poverty, patience, piety. The last letter stands for the word, *lance*, referring to the lance that pierced the Divine Heart of Jesus and through it Mary's Heart also, making her the Queen of Martyrs.

Here we see prudence ranking next to purity, in the estimation of this great Saint, and so it was proposed to her children for their imitation. Let us too prize this virtue and pray constantly to the Most Prudent Virgin Mary to obtain it for us from her Son.

MERCY INSIDE PRISON WALLS.

IT was at a small brick church on a corner in one of our large cities. A covered wagon stood before it, with its black sides brightly polished. A plain walnut coffin was borne on the shoulders of two robust men towards the door of the church, while the sun, warmly shining, threw off silver rays from the screw-heads in the coffin. This was the scene that confronted me one afternoon. These facts render the occurrence common enough, for after all it is not an unusual thing to come across these dead wagons quietly hurrying away with what was once the casket of a precious gem, but is now an object so offensive to fastidious senses that it must be thrust out of sight and smell as speedily as can be. Still, the history clinging to it is uncommon.

After the coffin had been borne into the church I followed it, and went far up into the body of the church, near where the men had placed the corpse. I found everything in readiness for the touching ceremonial which the Church employs before laying the bodies of her children away to their last holy rest and bidding them farewell. The candles in their sombre sockets burned languidly around the bier. A few women and a white-haired and grey-bearded man were all that were in the church. The silence of the place was broken by the voice of the priest reciting in a

half-plaintive but all-beseeching tone the prayers for the departed. Soon the pleading petition—"Let perpetual light shine upon him"—was uttered, and the solemn ceremony was over. Then the priest whispered something to the men, and they raised the burden to their shoulders, going their way as they had come.

I had taken my place near the coffin, so that I was able to read the peculiar inscription punctured in the plate—"No. 5977."

That was all.

"What was the meaning of this? Had he no friends? Why was he buried so quietly? Was he born to live and die thus? Was he perhaps some poor man dying in a strange country? Was he one who had come from the famine districts in the Emerald Isle, seeking here in beautiful America a fortune for himself, as well as a living for his starving relatives? Had he no history? And worse still, was it perhaps some poor friendless woman whose heart had broken in her struggle with the cruel world?"

These and other unvoiced thoughts stimulated my curiosity, and though it is profitless and often dangerous to be curious, I took no time to reflect but went straight to the one who, I knew, could gratify my curiosity. This was the prison Chaplain. "No. 5977" had a history, as I learned from the Reverend Chaplain. When I asked him who it was he had buried that afternoon, he very reluctantly answered. In fact, he said: "It is one of my nameless children. No one but myself shall ever know the name of the one I buried this afternoon."

However, he volunteered to give me some circumstances from the life of No. 5977. Briefly, it was this: He was a young man of about twenty. He had wealthy parents, and was endowed by nature with a graceful form and manly beauty. Moreover, he had had the advantage of a good college education. His own natural aptitude and ambition made him successful in his college course, so that when he began life after graduation he had those manly accomplishments which swell a parent's heart with pride and make him a favorite friend and a much-sought companion. He was faithful, too, to his religious duties, as ordinary Catholics go. But he was of too mild a nature, and perhaps lacked that power of resistance to be careful of his associations. Briefly, he wanted strength of character.

One night a bank was broken into and robbed, and the detect-

ives were soon on the heels of the burglars. The suspected offenders against the law were holding high carnival in a basement saloon. The young man was with them when the officers of justice came down upon them. All were arrested. A short trial resulted in a speedy conviction and, notwithstanding the young man's protestations of his innocence, he was sentenced with the rest to a long term of imprisonment, hurried off to the penitentiary, and placed in a cell whose number was 5977.

The young man was known by no other name to the outside world except by this number. The warden and his entry-clerk alone knew what name lay hidden beneath these mystic numbers. It was here that after some years the priest met him. The rigors of confinement were too much for his strength, and his health gave way, ending in frequent hemorrhages from the lungs. The priest's appearance in the prisoner's cell was the first joyful ray of light that fell upon its dampened walls in all that long term of *durance*. The friendly visitor invited confidence, and it was given him. The important duty of every Catholic was attended to. Peace was made by the prisoner with his God. This brought lightness of heart, as every good confession and the fatherly words of God's minister must always do. Still, with this heart-happiness there was a mixture of sadness. For the Chaplain, in true friendliness, was obliged to announce to the young man that his death was not far off. With an effort at resignation and with tears in his eyes, his bluish-white cheeks quivering slightly, the young man said:

"Father, it matters not. I have now made my peace with God, and I think I can die content. I thought in all my sad and lonely hours that this grace would never come to me, and that I should die without priest and without Sacraments. The very thought tortured me almost to madness. Now I think the joy in my heart is far greater than the sadness, and in the little time left to me I shall try my best to make up for lost opportunities."

And he did make up for "lost opportunities." Prayer, frequent confession and Communion, and self-inflicted penance were the means he used. As he often confessed to the Chaplain, who visited him daily, his heart had been lighter than even in his young days when he had hardly ever felt a pang of sorrow. He even looked forward with a half-yearning to the day *that is better than the day of birth*.

However, the last crisis came, and the Chaplain told him that he should prepare himself for the other world. The prisoner asked for the strong helps of the Church, and they were given to him. Before leaving him for the last time, the priest asked him if he wished to leave any message for his friends. For a moment the pale face flushed and tears stood in his eyes.

"Friends! Father," he replied: "What would they say if they knew that I died in a penitentiary? Why, my parents and friends think I am in Europe! Leave them in their happy ignorance."

"But there will be trouble about the settlement of the estate," rejoined the Chaplain.

"That will soon pass away," resumed the young man; "let me die unknown and bring disgrace on no one but myself. I have already asked God to accept this little offering as a penance for my neglect of Him when I had better opportunities. One person only shall I tell of my end. She has been faithful to me and believed me innocent, and I *am* innocent, Father. I should have long since despaired of God's goodness and of man's justice, in fact, of everything, had it not been for her gentle words counselling resignation and patience. She has daily prayed for me and had others to pray for me. I am sure the present grace I enjoy now is the resultant happiness due to her,—my only sister. Yes, Father, I shall tell her. You already know my real name, but never let another know it. This note I will ask you to hand my sister. This is her address." Then concluding, the young man said: "Now, Father, kindly bless me, and when I die bury me in Christian ground. Place on my coffin only the numbers '5977.'"

This is the account the Chaplain gave me of the one he had buried that bright afternoon, alone and unknown. I went out from the presence of the priest having strange and varied thoughts, and yet above all I fancy this thought predominated: that though there may be many unjustly kept within prison walls, still there are no walls too thick, nor too high, to shut out God's mercy and kindness.

Yes, surely God's eye watches over all His children.

MY MOTHER'S OFFERING.

MOTHER, at thy feet I lay
All the promise of my youth ;
Sweeter buds than bloom in May,
Amaranths of love and truth,
Incense of a heart's desire
Glowing in faith's mystic fire.

Answering gage I beg of thee
From thy Paradise above ;
Lily blooms of purity,
Roses fragrant all with love.
Mother, regal blossoms twine
That may crown me son of thine !

From the pleasure of the King,
Mother, cull the royal rose ;
Lilies from His gardens bring—
Fruit of all His bitter woes.
Let the Passion of my heart
Be of His the counterpart.

Be not mine all joyous hours.
Clouds be with the summer borne.
Grant my coronal of flowers
Ne'er may lack a hidden thorn,
Wisdom so, and chastity,
Mine thro' chastening pain shall be.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW, APOSTLE.

AUGUST 24.

THE Church celebrates during the present month the feast of St. Bartholomew, Apostle. Some of the early and modern interpreters of Holy Scripture say that he was the Nathanael conducted to Christ by Philip and of whom frequent mention is made in the Gospel of St. John. His life, even at the time of his conversion, was so remarkable for innocence and simplicity that he merited the high commendation of our Blessed Lord : *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.*¹

Some writers maintain that Bartholomew was a Syrian of the royal race of the Ptolemies, and that even as a follower of Christ he wore a princely robe bordered with purple and adorned with

¹ St. John, i. 47.

precious stones. This rich attire, they say, occasioned among the Apostles the discussion about superiority recorded by the Evangelists. There seems however but little likelihood in the story, for the Apostles, as we read in the Acts, were Galileans, and besides Christ did not select His followers from the favored ones of earth, but as St. Paul says: *The foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise.*²

There is some obscurity about the details of his apostolic career, yet many interesting facts have come down to us. "St. Bartholomew," writes Nicetas Paphlego, "bore to the inhabitants of India and Eastern Ethiopia the light of the true faith and taught them in their own languages the knowledge of Christ. His preaching was often accompanied by miracles; he put demons to flight, cured infirmities and raised the dead to life by invoking the name of Christ. The most worthy among the converts he chose for the duties of the sacred ministry, making known to them the Holy Scripture, the mysteries of the Gospels and the doctrines of salvation."

After traversing vast regions of the East he returned to Western Asia. For some time he labored in Asia Minor and principally in Mysia, Lydia and Phrygia. In the last named place he rendered assistance to St. Philip who was combating there the errors of idolatry. He greatly contributed to the conversion of the idolaters and, after the death of St. Philip, he restored peace to the troubled Church of Hierapolis, strengthened the faith of the believers of Lycaonia and entered Armenia Major.

He had long wished to crown his labors and trials with martyrdom and the Master chose for him a death as cruel as mortal could devise, or apostolic thirst for suffering could desire.

When he entered the capital where king Polymius and his court resided, the pagan deity that had spoken through an idol, named Astaroth, and had deceived the people by a feigned power of healing infirmities, suddenly became dumb and unable to effect a cure. The astonished Armenians had recourse to Berith, another idol, to learn the cause of the silence and impotence of their god. The answer they received was that the presence of Bartholomew,

² I. Corinthians, i. 27.

Apostle of the true God, rendered him helpless. The priests of Astaroth incensed at their loss of public favor and sacrilegious gain were still further enraged when the king, his court and twelve cities of the kingdom embraced the Catholic faith. No help, they knew, could be expected from Polymius and so they had recourse to his brother, Astyages, who ruled over a part of Armenia. Astyages under the plea of pretended conversion allured the Apostle to his presence and with a cruelty almost surpassing belief ordered him to be flayed alive. The cruel order was at once obeyed and as he survived this painful ordeal, he consummated his martyrdom by having his head struck off. His body was interred in Albana, a town of Upper Armenia.

Here the relics of the Martyr rested in peace till a general persecution of the Christians arose, when they were put in a leaden box by the pagans and cast into the sea. By a miraculous intervention of God they did not sink but floated to Lipari, near Sicily. In 839 they were removed to Benevento and in 938 they were translated to Rome. They are at present preserved in a porphyry monument under an altar of the church erected to his honor on the Island of Tiber.

Astyages and his wicked counsellors soon experienced their merited punishment. Demons tormented them and after thirty days of intense suffering they were strangled.

Polymius, it is said, became the first Bishop of Armenia, and during thirty years he labored with zeal to maintain the good accomplished by the Apostle and to extend still farther the kingdom of Christ.

A RUSSIAN BURIAL.

From a Correspondent.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

YOU will be sorry to hear that I have lost my good friend Madame Y—. I have hitherto said nothing of her illness, because it was not admitted or acknowledged by herself or any of her family, till the last moment. Otherwise in apparently very perfect health, it was hard to believe that an inward disease was eating away her life. During the last years

she frequently spoke to me of an uncomfortable pain that troubled her occasionally under the right breast, and which was declared by physicians to be only a hardening or thickening of a gland.

Was she herself deceived? I hardly know. However, when I returned from Peterhof at the end of the summer she called Dr. B—— for me. I wrote you then what his opinion was, as far as I was concerned, but said nothing of what related to Madame Y——, feeling convinced at the time that there was nothing serious the matter. Dr. B—— examined the gland and said that an operation would be necessary. Madame consented readily, and even wished to bear it without chloroform. To this the surgeons would not consent. The operation was performed, and later we learned that they had found it necessary to remove the whole of the right breast and to cut seventy-two veins. Even then they feared that it was a hopeless case, but, doctor-like, they told no *one*. It was in reality a very bad cancer. To our joy Madame recovered quickly from the effects of the operation. Cancer was never hinted at. She went out walking and driving, and resumed her usual cold baths and her ordinary manner of life, concealing from all that she still suffered, until acute pain and failing strength forced her to admit that she had been too brave. Still, I at least feared nothing.

She did not take to her bed till about a month ago. When she did, she showed no worse symptoms than rheumatism, and we thought that these were the natural result of the cold baths, against which all had protested. But it was not rheumatism, but the fatal cancer attacking the brain. In a word, the end came soon.

Two weeks ago the Cronstadt priest Ivan was brought to her—he to whom his followers attribute miraculous power: he spoke to her of another life. She would not think of death; she had no idea of dying, and would not confess to him. Some days later she saw her own confessor, and received the Blessed Sacrament. For that purpose her great drawing-room (on the banks of the Neva, you know, her house stands) was put in especial order. An altar was prepared, a sacred image put upon it, candles lighted, and she was carried in on a couch of green silk. She was there alive for the last time. The weather was very cold. The Neva before her windows was alive with the flying snow

clouds raised by the feet of horses, with its never-ceasing come and go of sledge-chairs pushed by strong skaters, and its poor pedestrians breasting the northwind, as they struggled from the other shore to this. She had so loved this spot that she had built two brown-stone houses here—one for herself, the other for her son, my former pupil.

The movement on the frozen river all winter, the dash and sparkle of the beautiful blue Neva in summer, with its fairy-like flashing backward and forward, was a scene she loved. She was to see it no more. Even on this last occasion the great doors of the balcony were closed, and I hardly think she thought of *this* at all. They carried her back to her bedroom, and a few days later, without any thought of death, for no one dared speak of it to her, she asked a question of some one near. If she heard the answer we never shall know, for she closed her eyes and did not appear conscious of it. Lying quiet for many hours, she then little by little entered upon a long struggle, from which she was not to awaken in this world. Was she conscious or not? I asked myself often, kneeling beside her bed, praying for release for her from that agony which lasted over thirty hours. I thought she suffered, for every now and then between desperate struggles she would moan, a low plaintive moan—no other sign.

A week ago to-day she died, at 11 P.M. After some hours of waiting, her women prepared her for the grave. A catafalque was erected in the drawing-room. I heard the undertaker's men preparing it. They nailed black cloth over it, and bordered the edges and sides with bands of silver. By and by they laid her upon it, and over her feet spread a pall of cloth-of-silver, bordered with gold. Four tall candlesticks were placed, one at each end and one at each side of the corpse, and when the priests came in the early morning, the candles were lighted, and prayers were chanted by a priest, deacon and lector. This was at 9 A.M.

At eight in the evening there was another service, and now the splendid bridal robes were brought of costly satin, pure white, and trimmed with lace and dainty ribbon. A tulle cap, also trimmed with dainty bows of ribbon, was placed on the head of the unwilling bride, her hands meekly folded; and when the prayers were finished she was left alone, save for a lector, who chanted mournfully: "Come and kiss me for the last time, all ye who love me; come and give me the last kiss."

At one o'clock the next day there was another service. Now the coffin was lined with a wreath of pink and white tuberoses, lilies of the valley and rose buds, and the beautiful face (beautiful, though no longer young), looked very fair under the tulle and lace. The image *Ecce Homo* was near the folded hands. The couch was surrounded by the most magnificent wreaths, crowns and garlands. The air was heavy with their perfume, mingled with the strong odor of incense.

The great room was filled with mourners. The attendants brought wax tapers, which each person held during the service. The same attendants removed them before the *Asperges*, and again we went and left her alone with the reader of the mournful psalms.

At eight P.M. the last service but one took place in the house. Still the bride lay on the uncovered bier, all white and gold, and with rarest flowers.

The next morning, Sunday, at 8.30, the priests came to bless the body for the last time in its own home. When the prayers were over and the last *Alleluia* was chanted by the court singers who had sung at each service, the farewells were said, the casket was covered and carried out, followed by the mourners.

Before the door stood a funeral car; that too was all dazzling white, of rich brocaded cloth-of-silver, bordered with broad bands of gold, looped with great gold tassels, the cords of the corners being all gold. The pall sweeping over the steps was silver and gold, the coffin itself silver and gold (of lead or metal of some kind painted to represent old silver), with handles and ornaments of gold. On the high casket cover was the cross, with three transverse pieces. This splendid bridal coach was guarded by four mounted Cossacks. One preceded it, when the coffin with its covering of silver and gold cloth and garlands was placed upon it; he was followed by torch-bearers in livery of black and silver, with cocked hats trimmed with silver; then chanting priests and other torch-bearers; then the procession, all afoot, even her son, my poor pupil, on his crutches struggling after, through the soft snow and mud of a thaw that had set in two days before.

Three times we stopped on the road for prayers, and then

went on again. Many carriages followed, and by and by many had to enter them, for the road was very long. It took two hours to reach the church, because we had to go a long way round. The direct road would have been much shorter, but *no funeral* is ever allowed to pass the Winter Palace.

We reached Volcoro at last. A rude throng issuing from the church made it hard for us to enter the chapel in which Mass was to be said for our dead. But we got in at last. The catafalque was erected in the middle of the church, the coffin placed upon it, the cover removed and carried away, the baldachin or tent, with crown above, placed upon the bier and the garlands once more arranged around the coffin and on it, and the silver pall with its golden tassels thrown across the feet. Then the chanting of the boys of the Imperial Chapel began, so sweet and sad—never have I heard anything more touching than the wail of those sweet boy voices. The harmony was so rich and deep it was hardly possible at times not to think that some sweet instrument held the tune and bore it on and on. The priests were in robes of black and silver. One came and mounting the steps of the catafalque placed a ribbon on the face of the dead. It was so high I could not tell whether it was on the mouth or forehead, and bore an image of our Lady. This was done with a prayer. The ribbon was of white silk, worked with colors in red and blue. The Mass lasted two hours, then came the final prayers of the *Asperges*, the last *Alleluia*, and the dead was anointed on the eyes, mouth and forehead (I think), and soon the permission was given by one of the priests to say farewell. All mounted to pay their last homage. Then permission was given to bear her to the grave prepared within the church.

I tell you this at length because I have so often spoken of the *poor funerals*; the yellow hospital coffin on the rude cart, the desolate dead, no human being allowed to follow him or her to the grave, or perhaps, *if any one*, only a little boy or girl trudging moodily along, gloomy and alone. These contrasts are terrible. But to me the pomp is more appalling than the quiet of a lonely burial. *One* friend I fain would have, or more, but *poverty*, sweet poverty, sweet rest, without the mockery of silver or gold or paid mourners.

A KOOTENAI INDIAN'S DEATHBED.

(*A Letter from De Smet Mission, Idaho.*)

A LITTLE Indian story might perhaps be acceptable to the readers of the PILGRIM.

Last year on Monday of the week of the first Friday in July a Kalispel Indian came to me and said: "Say, the son of Ignace, Chief of the Kootenais, near Flathead Lake, is dangerously ill, and you should go to give him the last Sacraments."

What could I do? The missionary Father had just left for Missoula and was to return the next day. I thanked the Indian for the news and told him that I would not fail to inform the Father. The next day in the afternoon the missionary returned, and I had scarcely given the news when he replied: "All right, we will start to-morrow morning in our buggy."

Now, Ignace's camp was about seventy miles off, so that we reached it only in the afternoon of the second day of our trip. When we were about five miles from Ignace's tent, we passed some Indian lodges, and the Father, being anxious to hear about the state of our sick man, inquired there, and he was told that the Indian was better and not at home. "Any how," said the Father, "we will go to our church and stop there for the first Friday of the month." So we drove our horses on.

A few moments later, I observed an Indian squaw waving her hands and giving signs that we should stop. I called the Father's attention to the squaw's doings, and we stopped.

"Don't pass," said she, "without seeing that young man who accompanied you last year on your missionary trip."

The Father entered the lodge and found the young man very ill; he heard his confession, and the next morning, the first Friday in July, he gave him the Holy Viaticum.

"The Sacred Heart called us not for Ignace's son, but for this young man," said the Father when he took again his place in the buggy.

I, too, think that it was so. The young man died two days after.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

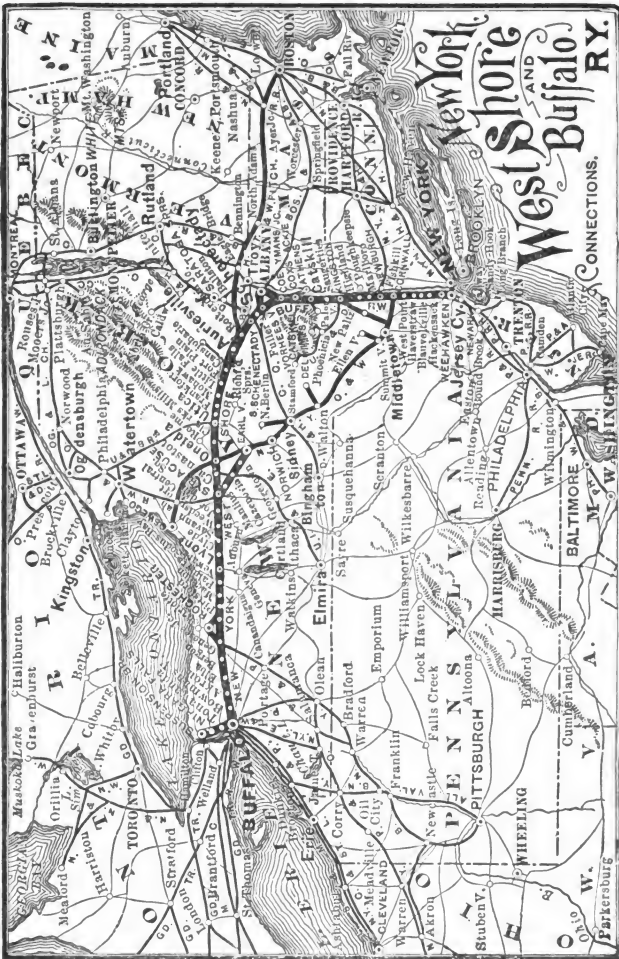
AT THE SHRINE IN AUGUST.

AUGUST may appropriately be called the festal month of our Lady, because it commemorates the glory of her Assumption and the triumph of her Coronation. At her American Shrine at Auriesville, this month marks the anniversary of the first entrance of Father Jogues and his captive companions, in 1642, into what is known in American Church history as the Mission of the Martyrs, and is now the village of Auriesville. It is also the anniversary of the reopening of this Mission that had been abandoned since 1684, for six years ago the new Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs was erected here to perpetuate the history of the spot where so many heroes along with the Jesuit novice and Father, René Goupil and Isaac Jogues, sacrificed their lives amid cruelest Indian tortures for the faith.

Two classes of persons will naturally have their thoughts turn at this time to our Lady's Shrine at Auriesville. Those who have been there will find a secret and instinctive longing rising within them to gladden their eyes by seeing once again the smiling Mohawk Valley, to look upon the cooling waters of the Mohawk River, to gaze on the distant azure hills, to mount up the ascent that years ago Father Jogues and his fellow-prisoners marked with their blood when they ran the gauntlet of Indians' clubs and bludgeons, and to kneel once more heart-heavy in the oratory of the Shrine. They will remember how once or oftener before they had knelt there at the foot of the Sorrowful Mother holding in her lap her dead Son, and had forgotten their own sorrow in seeing hers, and had risen with calmness in their heart. All this and more they will recall as the memory of Auriesville comes back to them. Others, who have never seen this hallowed place, favored of nature and of Heaven, will likely have the wish to know what and where the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs is.

What it is has often been explained in the PILGRIM, and Father Martin's *Life of Father Jogues*, translated by Dr. John Gilmary Shea for the benefit of the Shrine, gives so beautiful and complete a history that no further account is needed.

The accompanying railroad map, prepared expressly for pilgrims to the Shrine by the late Henry Monnett, General Passenger Agent of the West Shore Railway, tells where Auriesville is.



Map showing location of Auriesville, N. Y., near which is the site of St. Mary's of the Martyrs.

From points so widely distant as Washington, Boston, Montreal and Toronto, pilgrims will be able easily to trace their way to the Shrine.

Visitors will find at Amsterdam, which is only seven miles

south of Auriesville, all the conveniences and comforts they may desire at the various hotels.

In cases where pastors wish to go in pilgrimage with their congregations to the Shrine, they should apply to the Reverend Father McQuaid, S. J., St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y.

On Saturday, the Feast of the Assumption, and the Sunday following, Mass will be said at the Shrine. On Sunday also a large body from the Men's Sodalities of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, will make a pilgrimage.

On Sunday, the 28th of last month, 1000 French pilgrims of Cohoes went to the Shrine, but we have not received any details.

Individual, *private* pilgrims who intend to visit the Shrine, in case they need and wish information, may write to the *Messenger* office.

It is at this time, especially, that the need of a suitable church and residence is felt. Many priests, we are sure, would wish to go to Auriesville and there on the Hill of Martyrs offer up the pure and spotless Sacrifice of the Mass, but the lack of convenient accommodations is a barrier to the accomplishment of their desire. However, arrangements may be made, after consulting Father McQuaid, by which this inconvenience may be overcome.

We hope, though, that before another year shall have passed, the offerings for the Shrine will remove this difficulty.

The following chronological sketch of the spot from the pen of Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Albany, will be read with interest:

"The captivity of Father Isaac Jogues among the Mohawks took place in 1642. René Goupil, his missionary companion, on September 29 of that same year, was tomahawked before the eyes of Jogues, on the ground recently purchased by the Jesuit Fathers, at the southern gate of the Indian fort, or castle (as the Dutch called it). The account of this martyrdom is given by Jogues himself, and so minutely that almost the very spot can be shown at this day where René fell. The ravine and creek, at the junction of which the sad missionary buried his disciple and comrade, are still there, and easily found.

"The martyrdom of Father Jogues, by the same Indians, took place in the same neighborhood in 1646, and his head was set over the northern or opposite gate overlooking the Mohawk. Those visitors who enter the mission ground at its northwestern

angle, will enter near the spot where this gate must have stood ; for the same natural gully, up which the farmers have their road laid, was the natural means by which the Indians in their day ascended to the top of the terraced bank.

"Some years later, there is reason to believe that this tribe or family of Mohawks (the Turtles) moved their village a mile farther west, to the western bank of Auries' Creek, or rather to the heights included in the angle made by the confluence of that creek and the Mohawk River. This is doubtless Gandaougue, so called by the French, the place of birth of Catharine Tegakwita, the celebrated Mohawk maiden, in 1656-1657. She became a convert to the faith, and was baptized on Easter Sunday, 1676, at Caughnawaga (now Fonda) on the heights known as the Sand Flats, situated upon the western bank of the Cayadutta Creek. She died at the Christian Mohawk mission of the Sault St. Louis, on Wednesday, in the Holy Week of 1680, in the odor of sanctity. She is known in Canada by the title of 'the Genevieve of New France,' and among the Catholics of New York as 'The Lily of the Mohawk.'

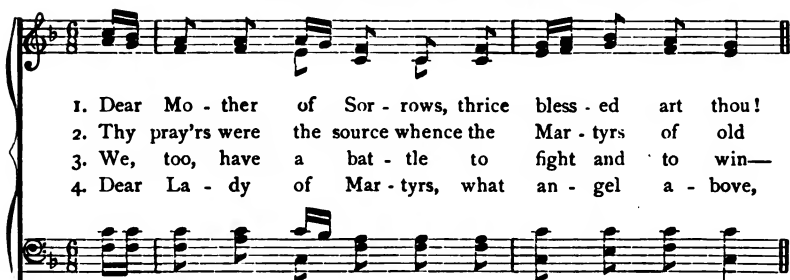
"There is nothing in the history of the martyrs more touching than the deaths of Father Jogues and his devoted comrade, René Goupil, and nothing more lovely and beautiful than the life of this first sweet Mohawk flower, sprung from the red soil which their blood made fertile."

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

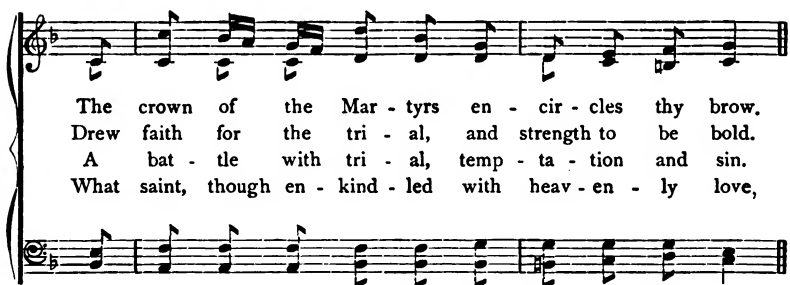
Mary A. Woods and J. G. Painter, St. Louis, Mo.,	\$5.00
Per Sister M. Genevieve, Tivoli, N. Y.,	2.00
Mrs. Henrietta Donovan, Newark, O.,	5.00
A Lady Friend, Merion, Pa.,	2.00
Mrs. W. D. Temm, St. Louis, Mo.,	5.00
J. L. M., Syracuse, N. Y.,	1.00
—, Philadelphia, "In Thanksgiving,"	5.00
Ed. G. Woeber, Davenport, Ioa.,	5.00
Friend, San Francisco, Calif.,	1.00
Cash, Boston, Mass.,	1.00
"M," New York,	5.00
Mrs. Sarah A. Gallagher, Philadelphia,	10.00
Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, New York,	2.00
Graduating Class (five young ladies), Gesù School, Phila- delphia,	5.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

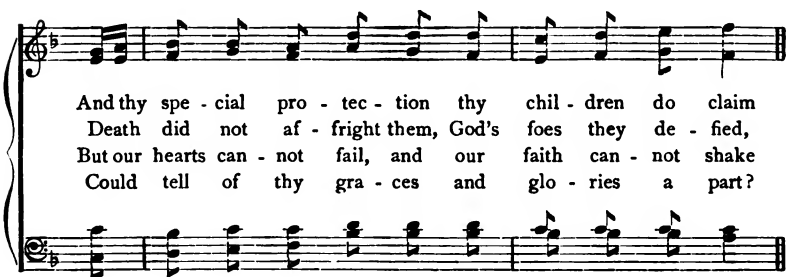
Words and Music by ELIZABETH CROSS ALEXANDER.



1. Dear Mo - ther of Sor - rows, thrice bless - ed art thou!
2. Thy pray'rs were the source whence the Mar - tyrs of old
3. We, too, have a bat - tle to fight and to win—
4. Dear La - dy of Mar - tyrs, what an - gel a - bove,

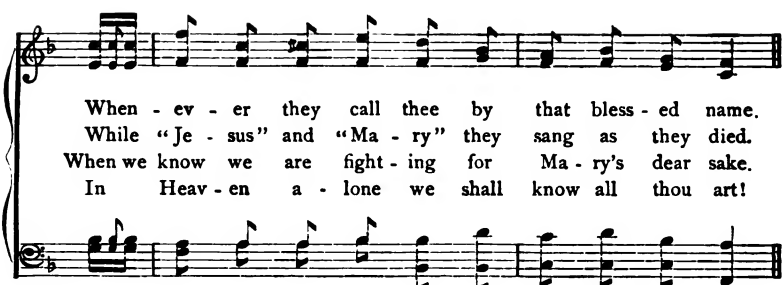


The crown of the Mar - tyrs en - cir - cles thy brow.
Drew faith for the tri - al, and strength to be bold.
A bat - tle with tri - al, temp - ta - tion and sin.
What saint, though en - kind - led with heav - en - ly love,



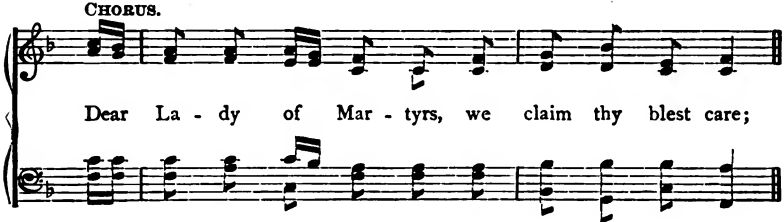
And thy spe - cial pro - tec - tion thy chil - dren do claim
Death did not af - fright them, God's foes they de - fied,
But our hearts can - not fail, and our faith can - not shake
Could tell of thy gra - ces and glo - ries a part?

Copyright, 1891, by Rev. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.



When - ev - er they call thee by that bless - ed name.
While "Je - sus" and "Ma - ry" they sang as they died.
When we know we are fight - ing for Ma - ry's dear sake.
In Heav - en a - lone we shall know all thou art!

CHORUS.



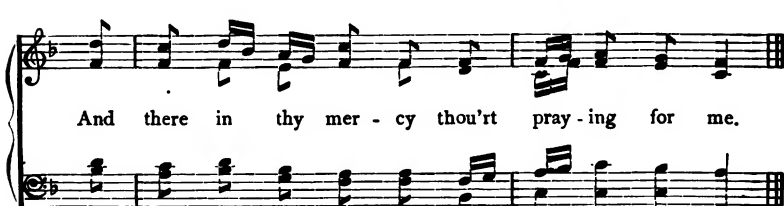
Dear La - dy of Mar - tyrs, we claim thy blest care;



Re - mem - ber the ti - tle thou lov - est to wear.



At the foot of the Cross 'twas first giv - en to thee,



And there in thy mer - cy thou'rt pray - ing for me.

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

PRACTICAL WORK.

What is the practical work of a Conference?

Since the special object of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is to visit and help the deserving poor in their own homes, it is plain that each Conference must above all take part in this work. The work done by a single Conference, of which the writer was an active member, may be taken as a sample of the practical work done by each Conference. The parish in which this Conference labors is divided into districts to each of which two members, one old the other young, are assigned as Visitors. When the name of a new applicant for relief is brought to the notice of the Conference by the pastor or by some charitable person in the parish, the visitors in whose district the applicant lives are directed to inquire into the case. Upon their report, at the next meeting, the applicant's name is placed on the "relief roll" together with the amount of assistance allotted, if, however, the case is one of urgent need, the visitors are empowered to act as may be necessary at their first visit.

The help given is usually to be obtained by presenting tickets issued by the Conference to certain tradesmen with whom previous arrangement has been made by the Society. Where possible, these tradesmen are Catholics and to the writer's own knowledge they are inclined to give private charity to the holders of tickets, since as beneficiaries of the Society these are deserving objects.

The tickets issued at each meeting are given by the visitors to the poor in their homes before the next meeting. Since weekly meetings are usual all the poor in the parish are visited each week. Personal contact with the poverty and misery to be met with in the homes of the very poor, especially in large cities, teaches lessons of pity that are never forgotten. Besides the temporal aid given, these visits often afford occasion to give spiritual aid to many who otherwise would be deprived of it. Our Promoters of the League visiting their Associates every month to distribute the Rosary tickets know what a field for zeal is thus open to them. Nor is the gain only on the part of the poor; the edification given by even the very poorest more than repays the members of the Conference for all their trouble.



LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

(From the Catholic Columbian.)

MEN in business join together so that their interests may be protected. They are commended for their prudence. "There is strength in union" is an axiom.

Our first business in life is the salvation of our souls. Our Lord says, *For where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there will I be in the midst of them.* We have more to contend against than merchants have in the greatest business ventures. The success or failure in these matters may stand in the way of our spiritual life as a stone to dash our feet against, stumble, or be thrown prostrate by. We must, if we be prudent, fear everything about us. Who so wise as Solomon? Yet when his cup of pleasure was full, his heart smote him and he confessed his vanity.

We seek union with our neighbor, for, being social beings, we dread loneliness. We call the wanderer who flies from his fellow-man to please a diseased imagination that conjures up injury to self a misanthrope. We pity him, but think the love is thrown away. We have more reason for uniting ourselves for the promotion of our spiritual welfare than for prosperity in worldly matters. Conviction prevents doubt and makes the assertion a fact. We need not look far for companions. In the Church we will find them. Their number is like what St. John saw when God vouchsafed him a vision of heaven. *After this I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb.*¹ From the rising to the going down of the sun

¹ Apocalypse vii.

members of the League are before the Throne of the Lamb of God in the Blessed Sacrament. Their number? Who will count them? They are where the sun shines. They are of all nations and tribes. The cities, towns and hamlets have them. The almost virgin forests stretch their foliage over them, festoon the altars before which they kneel with flowers whose fragrance is symbolical of the praises which are going up to heaven from our altars here below to honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We all have one motto as we have *one Faith, one Lord and one Baptism*.

We bear this motto "Thy Kingdom come" on our Badges and we pin them to our breasts that they may flutter with the pulsations of our hearts. We go thus adorned before the Tabernacle, the Throne of the Lamb, and our motto tells the object and end of the prayers which we whisper. Who gave us this motto? The hymns which we sing answer the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the refrain is heard in the heavens. It is the invitation heeded. It came from the lips of Jesus, and in praying the prayer we are doing what He told us. Our throats are millions but our prayer is "Thy Kingdom come!" Come, reign in our hearts, O Heart of Divine Love.

Our enemies are within and without and their strength and their numbers we know not. We fear them, we dread them, they have conquered so oft. We are conquered when they begin, if we call not upon the Sacred Heart. Safe is the heart that takes refuge in God. Safe is the union which is bound by His love. True are the hearts thus bound together. Sweet are the thoughts which flow from this union.

PROMOTERS IN SUMMER.

MANY Promoters will be separated from the members of their Bands during the summer. The Promoters themselves or their members, or both, will leave home for a longer or shorter term during the hot months to recruit weakened physical forces by the sea, or in the mountains, or at some rural villa.

This separation, though it may make intercommunication between Promoter and member less easy, should not by any

means interrupt it altogether. Much less should it break communication with the Director. In many cases it will not be possible for some Promoters to attend the regular monthly Council, but the earnest and conscientious Promoter will foresee this inability and pre-arrange accordingly with the Director for the procuring of the Rosary tickets, Intention-blanks, or whatever else may be needed. Some Centres observe the simple and easy method of having absentee Promoters send to the Director an envelope, addressed and stamped, with their *Monthly Report* enclosed, to be used by him for returning the desired number of Rosary tickets and other articles. This method commends itself, because it saves time and involves little labor, and insures accuracy of address and safe transmission through the post, while it keeps up active relations with the Director.

Where Promoters or their members change their addresses, mutual notification should be given. Promoters have sometimes a difficult task in finding their members when they change their residences, just for want of a little thoughtfulness on the part of the members to let their Promoters know their new addresses. With our present postal facilities notice of a change of residence can readily be communicated. For the regular monthly transmission of the Rosary ticket, the Promoter and member will arrange between themselves, but we may say here that it is hardly just that the Promoter should bear all the expense of postage. However, where all are mindful of the interests of the Sacred Heart and the welfare of Its League, there is an easy solution of every difficulty. Sincerity of purpose causes harmony of action, and prudent zeal is inventive of measures and means.

We must add a word more for our Promoters. All know what a potent influence outward conduct has upon others. Now, many a Cross on the Promoter's breast will flash its thrilling motto—Thy Kingdom Come!—on eyes that never saw it before and show them the image of the Sacred Heart with its benign and pleading face, and the wearer will become an object of interest. It is not American for one to remain long in ignorance of anything that interests, and sooner or later the stranger will know, at least in a general way, what the Promoter's beautiful Cross represents. He will not separate the office from the officer, but will judge the one from the other. The outward conduct of the Promoter will be the standard

by which the stranger will form his idea and judgment of the cause which the Promoter advocates. Let Promoters, then, ever remember the high interests they represent and Him in Whose service they have the blessed privilege of laboring, and those who are strangers to the League will learn from its representatives what a holy cause the League has for its object.

NOTES.

I. CLOSING OF LISTS OF CONSECRATION.

THE *Lists* for the Consecration of Children to the Sacred Heart under the patronage of St. Aloysius will close on the *last day* of September.

This extension of time will enable those schools, that were prevented on account of early closing or for other reasons from having the consecration, to have their pupils take part in this act of devotion recommended by the Holy Father.

We regret the want of space to publish some of the accounts received detailing the ceremonies of the Children's Consecration observed in the various churches, colleges, academies, and schools. The celebration of St. Aloysius' Tercentenary was not confined to any particular section of the country, but was general. Some of the programmes which have reached us show exquisite taste and a willingness to spare no pains that would enhance the outward ceremony of the celebration and glorify the angelic Patron of Youth, and we notice, too, that in many of the college and academy commencement exercises, a poem, paper, or hymn was dedicated to St. Aloysius.

Surely, St. Aloysius will not allow this glorification of him to pass without leaving something of his spirit—his gentleness, his purity, his penance, his earnestness and sincerity—to fructify in the hearts of our youth.

II. A CORRECTION.

Altogether unintentionally two poems appeared in the two last issues of the PILGRIM without saying that they had been extracted from the volume of charming poems, *Emmanuel*, by Father Russell, S.J.

We are glad to have this occasion of correcting this oversight and calling the attention of our readers to these sweet, flowing, exquisite, and suggestive "Eucharistic Verses," as Father Russell calls them. That these verses have all these qualities and more, the readers of *Emmanuel* will learn for themselves.

THE MONTHLY COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

IN the June number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* an appeal was made by the Head Director to all who are interested in the spiritual welfare of our Catholic Children, to take up the work of the Monthly Communion of Children. The movement is not a new one. In many places it already exists, and is producing great results. But in our own Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart no concerted or persevering effort has been yet made and the time has come to make the effort now. This is proved by the fact that is forcing itself on our attention that great numbers of our children are being lost to us in spite of the many and self-sacrificing efforts made by priests and people to provide schools and facilities for the children to acquire a knowledge of their holy faith and a solid grounding in Christian virtue. In a certain parish not many months ago, a number of children had to be put back from First Communion and from Confirmation because they were quite ignorant of their Catechism. This was not the fault of the poor children, but priests, already overburdened with work, cannot take on themselves to do the work of parents also, and when these neglect their duty and send their children besides to non-Catholic schools, what great hope is there of saving their children to the Church? This is one side of the problem of the times for us and it is difficult of solution. Prayer is the great arm we can bring to bear on this evil and the Monthly Communion of Children is the special form of prayer on which we rely.

The Monthly Communion of Children as was explained in the June *Messenger* has a double object. It proposes for its first object to accustom children from their early years to approach the Holy Table, in the hope that gaining thus in spiritual strength month by month, they may prove victorious over the temptations

that beset the years of childhood, grow in the habits of virtue and in love and attachment for their holy religion. If the movement is made general, that is, if in all the dioceses and in every parish in the country, if in colleges, academies and schools, it is taken up with zeal and perseverance, there is no difficulty in predicting great and glorious progress for the Church.

But the Monthly Communion has a further object. It does not confine its attention to the children who are under good influences, and for whom, or for the majority of whom, we might hope even without this organized movement. It aims at drawing down graces, special and abundant graces, on the children who through the negligence or indifference or the force of external circumstances of their parents are drifting away from the Church. The Monthly Communion of Children is to exercise an apostolic influence, both by example and by its merit with the Lord Who loved children. The *Children's Manual*, just published at the *Messenger* office, will explain this object more in detail and is full of suggestion. We commend it to the Reverend Local Directors especially and to our Promoters. Zeal for the interests of the Sacred Heart, and the thought and hope underlying the League motto—Thy Kingdom Come!—both appeal to us to take up this work for children, and we hope to hear from our many Centres encouraging accounts of success with the Children's Monthly Communion, which will be a help and a spur to other Centres to take up the work.

A YOUNG TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

DEAR M——:

You remember the fears with which I parted from you to come here. The children at H——, we were told, were hard to manage, ill-bred, without a spark of piety. The parents were indifferent and very negligent. Not a bright prospect for me, was it? Well, I could only trust in God and He has helped me, as you will see.

I arrived here in October. I began my work by making a novena to the Sacred Heart, a very fervent one, I assure you. I laid all my fears and hopes at His dear feet, and then I turned my attention to my poor children. The first thing was to have

them all enrolled in the League, of course. They made no difficulty about that. The Morning Offering did not frighten them by the amount of piety it exacted. As for the Decade, I got them to recite that with me, just before the end of the class.

For awhile I did no more, but at length I plucked up courage to say quite coolly one day: "You know, dear children, it is not enough to say a little prayer in the morning and a decade of the Beads, we ought all to go to Communion every First Friday too. Then we shall be full Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart." You would have to be here to realize the astonishment and consternation that followed. Some of the poor children had not been to Communion from Easter—nearly seven months before and probably would not think of going until next Easter—such difficulties as they made too! But the League, that is the Morning Offering and the Decade had done their work, as they always do, for they always lead up to the Holy Altar. Is it not wonderful? All my children ended by marching to the Church and to confession, to my unspeakable joy and the great consolation of Father —, and so in December we began the Monthly Communion of the Children here.

One little fellow, about twelve years old, held back for some time.

"I'm not going to-day," said he, "I ain't got no sins." "Well," said I laughing, "tell the priest all the good things you have done." And as he still held back, I said: "Let us go to the church anyway. The little fellow came, saw, and was conquered, for he went to confession with the others. On his way home, he was overheard saying: "I guess the devil was in me when I said, I had no sins. You bet I'm glad I went to Confession."

This first confession broke the ice. The following month, the children came to me themselves asking me to take them to the church. I made no very serious difficulty, as you can well believe, and since that time the First Friday of the month sees all my little ones offering their Communion of Reparation, and very pious and recollected my little savages are, though now they are neither hard to manage nor strangers to piety and they have become besides gentle and kindly and considerate so as hardly to be recognizable. Praise and thanksgiving to the Lord of the Eucharist!

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I. ST. LOUIS.

MANY heartfelt thanks are returned for the signal favor conferred on a parish and church in this city. This church was begun in 1884 on a grand and costly scale. The basement was fitted up for divine worship with the view of completing the upper structure at some future day when the means of the growing parish would warrant the undertaking. But, it was considered on all hands to be difficult and, in the eyes of many, impossible of execution in the near future. The building of the church having been recommended regularly in the monthly intentions for over two years and the Associates of the League having all that time prayed fervently to the Sacred Heart for the realization of this cherished project, the Reverend Director thought that the time had at last come for making an effort.

Last December he concluded, before appealing to the congregation at large, to secure at least a few subscribers, who would contribute not less than \$5,000.00 each. Whilst he was maturing the project and proposing it to some of the parishioners, one of them was inspired with the same thought and of his own accord offered to be one of ten subscribers of \$5,000.00. This was in December. At the end of February three other subscribers had been found. At a meeting of the Promoters held toward the end of that month, the Reverend Director suggested to them to solicit from the members of their bands Communion in honor of St. Joseph, to be offered during March for the intention that, before the end of the month, six more subscribers might be secured to complete the number of ten. He assured the Promoters that the request would be granted if they did their duty; and, noticing a smile of incredulity on the faces of many, he asserted that so sure was he of success that, in case of failure to secure the ten subscribers he would blame, not St. Joseph, but the Promoters, and promised that he would offer a Mass for each of the three Promoters who would secure the largest number of Communion.

The Promoters threw themselves heart and soul into the work. Reports came in at their meeting at the end of March of 31,348 Holy Communion having been secured for the intention recommended and in return the Reverend Director announced

that the ten subscribers asked for had been found. All the honor was due to St. Joseph, as the Reverend Director testified at the same meeting that he had made no more efforts to secure subscribers than during each of the preceding three months, and that, whilst the number of ten was complete, he had no idea of any others having resolved to add their name to the list.

The success of this crusade of prayers has aroused the confidence in prayer and in the power of intercession of St. Joseph in a great degree. It has also stirred up the zeal of the faithful for the house of God to such an extent that, with the continued favors of Heaven, the day is not far distant when an edifice will be erected, which will be a worthy monument of the faith of the people of St. Louis and of their devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

II. SOUTH ST. LOUIS.

In giving you the following account of our efforts I feel how little has been accomplished to help on the great work. Only that we know how good and kind the Divine Heart is, we would be disheartened. But as our Lord is pleased with even our humble endeavors we are encouraged to go on.

The entire community made the Holy Hour by way of reparation some time ago. Since then it has become a favorite devotion, and continues to be practised weekly.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, we had a solemn Mass, at which all received Holy Communion. There was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day, which ended with the acts of reparation and of consecration followed by Benediction. Later in the evening, there was a procession in honor of the Sacred Heart, during which the statue of the Sacred Heart was borne aloft.

The Six Sundays were kept in honor of St. Aloysius, and on his feast the pupils made their solemn Act of Consecration. I enclose lists of names for the Children's *Album*.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Social Peace.



THE great question of the hour is how to maintain the peace of society. All around us are heard the mutterings of a storm, which must soon break over us unless God in His mercy and care for His children interfere to disperse it. "The elements of a conflict," says the Holy Father in his latest Encyclical, "are unmistakable: the growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science; the changed relations of masters and workmen; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses; the increased self-reliance and the close mutual combination of the working population; and finally, a general moral deterioration." What the nature of this conflict will be is told us by a leader of the Socialist movement in France. It will be a social revolution, he said, and one which the political upheavals of this century cannot even help us to imagine. The Commune with its burnings and its massacres will be in comparison but "an insignificant idyl."

Slowly but surely the foundations of faith have been sapped during the four centuries that have elapsed since the Reformation. The elements of sound morals, the inheritance left by generations of faithful children of the Church to the generations after them that fell from the faith, have also to a great extent disappeared. Without faith, which is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things not seen,¹ and without solid principles of morality, it is not surprising that the rich should grow callous and indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, and that the poor should finally begin to question the rights of any set of men, to an exclusive possession of the good things of life.

Whatever the outcome of the struggle, the Church of God, will not fail. We have nothing to fear for Her to whom the promise has been made: *Behold, I am with thee, all days even to the consummation of the world.*² But our duty, at this crisis, is to pray—*Thy Kingdom Come*. Herein lies the solution of all the difficulty, for where Christ reigns, there is neither gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all.³

¹ Hebrews, xi. 1.

² St. Matthew, xxviii. 20.

³ Colossians, iii. 11.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 9.

VIRGIN MOST FAITHFUL.



IN our relations with God there is nothing that gives His Divine Majesty greater glory than trustfulness and loyalty on our side. *Although He should kill me, I will trust in Him,* said holy Job, and his words have found an echo in devoted hearts ever since, as well as the words of the Psalmist: *In peace in the self-same I will sleep and I will rest, for Thou, O Lord, singularly hath settled me in hope.*¹

And, in fact, what merit is there, or credit, in trusting in God while we are receiving good things from Him? He rides well who is mounted on the grace of God, says the *Imitation*. But to go on with unshaken confidence in God's promises when all is dark and threatening around us; to believe that He sees, and is deeply interested in us and is shaping all for our best advantage, when on the face of things misery and disaster and disgrace are threatening us or have even overtaken us, in this is there merit for us and glory for God. This is a manifestation of solid virtue, an evidence that the life of faith is strong in us. This is to be found faithful indeed.

When Abraham was commanded to take his young son Isaac and to go several days'

¹ Job, xiii. 15.

² Psalm iv. 9, 10.

journey to a spot marked out by God and there to offer that son in sacrifice, the test his trust was put to was surely a terrible one, and all the circumstances tended to make it most harrowing. But Abraham was found faithful. God had commanded. God could command only what was right and best. Whatever the appearances, whatever the arguments a father's heart might suggest, over against them all, outweighing them all, was what he knew of the goodness and the wisdom of God, and he obeyed.

Job was stript of all his vast possessions, bereft of his beautiful children, covered with ulcers by God's permission. Did he lose confidence in God? Was his trust shaken? *His wife said to him: Dost thou still continue in thy simplicity? Bless God and die.*³ Cease to trust in a God Who in return for a blameless life and years of service has allowed these evils to come upon thee. And Job's answer was: *Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women; if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil? In all these things Job did not sin with his lips*, adds the inspired writer.

These great souls felt that which was in St. Paul's mind and heart when he said with something akin to pride—the pride that a Saint may feel: *I know in Whom I have believed and I am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.*⁴ Or what the Prophet Jeremias expressed in these words of his Lamentations: *The mercies of the Lord that we are not consumed; because His tender mercies have not failed. They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness.*⁵

And just as our human hearts warm to one whose trust and belief in us is proof against evil report and damaging appearances, so we may believe God to be pleased and to be drawn to us, when we thus put our trust in Him. *Because he hath hoped in Me, says the Lord, I will deliver him. I will protect him because he hath known My name. He shall cry to Me and I will hear him: I am with him in his trouble; I will deliver him and I will glorify him. I will fill him with length of days and I will show him My salvation.*⁶

This beautiful confidence and unshaken trust in God was the great characteristic of our Blessed Lady. Tried more sorely than Abraham, for she stood by the Cross of her Son; afflicted beyond anything that Job had had to bear, her heart never for a moment

³ Ibid. ii. 9.⁴ II. Timothy, i. 12.⁵ iii. 32, 33.⁶ Psalm xc. 14, 15, 16.

doubted God or turned from Him. And to what tests her trust was put ! Under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost she had consecrated her virginity to God and another message from the same divine source seemed to contradict the first. And her answer was : *Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word.*⁷ When Joseph, being a just man and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately,⁸ Mary still trusted in God. It was for Him to right her, and without indignation, or disturbance of mind, she patiently waited for Him to act. She did not question the propriety of her Divine Son's birth in the Cave, nor murmur because *there was no room for them in the inn* at Bethlehem. She did not ask why flight into Egypt should be necessary and exposure to the heat and privations of a desert journey, and the hardship of living among strangers in an idolatrous land. In all these and the many other events in her mortal life, Mary was indeed the Virgin Most Faithful ; the one above all the daughters of men whom God could depend on.

In this respect is she a model for us. A pure creature she is, as was prophesied of her, the Woman who should crush the head of the Serpent. She was therefore in God's designs to be opposed in every point to him who first brought sin and disorder into His beautiful creation. Lucifer's pride ruined him. In the hour of trial he was found unfaithful, not to be depended upon. "I will not serve," was his determination. Mary's answering cry was : *Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word.* Lucifer's pride hurled him into hell, and drew with him a third part of heaven's host, who shared in his guilt. Mary's trust and humility drew down the Eternal Word to take flesh and dwell among us, and through this blessed mystery of the Incarnation, we are become *sons of God and heirs of heaven*. Mary's fidelity has done more. It has enthroned her as the Queen of Angels and of men, with power and influence proportioned to her dignity. It has earned for her in a new way the title of Virgin Most Faithful.

Under these two aspects then we should appeal to her, the Virgin Most Faithful, to make us also faithful, full of trust and loyalty towards God, and to be in our regard faithful, so that one day we may rejoice with her in heaven in the glory that is hers.

⁷ St. Luke, i.

⁸ St. Matthew, i. 19.

A WISH ON CALVARY'S MOUNT.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

By M. Regina Colgan.

O MARY, Mother of my God !
Would that thy child could know
Some way to comfort thy sad heart,
To still thy bitter woe !

Oh, that my hands could wipe away
The tear-drops from thine eyes ;
Could give thy Jesus back to thee
Ere on the Cross He dies !

Dear Mother, ne'er may I by sin
Bring to thy heart new pain,
Lest I take Jesus from the Cross,
To nail Him there again.

THE GIRL WHO SAW OUR LORD.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

I SAT with my friend, Benigna, in her cosy little sitting-room.

There was an album on the table, and I was looking over the photographs, and making comments.

"Who is this?" I asked, as I happened upon a homely face, but one that was sweet, good, and full of strength.

"That is the Girl who saw our Lord!" was the reply in an ask-me-more-and-I'll-tell-you-all-about-it tone of voice.

I was not slow to take the hint.

"*'The Girl who saw our Lord'?*" I echoed in genuine astonishment and awe, and then, Benigna told me the following true and simple story: Rose Mowbray was always a good and gentle girl possessing from earliest childhood the strong faith of an earnest Catholic with the intense devotedness of the typical woman.

Her mother had died when Rose was but ten years old, leaving to the thoughtful child the double burden that had worn out her own frail life. Rose was now to devote herself to the care of her father, and of her little sister Alice, aged seven. The father, poor man, was a conductor on one of the street-railway cars of our great City of Brotherly Love. He was forced to leave his home

very early each morning, and did not see his children again until far in the night.

In order to give him his poor breakfast, Rose must rise hours before dawn, when, besides cooking his meal, she prepared a lunch for his use on the car at noon, and saw that he went away, clean and tidy, to his daily labor.

This had been her dead mother's duty for years—Lord rest her soul !

After father was gone, the shivering, sleepy girl would crawl into her sister's bed, and doze for a couple of hours ; then, up again, and after morning-prayers, cook breakfast number two for herself and Alice, comb, wash, and dress that dear little sister, and (breakfast over, and the dishes "done-up"), trot off hand in hand to the Sisters' School of their own parish.

The happy hours at school were broken by many busy hours at home. Meals to be cooked, dishes to be washed, clothes to be mended and laundried, scrubbing to be done, and many other domestic duties left Rose and Alice little time for study or play, little time for golden visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament, or to the lovely white altar of our Lady. But Rose had learned from her good mother how to turn work into prayer by a pure intention ; and if there was no time to run the streets or to read "dime novels," not a day passed without the Beads being said devoutly together by the gentle, hard-working little girls.

Thus things went on for a decade of years.

Rose was twenty and Alice seventeen, when, one day, the elder girl found her sister in a high fever, and complaining of pains in her head and back.

Not long were they left in doubt as to the nature of the disease, for Alice's pretty face was soon covered with red blotches, and the dispensary doctor, on being consulted, pronounced her case a bad one of small-pox.

Then, indeed, began poor Rose Mowbray's trials.

There were no female connections or friends to call on in this dreadful emergency. Even the father, on learning the name of Alice's sickness, declared that he would lose his place on the cars, if he stopped a single night at home.

So, making up a bundle of his clothing, and arranging to send his wages to Rose by a safe hand, he kissed that brave girl good-

bye, and hurried off with tearful eyes from the plague-smitten house. No one ever came or went after that, but the doctor.

Poor lonely Rose waited night and day on the afflicted Alice.

Her one precious sister, of whose simple beauty she had been so proud!—it was terrible to see her disfigured face—terrible to hear the plaintive ravings of the innocent little sufferer.

All the sleep Rose got, was taken sitting in a chair at the bedside, holding Alice's burning hand, and starting wide awake at its least pressure.

It was like one long night-mare, full of indescribable fears and horrors.

The heavy hours wore on, until the doctor said one morning to Rose: "You had better send for the priest."

And, after the compassionate minister of God had come and gone, and Alice had received the last Sacraments:

"Watch her well till midnight, and after. To-night will tell whether your sister will live or die!"

There was no sleep possible for Rose after *that* charge.

And yet, poor girl, she was so wearied out with nursing, so dead-tired with watching, she dared not sit down for a moment at the bedside, lest she should sink into an instantaneous stupor, and forget her duty.

The night-hours crawled by on leaden feet. The great city outside of the windows was

"still as the heart of the dead."

There was a moon shining somewhere upon happy faces, and bright stars were twinkling over blessed, peaceful homes; but Rose Mowbray only walked the floor of the sick-room, saying her Beads beneath her breath, her heart aching bitterly with loneliness and anguish.

"O my sweetest Lord Jesus! O my dear Immaculate Mother!" she whispered between the Sorrowful Mysteries, the great tears rolling down her pale cheeks, and dropping, like jewels, on the floor: "I am all alone in my sorrow! I have no one but YOU to help me bear my cross! Incline unto my aid, O God! O Lord, make haste to help me!"

As she said these words, she looked towards the bed whereon poor, suffering Alice lay.

What did she see?

Great heaven ! she rubbed her eyes in awe and terror—and looked again.

What did it mean ?

There had been no step on the stairs, no sight or sound of any one entering the room.

Yet, there at the bedside, close to Alice's head, stood a *Man*, a wondrously-beautiful Man !

The clear rays of the lamp showed His great height, His noble proportions, His straight, dark gown, the graceful folds of His long, loose mantle ; and the profile He bent over the sufferer, was like something exquisitely cut from the purest and finest of alabaster. .

Yes, alabaster with the most glorious light shining through it ! The blood in Rose's veins seemed to turn to ice.

She gazed at Alice. The sick girl's eyes were turned on her with a look of feeble inquiry. Her swollen hand weakly beckoned her to approach the bed.

"I dare not pass where *He* stands !" said poor Rose to herself. Reluctantly and slowly, she stole round the bed, next the wall, and said to Alice in a trembling voice :

"What is it, dear ?"

The young sister looked her fixedly in the face, made a backward motion with her thumb towards the Presence at the bedhead, and asked in the faintest whisper :

"Rose, who *is* This ?"

It was a supreme effort.

With that feeble breath, all was over.

The spirit of little Alice had passed away from earth forevermore ; and Rose Mowbray falling senseless across her dead sister's feet, knew for certain that Jesus, the Help of the Dying, the strong Friend of the Sorrowing and the Desolate, had come in person to minister to their needs, had come Himself to receive an innocent soul into the everlasting embraces of His divine and loving Heart.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD.

EARLY in the eighteenth century there lived a good man, named Paul du Halde, who had established himself as a merchant of jewels in Paris, but not being successful, he determined to settle in Madrid and there ply his trade.

Paul had that simple faith which can 'move mountains,' so before entering on this business venture he assured its success by interesting in it God Himself. To accomplish this, he made one of those solemn vows which the earnest piety of the Christians of that time held in holy respect.

He placed his work under the protection of religion and made a "Contract of Partnership with God," the purport and stipulations of which he wrote at the head of his journal, signed them with his name, and promised scrupulously to observe them.

By Article I. of this Contract, he drew up the establishment of the firm, its place of business and its object, being the commerce of jewels.

By Article II. he determined the length of the Contract which he limited to five years, beginning October 1, 1719, and ending October 1, 1724.

By Article III. he engaged to say the *Veni Creator* each morning, that the benediction of Heaven might attend his day's work, and promised not to associate any one else with him during those five years.

By Article IV. he put into the business all that he had, amounting to 15,000 pounds.

Article V. stipulated that at the expiration of the term of partnership, he should draw out: 1°. The 15,000 pounds capital put in by him; 2°. His wife's dowry, in case he should have married in the meantime; and 3°. Any inheritance which should have come to him during the years of partnership; what remained over and above these should be divided equally between God and himself.

Never did a business arrangement meet with more brilliant success than that contracted with Heaven by Paul du Halde. He left immediately for Madrid where he arrived on October 19, 1719, opened his trade and carefully observed the engagements which he had made. The religious feeling which had incited the

thought sustained him in carrying out his project, and the blessing of God rested on his work.

Two years later, having established his place of business in Madrid, he was able to return to Paris to settle permanently in France, his native land.

He married in January 1722, and the sum of 30,000 pounds brought to him as dowry by his wife, he added to his commercial capital; success continued to attend his efforts.

On October 1, 1724, the day on which the firm dissolved partnership, Paul carefully settled his accounts according to the agreement drawn up in his journal.

The assets amounted to	£131,000	
From which he deducted the capital put in by him	£15,000	} 45,000
Dowry brought him by his wife	30,000	
Leaving a balance of	£86,000	

"Of which," said he, "half is for God and half for me, making £43,000

"Of the amount coming to God, I have already given to the Curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, to be distributed to the poor, the sum of 25,000

"This leaves a balance due Him of £18,000

"Which is secured to Him either by jewels still at Madrid, or by cash.

"Cursed be my heirs who, under any pretext whatever, shall refuse to deliver this amount, if God should call me hence before I have an opportunity to satisfy this obligation myself."

Shortly afterwards Paul du Halde fell sick and made his will under date of January 14, 1725, renewing therein these same injunctions. He died in the following month of March and the Administrator of the Poor claimed the 18,000 pounds remaining unpaid. The heirs resisted, but the court, on the opinion given by the Advocate-General, obliged them to complete the rigorous execution of the contract made by the pious and loyal jeweler by the payment of the remaining 18,000 pounds.

This simple little history goes to show that an honest and industrious man who fulfils his duties as a Christian and who places his confidence in God shall receive, even in this world, the reward of his faith!

ST. MATTHEW, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST.

SEPTEMBER 21.

ST. MATTHEW tells the story of his conversion in the following simple words: *And when Jesus passed from thence, He saw a man sitting in the custom house, named Matthew: and He saith to him: Follow Me. And he rose up and followed Him.*¹

He was born in Galilee, and was occupied at the time of his conversion in the duties of a publican. Publicans were tax-collectors. They examined all exports and imports, assessed their value and collected the requisite duty. They were usually natives of the province in which they labored, and, as their occupation ever kept the idea of subjection before the Jewish mind, they were particularly odious. Besides, as the assessment was more or less arbitrary, they often overcharged, and had recourse to fraudulent means of extorting money from those who regarded even the lightest tribute as a degradation. So loathed were they that men would not associate with them, and our Blessed Lord was often pointed out with the finger of reproach as one who had intercourse with them.

This duty of collecting the tribute imposed by a foreign power was St. Matthew's occupation before he became a follower of Christ. It is said that he collected a tax on commodities that came by the Sea of Tiberias, and St. Mark tells us that he kept his office by the sea-side where he sat at the receipt of custom.

One day while laboring at his post our Lord passed by and invited him to become an Apostle. His position was heartily despised, but it brought him wealth and gave him power, and he fully realized all that the call of Christ signified; yet he forsook everything at the first invitation. "The holiness of St. Matthew," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "is recognized in the abandonment of all he possessed; in his prompt obedience; and in his zeal to imitate his Master. When summoned by our Lord he did not hesitate, nor ask advice, nor request time; neither human respect nor wealth deterred him."

Two of the Evangelists call him Levi, the name he bore before his conversion, but they do not allude to his early profession. The world would never have known that he had been a

¹ St. Matthew, ix. 9.

publican if he himself had not confessed it. He makes it known that all may discern God's mercy in his call to the apostolate.

Soon after his conversion he invited our Lord and some of his late companions to a feast, hoping no doubt to bring his worldly associates under the holy influence of his new Master. It was at this feast that the Pharisees expressed their surprise when they saw Christ eating with publicans and sinners. Our Lord knew their thoughts and taught them the great truth: *I came not to call the just, but sinners.*²

St. Matthew was the first of the Evangelists to write a Gospel. It was written in the language prevalent at the time among the Hebrews, and his intention in composing it was to confirm the faith of those Jews whom he had converted. Some say it was written because St. Matthew's weak health did not permit him to take part in those great Apostolic undertakings that required not only extraordinary zeal, but great physical strength. There is little in tradition to give even an appearance of truth to the assertion, and it is commonly rejected.

For a time he labored in Egypt where his zeal overcame great obstacles. He pointed out the way to heaven by the holiness of his life, the truth of his teaching and the miracles he performed. St. Clement of Alexandria says that he led a life of great austerity, eating no flesh and living for the most part on herbs and wild roots.

From Egypt he passed on to Ethiopia and in the city of Naddaver he wrought many conversions. His great miracle, the raising to life of the dead Prince, Euphranor, favorably disposed the King towards the new faith, and he and his royal household and the entire province received Baptism. Iphigenia, a Princess, remarkable for her beauty and wisdom, consecrated her heart to God.

On the death of the King, Hirtacus, his brother, wished to marry Iphigenia. He knew the Apostle's influence over the Princess, and he bade him exert it in inducing her to abandon the saintly life she was leading and accept his proposals of marriage. Instead of dissuading her from following her holy vocation, St. Matthew advised her to be faithful to it. This holy advice cost him his life, for Hirtacus ordered the executioners to put him to

²St. Mark, ii. 17.

death, and he was martyred at the foot of the altar. St. Hippolytus calls him the *victim of virginity*.

He spent many years in Ethiopia, and converted innumerable souls to God ; overturned the temples of the gods, erected churches and ordained priests.

St. Clement in his Constitutions tells us that St. Matthew was the first to recommend the use of holy water, and the prayer with which he blessed it is still preserved.

THE NORTHWEST INDIANS.

[The PILGRIM was the medium of transmitting pecuniary aid to the Oblate Fathers in the Northwest. The following is an extract from Father Lestanc's letter of acknowledgment.—EDITOR.]

CATHEDRAL OF ST. ALBERT,
ALTA, N. W. T., *June 10, 1891.*

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Many thanks for the help you so kindly sent me. Civilization has invaded our hitherto savage land whose only inhabitants until this time have been Indians and buffaloes. The buffaloes have disappeared and the Indians will follow them in a very brief space of time. Contact with the whites has been fatal to the moral well-being of our Indians and Metis. We may say with truth that the missionaries have come here only to prepare them for the fate that too surely awaits them. If we could but have the happiness of opening the gates of heaven to these unfortunates, we should consider ourselves fully repaid for all our toil.

But the enemy of our human nature redoubles his furious efforts to deprive these wretched beings of their heavenly home even as they have been despoiled of this, their own beautiful land.

While there was danger to be apprehended from the scalping-knife, the ministers of error came not to impede our peaceful conquests : now that the tomahawk is forever buried and the scalping-knife made a pruning-hook, preachers of every shade of belief and unbelief prowl about among our neophytes seeking whom they may devour. The last to reach the field, they claim, if not the honors of victory, at least the largest share in the spoil. The government, too, favors these famished wolves. We must be ever

on the watch over our new Christians with all the vigilance and care of Jacob guarding the flocks of Laban. If we leave them unguarded for a single instant the wolves snatch them up and hurry them away.

If we are unable to send teachers to some petty chief who asks for them, a preacher offers his services and, to gain a foothold, promises anything they wish of him, even, if need be, he will promise not to interfere with their religious affairs. Once inside the fold, the wolf knows that he can devour these innocent lambs at his ease: they will cease to be Catholics even if he does not succeed in his efforts to make them Protestants.

Yes, dear Reverend Father, we need teachers most of all. Our good Bishop has traversed the United States and Canada in search of a congregation of women who would undertake the task of teaching our poor Indian children, but his search thus far has been fruitless. Are there no generous souls that will come to our aid?

We have had a magnificent celebration of the Feast of the Sacred Heart in the Cathedral of St. Albert. Solemn choral office and Pontifical Mass followed by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. We had a very large number of Communions.

I commend myself, my Indians, and my missions, to your own prayers and those of the PILGRIM readers.

Yours in Christ,

J. LESTANC, O.M.I.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Propagation of the Faith:

—, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1.00

For the Missions of the Society of Jesus:

—, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1.00

For the Chinese Missions:

"Elizabeth," Grand Rapids, Mich., 1.00

For the Rev. E. Gambier, Mpombo, Congo Free State, Africa:

Right Rev. W. M. Wigger, D.D., Newark, N. J., 100.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

AT OUR LADY'S SHRINE.

JUST as this issue of the PILGRIM falls into the hands of its readers, the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs will be the centre of many of our Blessed Mother's clients. Auriesville will be bright and beautiful and pilgrims from far and near will help to break the wonted quiet and peace of this Mohawk village that nestles at the foot of the hallowed Hill of Martyrs whereon stands the quaint octagonal oratory of Our Lady of Martyrs.

On Saturday, August 15, feast of our Lady's Assumption, Mass will be said in commemoration of the sixth anniversary of the re-opening of this Mission of the 'Martyrs and of the two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the first arrival of Father Isaac Jogues and his associate prisoners at this place. The pilgrims present will thus have an opportunity of hearing Mass and of receiving Holy Communion.

The Sunday following,¹ the 16th, besides several private Masses, the Fathers accompanying the pilgrimage of the Men's Sodality from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, will celebrate Mass for the pilgrims. Just as last year when the whole parish of St. Joseph's went to the Shrine fasting and received Communion, so this year the Men's Sodality will go to Auriesville in the true spirit of pilgrims—fasting and in prayer—and receive the Bread of Martyrs, *the bread that giveth life everlasting*.

In our next number of the PILGRIM, we hope to let those who had not the privilege of being present at the Ladyday celebrations know what new glories have been given to Our Lady of Martyrs. Meantime let us pray that our Lady may abundantly grant the requests of those who shall kneel with filial confidence in the oratory of her American Shrine.

Among the donations received during the past month for the fund of the new church to be erected at Auriesville in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs, was one of fifty dollars from a Protestant lady. We love to think that one who shows her love of our Blessed Mother by so generous a remembrance of the humble Shrine at Auriesville is not far from being a Catholic. The donor

¹ See page 272.

requests prayers for a special intention and we are sure our readers will not refuse this request.

A pleasing incident in connection with the offerings acknowledged last month was the gift that was made by the five young ladies who graduated this year from the school of the Gesù. Their gift was contributed to our Lady's Shrine in grateful acknowledgment of the successful termination of their school course. Our readers will remember, that it was these same young ladies who prepared last year the rich and handsome *Albums* in which were bound the *Lists* containing the names of the 230,000 children of the United States who consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

Kate Dunne, Warren, R. I.,	\$4.00
Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart, New York, .	1.00
John Barrett, Roxbury, Mass., "for favor received from the Sacred Heart,"	2.00
Promoter of the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	1.00
Child of Mary, Philadelphia,	1.00
Reader of the PILGRIM, Emmitsburg, Md.,25
M. F., "E. de M." Philadelphia,	1.00
Patrick McGee, Greenville, Del.,	2.00
Mrs. Rose Dougherty, Jersey City, N. J., "for the Souls in Purgatory,"	5.00
Promoter of the League, New Jersey,	2.00
"In memory of a deceased friend,"	5.00
Catharine Timony, Philadelphia,	1.00
In memory of Dr. W. W. Walker, Philadelphia,	50.00
Friend, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.,	1.00
"Elizabeth," Grand Rapids, Mich.,	1.00
Lady, Washington, D. C.,	5.00
Associate of the League, Philadelphia,	1.00
Client, Atlantic City, N. J.,	1.00
Catherine Merrens, New York,	5.00
Fr. Meder, Phoenicia, N. Y., "for favor received,"	5.00
Michael Lafferty, Falls of Schuylkill, Pa.,	1.00
John J. Kirby, Buffalo, N. Y.,	3.00
—, Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00
Promoter of the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5.00
Miss M. T. Keyes, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00
PILGRIM reader, Emmitsburg, Md.,25
M. A. McGowan, Philadelphia,	2.80
Elizabeth Keneally, Paterson, N. J.,	5.00

A PILGRIMAGE TO OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY, N. Y.

Sunday, August 16th, 1891.

Three trains will leave from the foot of Jackson Street, Troy :

First, 5.30 A. M.; Second, 5.45 A. M.; Third, 6.00 A. M.

Trains will return from Auriesville at 12.30 P. M., 12.45 P. M., 1.00 P. M.

PROCESSION IN TROY.

Cross Bearer, Acolytes, Men's Sodality Choir, Young Ladies' Sodality Choir, Sacred Heart Choir, Banner of St. Stanislas, Sacred Heart Members, Banner of the Immaculate Conception, Married Men's Sodality, Banner of the Blessed Virgin, Young Men's Sodality, Banner of St. Joseph, Young Ladies' Sodality, Congregation.

EXERCISES IN THE CARS :

5.30 A. M., Litany of Blessed Virgin, by Combined Choir ; 5.40 A. M., Hymn ; 6.30 A. M., Rosary ; 7.00 A. M., Hymn.

PROCESSION IN AURIESVILLE.

(SAME ORDER IN LINE AS AT TROY.)

Litany of the Blessed Virgin, BY THE COMBINED CHOIRS.

AT THE SHRINE.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

8.00 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. JOHN MCQUAID, S.J.

"Veni Creator Spiritus," *Dr. Guy*
 "Hail, Queen of the Heavens," "
 "Hymn to St. Joseph," "
 "O Salutaris Hostia," "

BY THE MEN'S SODALITY CHOIR

8.30 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. GEORGE QUIN, S.J.

"We Come, Dearest Mother,"
 "O Sacred Heart, O Heart Divine," *Rev. T. A. Metcalf*
 Hymn at Elevation,
 "O Salutaris Hostia,"

BY THE SACRED HEART CHOIR

9.00 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. M. NASH, S.J.

"Soldiers of Christ, Arise !" *Dr. Guy*
 "Whispering Hope," *A. Hawthorne*
 "All Glory, Laud and Honor," *Schuman*
 "O Salutaris Hostia," transcribed from Weber by *Dr. Guy*

BY THE MEN'S SODALITY CHOIR

9.30 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. W. H. CARROLL, S.J.

"Heart of Mary,"
 "Ave Maria, Guardian Dear," *Lambillotte*
 "Hail, Holy Queen,"

BY THE YOUNG LADIES' CHOIR

"Te Deum,"

BY THE COMBINED CHOIRS

OTHER MASSES BY VISITING CLERGYMEN.

11.30 A. M.—The Sermon.

The Choirs.

12.00 M.—The Stations of the Cross.

The Reverend Clergy.

Procession.

The Sodalties.

Cross Bearer and Acolytes.

The Congregation.

During the Stations of the Cross the *Stabat Mater* will be sung by all.

KATERI TEKAKWITHA.

JUST as we are going to press, the author, Miss Ellen H. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y., sends us a beautiful book—*The Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks*. A glance at the contents, the list of illustrations, and the historical notes promise a mental treat no less delightful than instructive. The readers of the PILGRIM and the visitors to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs will be thankful to Miss Walworth for giving us this eventful and pathetic history of the heroic Iroquois virgin who has won for herself the titles of the “Lily of the Mohawks” and the “Genevieve of New France.” A delicate half-tone engraving of Kateri forms a suitable frontispiece. As a specimen we reprint the opening paragraphs of Chapter II.:

“Father Jogues was put to death in the year 1646, on the south side of the Mohawk River, a few miles to the eastward of Fonda, and not far from the mouth of the Schoharie River. Close to the shrine which has been erected at Auriesville in his memory, is the very ravine in which, during his captivity there, he buried his friend and only companion, René Goupil.

“René, it will be remembered, was cruelly murdered for signing an Indian child with the sign of the cross. The description of the place where this occurred is very explicit in Father Jogues’ published letters, and there is no other spot in the whole Mohawk Valley to which it can well be applied. He mentions a certain river which was a quarter of a league distant from the Indian town of Ossernenon, where he was held captive; this was undoubtedly the Schoharie. There in that same vicinity, after he had escaped from captivity and returned to the Mohawks as a missionary, he met his own tragic fate, or rather the glorious reward of his zeal. There, too, or very near there, ten years after his death, Tekakwitha was born. The exact location of her birthplace has not been determined. It was either at the Turtle Castle of Ossernenon described by Jogues, the name of which was afterwards changed, or at a later village site near Auries Creek, to which the people of that castle moved, and to which they gave the name of Gandawague. In either case her birthplace was less than a mile from the present hamlet of Auriesville.

“There Kateri Tekakwitha was born in the year 1656. Her

father was a Mohawk warrior, and her mother a Christian Algonquin captive, who had been brought up and baptized among the French settlers at Three Rivers in Canada. The Iroquois, or People of the Long House, including the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, were enemies of the Algonquin tribes and hostile to the French.

"The Mohawks especially were accustomed to make frequent raids on the settlements in Canada, leaving desolation behind them on the St. Lawrence, and bearing with them to their own valley rich booty, and also captives to be tortured and burned, or else adopted into the Five Nations of Iroquois to swell their numbers. If Frenchmen, these captives were often held as prisoners of war, and haughty terms made for their ransom. It happened on one of these raids into Canada that Tekakwitha's mother, the Algonquin, was thus captured. Torn suddenly from a peaceful home and the French friends who were teaching her 'the prayer,' she was hurried through the lakes and woods of a strange country, along the great war-trail that leads from the St. Lawrence to the Mohawk through northeastern New York. Fast following in the path of Jogues, the light canoe that bore her came southward with the braves, and their trophies of war, through Lake Champlain and then Lake George, the newly christened Lake St. Sacrament. Little did the captive dream that ever a child of hers would take that same long journey back again, an exile from the home that she was then approaching, all unconscious of her fate. A home, indeed, awaited her coming in the land of the Mohawks. She was saved from the torture and the fire by a fierce, pagan Mohawk warrior, who took the young Algonquin for his wife. The gentle girl had captured the heart of her conqueror."

Again, in Chapter IV., is given a vivid and accurate description of the site of the Shrine at Auriesville:

"Here on the crest of the hill, in a wheat-field west of the creek, there still are signs of an Indian village, and just outside of the fence in a patch of woods Indian graves and corn-pits are to be seen. Well does the writer remember a bright summer day when that village site where Tekakwitha must have spent her early childhood was visited and examined for traces of Iroquois occupation. Three of us had driven over from the spring and castle-site of Caughnawaga at Fonda to the west side of Auries

Creek. Leaving our carriage, we mounted the steep bank of the stream, eager to find the exact site of Gandawague, to which the people of Ossernenon moved before they crossed the river to Caughnawaga. We stood at last on the hard-won summit, and there lay the landscape in its tranquil beauty,—the Mohawk Valley, the river, a wheat-field against a dark wood, and off in the distance the court-house of Fonda, and dim Caughnawaga, all bathed in a glory of sunshine. Nearer at hand and toward the east, a little white steeple gleamed through the trees, marking the site of the modern village of Auriesville. We stood high above it, on the upper river terrace, where old Gandawague had once been ; and though the rude Indian castle at that spot had long ago been trampled out of existence, we seemed to see it rise again from the ashes of its ancient hearthfires. Then, looking off toward the Schoharie, in our mind's eye we plainly saw on the broad, grassy plateau the still older village of Ossernenon, with its high palisade, that once upheld the ghastly head of the martyred Jogues. The scene was before us in all its details. The past had become like the present that day ; and what was then present, all blended with sunshine that blotted out the tragic and left the heroic parts of the picture, has since become past. Those glorious hours at the castle-sites near Auriesville, so rich in awakened thought, contagious enthusiasm, and newly acquired information, are only a memory now ; and mention is made of them here in the hope that others may feel a stir of interest in their hearts, and be roused to visit the Mohawk Valley, and the places so closely linked to the names of Jogues and Tekakwitha,—Ossernenon, where the shrine is built ; Gandawague, on the bank of Auries Creek ; and Caughnawaga, five miles farther up the river."

But we shall come back upon this admirable work on some future occasion.



THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

PRIVILEGES OF PATRONAGES.

What are the recent privileges granted to the Patronages?

The President-General in an address at the general meeting of the Paris Conferences, held December 13, 1890, thus declares officially what these are :

“Heretofore the Patronages of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul had no share whatever in the treasury of the Indulgences at the disposal of the Church. This void had been noticed by directors of works for the working classes, and the inference therefrom was that at eighteen years of age a young workman should leave the Patronage to have himself admitted into some other associations provided with all the spiritual favors required for the development of Christian life. Was it not misunderstanding the difficulties of preserving the faith amongst young workmen, to try thus to establish classifications and allow young men arrived at the critical age of their life to give up the protection of those who had brought them up and trained them in virtue, so as to place themselves under some other guide? This notion was too much opposed to good sense to succeed, for the essential matter at the most dangerous time of youth is that the man, either priest or layman, who succeeded through his own devotedness in winning the confidence of a youth, should keep him near himself, in order to aid him in this transit where so many hopes and promises are wrecked. The objection which was raised is about to be removed, for now the Patronages connected with the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will enjoy all the spiritual advantages to which they could aspire, and that, without any limit as to age, the terms of the Rescript being applicable alike to workingmen and to apprentices.

“The Papal Rescript also purports settling the position occupied in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, by the Directors and the Managing Committees of the Patronages connected with the Society. Heretofore, the Council-General conferred Aggregation only on Conferences, and thus neither the Directors nor Counsellors of the Work were Members of the Society unless they belonged either to one of its Councils, or to a Conference. It sometimes happened that the Council-General was requested to

aggregate a Conference taking charge solely of the Patronage work, which perplexed it. There will be no longer any difficulty of this kind in future; for, on application of the Directors and Committees, the Council-General will be able to declare 'the union' of the Patronage to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and thus enable the Directors and Members of Managing Committees, as well as those patronized, to share in all the spiritual favors which the Society possesses.

"Thus, just like the Conferences, the Directors of Patronages and their co-operators, whether active or honorary, can gain, on the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence on the day of their 'reception into the Work,' and it will be the same for apprentices and workmen 'received according to rule.' These expressions are to be understood, not merely with regard to their individual reception, but, as for the Conferences, their reception in a body, which is the outcome of 'the union' with the Society pronounced by the Council-General.

"With respect to the Indulgences to be gained in the course of the year, some difference is to be observed. The two festivals of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of St. Vincent de Paul have been appointed for the Conferences; the two others are the day of the patronal feast of the Work, regularly fixed in each diocese by the Ordinary, and that of the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

"Just as in the case of the Conferences, a Plenary Indulgence is granted in the *Article of Death* to all the Members of the Work, and also to their relatives of the first degree, and furthermore, to the Benefactors of the Work, who, having the necessary dispositions, will invoke devoutly the Holy Name of Jesus by word, or at least in their mind.

"Finally, the Directors of Patronages and the co-operators are admitted to gain a Plenary Indulgence four times in the year on the days fixed by the Ordinary once for all, if having on the aforesaid days fulfilled the usual conditions required, they have attended in the course of the year, three times a month, the meetings of the Council of the Work. This provision of the Rescript, dated the 15th March, 1890, differs a little, as you see, from the similar provision contained in the Brief dated the 10th January, 1845, concerning the Conferences."

ST. ALOYSIUS' TERCENTENARY.

AT Santa Clara, California, the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius was celebrated with the most genuine enthusiasm. For the six Sundays preceding the festival, a little sermon was preached every Sunday at the children's Mass on some special virtue of the young Prince of Gonzaga, and in the sodalities and the Sunday-schools the same virtues were constantly held up for praise and imitation. Before the feast itself, every child was presented with a copy of the *Messenger* "Life of St. Aloysius." On the 21st of June, all the children who had received their first Communion approached the Holy Table in a body, while for a large number it was the first time that they enjoyed this ineffable privilege. The panegyric of the Saint was preached at the solemn high Mass. The afternoon was given up to the grand procession and the public act of consecration. The procession formed in front of the convent of Our Lady of Angels, and, in spite of the monster parade in San Jose, at least three hundred children were in line and two thousand persons gathered in the streets. Many visitors drove in a long distance from the country. With their usual courtesy, the town authorities had the route of the procession well sprinkled and lent us the services of three constables. The procession was headed by a beautiful banner of our Lady, after which marched the young ladies and children of the convent, all of whom were clad in white, with long lace veils and crowns of white flowers. These were followed by the boys of St. Joseph's School, the two boys' sodalities, the gentlemen's sodality, the girl choristers and the choir-boys. Then came Schubert's famous band of sixteen men, playing a number of stirring hymns specially adapted. Chiefest of these was "Form your Ranks."

About six hymns were sung as the procession moved along. The St. Berchmans' Sanctuary Society, in cassock and surplice, succeeded the band, and were followed by some eight stalwart young men bearing the statue of the Saint. Each sodality and society was preceded by its appropriate banner. After winding through several streets of the town and down around the college square, the procession turned in past the venerable Mission Cross and entered the church, which was already thronged, chiefly by non-Catholics. All the children then knelt

and devoutly recited after Father Raggio, the formula of consecration to St. Aloysius. Father Raggio then made a short and inspiring address, and the services closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The names of all the children participating have been enrolled on the *Lists* prepared by the *Messenger*, and we are much pleased to think of their reposing so soon near the relics of our glorious young patron. May the Sacred Heart teach our children to appreciate daily more deeply the great significance of this public consecration!

CLOSING OF THE *LISTS*.

As already announced, the *Lists* of Consecration will close the *last day* of September. The delay to this date will enable those schools whose children have not been consecrated to have a part in this almost universal act of devotion recommended by the Holy Father.

The *Acts of Consecration* and the *Lists* for names, as well as the "Life of St. Aloysius" may be obtained at the *Messenger* office.

One excellent practical result in this country of the almost universal celebration of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius has been the establishment of Sodalties in the Saint's honor. In no way can the Saint's honor be perpetuated or his virtues be imitated by our youth better than by the erection of Sodalties under his protection, for it is in such associations that our youth are led to aspire after virtue under the guidance of a zealous director and through the emulation produced by mutual example.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions for the repairing and adornment of the Tomb of St. Aloysius, Rome :

A Client, Pittsburg, Pa.,	\$1.00
T. J. Gibney, New York,	1.40
Per Sister M. Aloysius, Notre Dame, Ind.,	6.00
Rev. P. A. Nogues, S.J., St. Mary's, Kans.,	10.00
Mrs. Helena Gardiner, Haverford, Pa.,	1.00
Sodality of Blessed Virgin, Marysville, Cal.,	5.00



THE POPE'S MILITIA, OR THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

THOSE who have read the *Children's Manual* already know that the Apostleship of Study is but a special form of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart. It is intended for those who are engaged in study, to plant in the hearts of children before they have left school a strong and loyal love of the Church, to make them feel that they have a part in and that they can help to further the interests which concern the Sacred Heart and the coming of Its Kingdom.

As yet the Apostleship of Study is hardly known in the United States, for the reason that it was of more importance to make the great devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart itself known in its essentials, to establish its true spirit, and to have it properly organized, before undertaking to spread the knowledge of its developments. But now that the League has so widespread an existence and its spirit of united prayer is better understood, the opportunity presses the necessity of pushing forward the other works it is destined to accomplish.

Therefore, we ask all interested in the welfare of children and in the success—the religious success—of our schools to take up the Apostleship of Study. It is easy of introduction among the children, its organization is simple, it is calculated to promote discipline and stimulate study, and, what is of far higher consideration, it will tend to the formation of religious habits in our children. For the complete explanation of this form of the League, its nature, object, the details of its organization and the manner of its working, we refer all to the *Children's Manual*.

All that is necessary to introduce the Apostleship into a school is that the League should have been previously established, that is, that a diploma of aggregation signed by the Head Director should have been given. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on the day the Apostleship of Study is inaugurated, but this is on the condition that it is started in the *beginning* of the school-term. What has been done in the schools of other countries by means of apostolic prayer can also be done in those of our own country by the same means, if we but will it and use the like method.

TO THE PROMOTERS.

IT happens, particularly during this time, that Promoters and the members of their bands become separated on account of a change of residence on the part of one or the other, or both. The consequence is that members become "stray," and are detached from their Promoter, and thus they fail to receive their usual monthly Rosary ticket which contains the calendar and Indulgences of the month, the Pope's Intention as well as the particular intentions of the Associates. Promoters have written asking what they should do when they meet with Associates who have lost their Promoter.

In every case of this kind the Promoters should offer to take these "stray" members into their bands and serve them just as they serve their other members. As they are already members—for we suppose them to have received their *Certificate of Admission* and to have had their name *registered*—it will not, of course, be necessary to re-enrol them; they are simply adopted into the band. It should always be considered a gracious privilege by the Promoters to assist Associates in any way by which they may avail themselves of the opportunity of gaining the various Indulgences with which the Church has enriched the League, and thus increasing the power and strength arising from the multiplied and united prayers of the League.

The third page of the cover of the PILGRIM will supply partly the monthly communications to those Associates who fail to receive the Rosary ticket. However, the Plenary Indulgence for the monthly *Patron* can not be gained unless the ticket is received.

O Glorious Heart!

Music by MARY CECILIA BITNER.

Allegro moderato.

O glorious Heart! O Heart a-dored Of love and pow-er di-vine,

FINE.

To Thee I pray by night and day My heart in Thine en-shrine.

1. O Sa-cred Heart our hope, in-flamed with love for me, My
2. O Bleeding Heart most meek, whose blood was shed for me, Grant
3. O Ref-uge of bruis'd souls our hope is all in Thee, In

Da Capo.

heart doth pine to be like Thine, Inflamed with love of Thee.
 me this boon that my heart soon May bleed for love of Thee.
 Thy cleft side se-cure we'll hide, There faith-ful we must be.

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A BOY AND A LAWYER.

A SMALL boy and a celebrated criminal lawyer were the sole occupants of a street-car. As it passed before a Catholic church, the child removed his cap and made the sign of the cross.

"My little friend," said the lawyer, "you are undoubtedly a Catholic and a strict one."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, "and just now I am preparing for my First Communion."

"Indeed! What instruction do you receive for this act?"

"Father B—— is at present teaching us the mysteries."

"What are these mysteries, my son? I have forgotten them, if I ever learnt them, as later on you will do, when business cares will claim all your attention."

"No, sir, I shall never forget the mysteries of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption."

"Tell me, my child, what is the Trinity?"

"It is one God, and three Persons."

"Do you understand that, my little friend?"

"I'll tell you, sir. There are three ways of treating of these mysteries: to know, to believe, to understand them. I know and believe, but I do not understand. It is only those in heaven who understand them."

"Rubbish! These are a lot of old women's stories you believe. For my part, I never believe what I cannot understand."

"Is that so? Since this is so, tell me why your hand moves, when you wish it."

"It moves because my will impels an action of the nerves which connect with the hand."

"But how is it your will affects your nerves?"

"That is an indisputable fact."

"How is it a fact?"

"I know that it is."

"If that explanation satisfies you, very well. Now, can you explain to me why your will has full control of your hands, not of your ears, and only a partial power over your eyes?"

The lawyer murmured pettishly :

"Leave me alone, child ; you are too young to give me lessons either in physiology or psychology."

But the lesson had been given. Perhaps the poor man profited by it.

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I. UTICA, N. Y.

It is with great sorrow I announce to you the death of our beloved Director, the Rev. John J. Toomy.

He heard confessions, in spite of his delicate health, up to midnight both on the eve of the feast of the Sacred Heart and again on Saturday, the day before he celebrated the feast. Sunday his heart was overflowing with pride and happiness, for on that morning he had more communicants in his church than he had ever had since he became Pastor of St. Agnes'. He was ill the entire day, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he said his two Masses. Towards the end of the previous week, seeing how unequal he was to the work, I begged him to give up his celebration. He answered me : "I will never give up any work for the Sacred Heart ! I would rather drop dead at the altar than give it up !" The celebration passed off very successfully. It seemed as if he could not tear himself away from his Sacred Heart altar that night, it was so sweetly decorated with lights and flowers.

Monday he was confined to his bed, and Saturday morning he breathed his last.

II. WHEELING, W. VA.

The League is well organized here and held sacred. In our schools we make the Morning Offering and recite an *Ave* for the "intentions" every day. At 10 o'clock every child takes the beads and says a decade of the Rosary. Many of the girls of my class are Promoters and I am pleased to say they are faithful. In every Catholic family there is a picture of the Sacred Heart, and the devotion of the good people is really edifying ; for which we return unbounded thanks. I recommended an habitual drunkard to the prayers of the League, for several years. He is now very much changed. I ask prayers for his perseverance.

III. DAYTON, OHIO.

Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart. A young man was recommended to the prayers of the League about two years ago. At that time he was leading a most dissipated life, but was at home with his parents. From day to day he became worse, and at last he left home intent on becoming as wicked as possible. He has a very pious sister whose heart was nearly broken with shame and grief at her brother's actions, but she had confidence in the Sacred Heart. Last summer before the retreat she came to see one of our Sisters and said there was no more hope for her poor brother. The Sister told her to get a Scapular of the Sacred Heart, and sew it on some part of his clothing, as he would only laugh at her if she offered it to him. The young girl did as she was directed and this is the result. One night in despair the wretched brother *stabbed* himself. He was carried home in a dying condition. On examination the doctors declared it a miracle that he did not die instantly, as the wound was very close to the heart. The following morning his mother, while looking over his old clothes, found just beneath the rent in his vest the little Scapular of our dear Lord's Sacred Heart. The poor mother was overcome with gratitude to our good Jesus, and one can easily imagine the feelings of the devoted sister. It was the Scapular of the Sacred Heart that saved that brother from becoming a suicide: but more than that, he recovered slowly, and the first time he went out it was to go to Mass on Sunday.

IV. SAN JOSE, CAL.

You may be pleased to hear how we celebrated the feast of St. Aloysius here in this distant Centre of the League. At ten o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated, during which the medals of St. Aloysius were blessed and distributed. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a great religious demonstration took place in honor of the Saint. One thousand persons were in line during the procession. All the Catholic societies responded most cordially to the invitation given by the Rev. Pastor to take part in the procession. Besides these there were the Pope's Militia, St. Aloysius' Cadets, and hundreds of little girls dressed in white. After arriving at the church a grand hymn to St. Aloysius was sung with the full accompaniment of the band (24 pieces), after

which an interesting eulogy of the Saint was delivered by Rev. Father McNally, of Oakland. A grand *Te Deum* was then sung and Rev. Father Calzia read the act of consecration of children.

V. HUDSON, MICH.

I am happy to state that the League of the Sacred Heart is doing great work in my parish. The number of Communions has more than doubled, and I can see a great change generally for the better. We have not less than 400 members; in fact nearly all in the parish have been enrolled. The success of the League here has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I hope that the love of the Sacred Heart will soon bind all Christians together in the Holy League.

VI. NEW YORK, N. Y.

About 15 months ago an attack of nervous prostration, as it is vaguely called, rendered me helpless. A friend gave me a picture of the Sacred Heart, a prayer and a sketch of the League.

The prayer I recited, and I gave my name to a Promoter, and became a member of the League.

One day, as on many days before, I threw myself on my bed, longing for momentary relief. I fell asleep, woke after an hour, arose, and, to my astonishment, felt no pain. That night, and the next morning, I looked for the pain. It did not come back, nor has it returned from that day to this.

More than a year has past. I have done work enough to tax a strong man. My head is as if it could not suffer. No human means relieved me. To the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and to the prayers of the League, I feel bound to attribute a cure that I still wonder at.

VII. WASHINGTON, MO.

About three months ago a person recommended to the prayers of the League his brother, who for eleven years had been leading a bad life. He neglected his spiritual and temporal duties, and fell so low that his wife was forced to leave him, and return to her parents. His family did all they could for him, but without effect. His pious mother offered many a prayer and shed many a tear for him. At last they had recourse to the prayers of the League, of which all the members of the family are faithful Associates. I sent the petition twice to the *Messenger*, but to-day I

send an intention of thanksgiving. The prodigal son has returned and made his peace with God. I saw him again to-day at Holy Communion.

VIII. ALBANY, N. Y.

Hoping to contribute our mite to the glory of the Sacred Heart, we beg you to mention the renewal of the act of consecration made by our school children on the feast of the Sacred Heart. At 3 o'clock boys and girls, to the number of three hundred and twenty-five, assembled in St. Agnes' Hall, where the beautiful Shrine of the Sacred Heart had been decorated with lights and flowers. All stood while the boys sang with much earnestness: "O Sacred Heart, Celestial Feast." Then prayers were said by teachers and pupils. All were so earnest in their devotion that it was an edifying sight.

Many special favors have been granted us by the Sacred Heart, for which please return thanks. Very lately one of the Sodalities found that it had need of money. The officers were recommended to petition the Sacred Heart. Next day an old member who had been for some little time negligent about attendance at meetings called to settle her dues, and after doing so gave the directress a donation. She had not been asked, nor could she have heard of the pressing need.

IX. GOSHEN, PA.

For the last three or four years I sent every month my petitions to the League of the Sacred Heart. My father's conversion was always first, and on June 7 he died after receiving baptism.

Last year my sister died on the feast of St. Joseph. Her devotion to St. Joseph was very remarkable, and she offered her pure young life for my father's conversion. One day as I knelt before a statue of the Saint I said: "St. Joseph, will you permit my father, who has been so good, to be lost after all my prayers, and my sister's sacrifice for his conversion?" At that moment the shadow of my father's face appeared in the hands of St. Joseph and then was reflected in a peculiar way on the pictures of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary that were hanging close by. My mother, two brothers, a servant and a Protestant friend saw it, and can testify that it was so like my father's face no one could mistake it, and it remained for days before his death.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

The Peace of Christian Nations.



WAR will always be a terrible scourge. Though Divine Providence can draw good from all things, and though it has pleased God often to draw salutary fruits from wars, still it is not less something to be dreaded, something which we should incessantly implore the Divine Heart of our Lord to remove far from His people. "From pestilence, famine and war, O Lord, deliver us," is the prayer the Church puts into the mouth of her children. Especially in our day, with all the strange and wonderful inventions that are being constantly announced—improved weapons, smokeless powder, torpedoes and the rest—has war become something dreadful to contemplate.

And what is the outlook? Von Moltke before his death is reported to have said: "Europe was never so entirely and terribly armed. Wo to him who sets fire to Europe now!" Who will promise that the spark that is needed to kindle the blaze throughout Europe will not be applied to-morrow? And in our own land, is there no cause for apprehension?

It is not either an actual war that we are to pray God to avert. The condition of affairs which exists nearly everywhere, which makes war a possibility and even invites war, this, we are asked to pray God to change or to cause to disappear. At the present moment over three millions of men are under arms in Europe. Enormous expenditures are necessary to keep these hosts in a state of efficiency. Taxes are imposed to meet these expenditures, and of this money wrung from the people, but little returns to them in any shape. And their sons, torn from the restraints of home-life and exposed to the contaminating and demoralizing surroundings of barrack-life, when they finally are restored to their families, bring with them little that is good. The military regime in the old countries, while drawing the wealth of the nations, is destroying at the same time their faith and their morals. Here is matter for prayer. And what remedy is there? A return of the nations to God. The reign of sound principles and of Christian charity. And this we can hope to bring about only by prayer.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 10.

SEAT OF WISDOM.



WHEN Solomon was happily seated on the throne of his father David he appeared one day before the Ark of God in Jerusalem,¹ and offered upon the brazen altar one thousand victims, *And behold that night God appeared to him saying: Ask what thou wilt that I should give thee.* And Solomon's prayer was for wisdom and knowledge. *Give me wisdom and knowledge. . . . And God said to Solomon because this choice hath pleased thy heart and thou hast not asked riches and wealth and glory . . . but hast asked wisdom and knowledge . . . wisdom and knowledge are granted thee and I will give thee riches and wealth and glory so that none of the kings before thee nor after thee shall be like thee.*

Solomon's prayer was inspired by the thought of the special burdens and difficulties of his position. Placed at the head of a great people while still young in years and having before his mind always the promises made to his father David, promises which were to be realized in himself, where would be the wonder if his heart had failed him at times, or that when God spoke to him in the night, he should have begun his prayer thus: *Thou hast shown great favor to my father David and hast made*

¹ II. Paralipomenon, i. 4.

me king in his stead, Now therefore, O Lord God, let Thy word be fulfilled which Thou hast promised to David, my father, for Thou hast made me king over Thy great people which is as innumerable as the dust of the earth. Give me wisdom and knowledge that I may come in and go out before Thy people, for who can worthily judge this Thy people, which is so great.

Solomon judged therefore that had he but wisdom even the great burden laid upon him would become light. Now, what is wisdom? The philosopher will tell us: "Wisdom is knowledge of things, reaching back to the very last causes of their being. Spiritual writers adapting this definition to the great end they set before themselves to lead men to God, say wisdom consists in knowing things as God knows them, in knowing His divine Majesty in the first place as He knows Himself, in so far as a creature can thus know Him, and then in seeing and judging and valuing created things and the happenings of this world as He sees them and judges and values them. In a word, he has wisdom who is able to look at things from God's point of view, and he acts wisely who is guided by God's judgments always.

Now, though we may not be called to govern kingdoms and peoples, each of us has still no inconsiderable part to play in the world. Very great interests depend upon our fidelity to God, on our uprightness and resolution. In the first place, there is our own soul to be saved, and merit of glory to be stored up in heaven against the great day when, as we hope, we shall be called *to enter into the joy of the Lord*. In the second place, there are those who are around us always, relatives, friends, all those in a word with whom our way of life or business brings us in contact, and whom we cannot help influencing for good or for evil. Then, again, there is the life work God's providence has assigned us, with its cares and burdens and with its responsibilities. How are we to meet all these demands on us and never fail? After all this is the one great business, the one thing necessary. And with wisdom it is neither impossible nor difficult. Solomon's example has been left for our instruction. We shall have profited by it, if his beautiful prayer is often in our mouth.

The great business of life therefore narrows down or better, is set on this high and elevated plane, that we labor to put our-

selves in relation with our Lord, by knowing Him, by loving Him, by desiring to be swayed and guided in all things by His Spirit. Success in life, even in its secular and everyday concerns, genuine success that is, the success that will count for eternal life, depends on this union of heart with our Blessed Lord. And the desire and effort to bring about this union of heart will not affect hurtfully our material success.

Did not our Lord say: *Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you.*^{*}

When therefore we read the beautiful things said of the wisdom that comes from God, we should know that they are spoken of the great and passing gift God's love for men, sent to us, His only begotten Son. When we are bidden to seek wisdom, to prize wisdom above all other things, as did Solomon: *I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her*; this wisdom is that which St. Paul referred to when he said: *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*[†]

And how may we obtain this wisdom? How may we enter on this way without which there is no going, as the Imitation says.[‡] How may we acquire this truth without which there is no knowing, this life without which there is no living? By prayer to the Eternal Source of all wisdom, He Who is the Father of lights, and then by recourse to her whom the Church loves to style the seat and throne of wisdom.

When the Magi found *the Child* they were seeking[§] it was *with Mary His Mother*. Mary was the first to be favored with this wonderful union and relation with the Incarnate Wisdom of God which we know now is in our degree so necessary for us. It was enthroned on her lap, that He first revealed Himself to those who sought Him. Let us then with all confidence appeal to her the Seat of Wisdom, to obtain for us a share in the heavenly gift which shone so brightly in herself.

^{*} St. Matthew, vi. 33.

[†] Philippians, ii. 5.

[‡] Book iii. 56.

[§] St. Matthew, ii. 11.

IN THE SANCTUARY.

By Mary E. Mannix.

HE is waiting, ever waiting,
Through the brightness of the day,
Through the sound of many footsteps
And the clamor of the way,
From the first glad hours of morning
To the solemn hush of noon,
Through the bleakness of December
And the sultriness of June.

He is waiting, He is waiting,
Through the stillness of the night,
When the moon rides high in heaven
And the silent stars are bright,
Where the pale lamp burns forever,
Like a guide to weary feet,
And the very silence murmurs:
"Wanderer, pause, the rest is sweet."

He is waiting, ever waiting,
Through the days and months and years,
He has peace for bruised spirits,
He has balm for bitter tears.
On the cross, through death and anguish
Once He made us all His own.
O ye thoughtless sons of Adam,
Shall He wait and watch alone?

THE SOLDIER SON.

By E. V. N.

IN the last days of December, 1849, a young soldier, with one of those honest faces that it does the heart good to meet, presented himself at the office of the Military Post in the Corso, Rome, asking to change a five-franc piece for a cheque.

"To whom do you wish to send this little order?" inquired Mr. Lambelin the paymaster.

"To my aged mother, sir, for her Christmas-gift."

"Very good, my comrade, Christmas-gifts of filial piety bring as much happiness to the giver as to the receiver. Your name and address?"

"Bois, sir, of the 25th Light Cavalry, from the Department of Cher."

"And your mother lives—?"

"At X——, near D'Aubigny."

"Ah! now I recollect, this is not the first time that you bring here the result of your little savings."

"They are indeed little, Mr. Paymaster, for it requires a long time for a trooper with the pay of five centimes a day, to save up a five-franc piece!"

"In truth such saving seems to me quite impossible; are you sure that you counted right?"

"Nothing can be more correct. During the two years that I have had the honor of serving my country, I have already succeeded in forwarding to my poor mother the sum of seventy francs. You see, whenever an opportunity comes during the day-time, I fulfil extra duties for my comrades who are better off than I am. At night, I mend their tunics, gaiters and pantaloons."

"I presume you spend nothing at the wine-shop. It may be that you do not relish wine."

"A Frenchman, sir, always loves wine; but I like my dear mother better."

"However, some refreshment is necessary in the toilsome, monotonous life of a soldier."

"Oh, I assure you, sir, I am very far from depriving myself of recreation. Sometimes I go to the parish of St. Louis, where some kind priests tell us the most interesting stories about the country we are occupying. One day in the week, I go to the *Trinita de' Monte*, where the kind Sisters teach us to sing sacred songs, that recall the Holy Mass in my native village. Then again we visit the Catacombs, the Coliseum, or we go to the Forum, where Mr. Lucquet, who calls us his 'children,' tells us stories of strength and heroism. It seems, Mr. Paymaster, that the ancient Romans were famous soldiers, somewhat like the French in the olden days. Such distractions are much better than those that the wine-shop offers."

"I think your conduct is very praiseworthy."

"Excuse me, sir, but praise is not due for accomplishing the most simple duty. Adieu, sir, as duty calls me."

"*Au revoir*, my worthy comrade."

During this chat at the Military Post, the daily guests at the table of "The Minerva," the best hotel in Rome, wondered at the

prolonged absence of the Paymaster, Mr. Lambelin, who was noted for punctuality.

"I presume he has received a wagon-load of French *baioco*," said one.

"Lambelin's treasury is the Pactolus of the army," added another.

"A famous torrent that!" observed a colonel of brigade; "it is very annoying that it so often runs dry, so that we cannot refresh the tips of our fingers in it."

Jokes passed around, and when Lambelin entered, he was loudly cheered.

"What news?" they inquired.

"I will tell you at dessert. It will give a new zest to your coffee," and when the dessert was served, M. Lambelin related the incident of Bois, the soldier.

"The conduct of that soldier is so much the more beautiful because it is so rare," remarked a superior officer, the dean of the daily guests of "The Minerva." "I will take informations concerning his deportment in general since he has been under our banner, and if it is found good, we must contribute some funds to assist his aged mother."

This proposal was received with enthusiasm by all the generous men present.

The informations that were taken proved that Bois was as brave a soldier as he was a tender-hearted, dutiful son. He even deprived himself of his pipe, so that he might the sooner amass the very modest sum which he was accustomed to send his mother.

It was thereupon agreed by the guests of "The Minerva," who were the *élite* of the French army, that Bois should be invited to dine with them, and that he should receive a prize for filial piety.

I leave you to imagine, dear reader, the surprise and the embarrassment of this poor soldier at finding himself seated at a table served in the most sumptuous style, and in face of colonels and even higher officers in full uniform! He wanted to withdraw, but the kind words of the gentlemen kept him nailed, as it were, to his chair.

"Do let me go, sir," he whispered to Mr. Lambelin, twisting his napkin the while, as he did not know what to do with it.

"Stay, my good friend, you are going to dine like a prince."

"I had rather partake of the *boustifaille* of my comrades."

"You will not say that at the dessert."

"*Dessert!* What does that mean?"

"You will see. In the meantime taste of that wine."

Bois passed the back of his hand over his moustache, and swallowed at one gulp a glass of excellent Burgundy. Then he passed the palm over his moustache, saying, "This is very good wine, but I prefer that of my own country."

"Wait a moment and you shall have some that is better still."

Bois ate and drank with great discretion, scarcely daring to raise his eyes a few inches above his plate; but encouraged by the benevolence of the officers, he was about to admit that a dinner in a hotel was really better than one in a canteen, when one of the waiters handed Mr. Lambelin a box, on which was inscribed:

"To Mr. Bois, of the 25th Light Cavalry, 3d of the Second."

The Paymaster handed it to the person to whom it was addressed.

The soldier begged Mr. Lambelin kindly to open it for him. It contained a pair of red worsted epaulettes, a paper-box carefully sealed, and a letter to his address. He asked to have the contents of the letter read to him. They ran thus:

"*Every good action merits a recompense. You have been a worthy son and a good soldier. This is for the soldier, and we give him the epaulettes of a Rifleman. You have been a kind son. This is for your mother*"; and the little box when opened disclosed the sum of two hundred francs, in bright gold coin.

It was touching to see the honest soldier, his lips trembling with emotion, join his hands and offer his thanks to Almighty God, and uniting his revered mother's name to that august Name. With tears running down his manly cheeks, he began to thank his benefactors, but the brave Col. Devaux, lifting his glass filled with sparkling champagne, cried:

"Gentlemen, I propose to drink to the health of Mme. Bois, the model mother of a model son."

"Bravo, Colonel!" responded a chorus of voices, and the glasses were filled to the mother, and anew to the son.

Bois would only touch the glass with his lips, and when the surgeon-in-chief urged him to do honor to the wine, he laid his hand on his heart, saying, "I have something here that suffices. This *piquette* wine is magnificent, but it intoxicates."

"Happiness," rejoined the Colonel, "inebriates but never intoxicates," and bowing to the happy soldier he suffered him to withdraw.

Then saluting the company he added: "Gentlemen, I think that you may consider that you have gained a day, for this has been stamped with a generous deed."

AN INSULT TO THE CROSS.

SIGNAL punishments often overtake the profaners of the Cross, even in this life. Arsène Houssaye, an eye-witness, tells the following story:

I was hunting at Bruyères with a friend who professed himself an atheist. My own skepticism did not keep me from bowing as I passed to our Lord on His calvary.

Passing by the *Christ* on St. Peter's hill I bowed reverently, as my friend burst into laughter. "Wait a bit," said he, "and watch how I make the sign of the Cross."

He called his dog, put his head-piece on him, and then bent his head so as to make him salute. That was not all: taking his paw he forced him to make the sign of the Cross. The poor beast began barking distressingly, weirdly, savagely.

"Come," said I to my friend, "are you satisfied?"

"Quite satisfied," he answered, now pale as death.

We went on hunting. On our return we passed before the same cross, and my friend began barking just like his dog, with a cry still more despairing. I thought it was but a new sacrilege, but I saw from his manner that his barking was involuntary. The next moment, he stopped and tried to smile as if he had been playing comedy. On reaching his mother's—a holy woman she was—he still barked. That barking kept on next day, and the day after, and from that out every day.

STS. SIMON AND JUDE, APOSTLES.

OCTOBER 28.

ON the 28th of this month the Church celebrates throughout the West the feast of these two Apostles. The reason for the association of the two names is difficult to ascertain, but it may have been a belief that they were brothers. This seems to be an opinion expressed in the *Festi Sacri* where we read that the same blood made them brothers, while a common faith and martyrdom sealed their brotherly union forever.

Two surnames, Canaanite and Zealot, are given St. Simon in the New Testament, but they are identical in meaning, for Zealot is the Greek equivalent for the Hebrew Canaanite, which signifies zeal. Some say that his affection and care for the interests of his new faith, and his attachment to his Master merited for him the name of Zealot. His ardent temperament could bear no opposition to the great truths he had learned, and he strove to make them known to all mankind. Others maintain that he was called Zealot because he belonged to a sect of that name. Such a sect did at one time exist, and its purpose seems to have been to shake off the yoke of subjection, and to maintain the Jewish Ritual in its integrity, but it had in all probability passed away before the time of Christ, although many even then held it unlawful to pay tribute to the Romans.

The first surname, Canaanite, suggested the idea to many that St. Simon was a resident of Cana in Galilee, and some thought that he was the bridegroom at the wedding feast that our Lord sanctified by His presence and the exercise of His miraculous power. The story rests on uncertain tradition and not many believe it.

St. Jude is distinguished from Judas Iscariot by the name Thaddaeus which means in Syriac praising, and by Lebbaeus, a man of wit. Beyond the fact that he was an Apostle, the Scripture gives us no information regarding him, and there is very little in tradition that is reliable about his after-life and labors.

At one time he seems to have imagined that our Lord would found a great temporal kingdom, for he said to Him: *How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us, and not to the world?*¹ Christ

¹ St. John, xiv. 22.

assured the Apostle that they only who kept the word of God were worthy of the kingdom He came to establish.

With the other Apostles Sts. Simon and Jude beheld the glory of the risen Saviour, received His blessing and on Pentecost were filled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. The scourging they received did not subdue their spirit of zeal, for they preached throughout Judea, Samaria and Syria. St. Augustine tells us that the *Apostles' Creed* was in part drawn up by these two Apostles; St. Simon contributing the articles: "The communion of Saints," and "The Forgiveness of Sins," and St. Jude adding: "The Resurrection of the flesh." When all this was accomplished they left their native place to bear the word of life to distant countries. The Roman Martyrology mentions Egypt as the field of St. Simon's labor, and Mesopotamia as the scene of St. Jude's struggles and triumphs. After some years of separation they met in Persia, and strove conjointly to subjugate to the faith of Christ a nation that at one time had conquered the Jews. The story of their labors and sufferings will never be known in detail, but many bear testimony to the numberless souls they led to the true fold of Christ, and to the reputation for sanctity and miraculous power they spread wherever they labored.

At Suanyr in Persia magicians exerted all their influence to check the progress of the Gospel, but the Apostles proved by miracles the doctrine they had come to preach and put them to flight. Undeterred by this failure they had recourse to the priests and through them stirred up the idolatrous believers to defend the worship their forefathers held sacred. This stratagem produced the cherished result. The Apostles were arrested, and ordered to offer sacrifice to the gods, and, as they resolutely refused to abjure the faith they were divinely commissioned to teach, they were put to death. The exact nature of their torments is unknown.

God did not permit their deaths to go unpunished, for at the time of their martyrdom a tempest arose that overturned many pagan temples, and killed a large number of the idolaters; among whom were the magicians at whose instigation the holy Apostles had been martyred.

St. Jude wrote an Epistle addressed to the churches of the East, and especially to the Jewish converts. He exhorts the faithful to perseverance, and combats the false opinions of heretical

sects prevalent at the time. He calls their adherents *wandering stars to whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever.*³ Their fall, he says, is due to their murmurings; they are full of complaints, and evil desires, for they are given up to pride and neglect to check the desires of the flesh.

The King of Babylon, who was a Christian, had the bodies of the martyred Apostles placed in a church that he had erected to their honor. They were afterwards transferred to Rome where the relics of these Saints are still honored.

ST. IGNATIUS' WATER.

UNDER date of June 1, Father Laguens, S.J., writes from Spain: Celestino, a lad of thirteen, had shown the exiled French Jesuits a special love and confidence from their arrival in Tarancon. I met him one day in our small inner court, holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

"Well, my dear Celestino," said I, "you seem to be in pain."

"Yes, Father; my eyes burn me badly." And he let me look at them, they were all bloodshot and swollen.

"How long have they been so?"

"Two years, Father," said he, going on to tell the adventure to which he ascribed his misfortune. "All that time, this trouble has come again and again and remained long each time."

"And cannot the doctors relieve you?"

"Relieve me? Yes, somewhat, and for a while; but cure me they cannot: the swelling comes back just as often, with all its old pain."

"I know of a remedy," I then told him, "which has already caused many wonderful cures, and which could cure you, if you take it with the proper conditions. I mean St. Ignatius' Water." I then added an explanation of this Water, little known before that time at Tarancon.

"Do you feel disposed to try it with piety and confidence?"

"Yes, Father."

³ St. Jude, 13.

"Then I shall get you some. Put it on your eyes from time to time, and even drink some; but every time you use it you must say devoutly: 'St. Ignatius of Loyola, pray for me!' Say that three times. Besides, and this is important, when saying it, should your conscience warn you that your heart is in any way displeasing to God, you will go to confession, if you take my advice. In this way you will be doubly sure of being heard. St. Ignatius shows little readiness to work miracles for those who on their part are ill-disposed to give their Divine Master the satisfaction they owe Him."

After getting a small bottle of St. Ignatius' Water, Celestino went off promising to do his best to conform to my direction and advice.

A few days later I saw him again. His eyes were as healthy and fresh as ever before. I lived four years after that at Tarancon, and in all that time Celestino's cure was not lessened save for a space, when a new application of St. Ignatius' Water effected an immediate and final cure.

To the honor of being the first witness of the efficacy of St. Ignatius' Water at Tarancon, Celestino added the merit of being its first apostle. To all his friends whose eyes were ailing (and sore eyes are no rare thing at Tarancon), he soon gave the advice:

"Go and ask the Fathers for St. Ignatius' Water, and it will cure you at once."

And he would prove his advice by his own experience.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Propagation of the Faith:

Miss May Bassett, Springfield, Ohio, \$1.00

For the Chinese Missions:

— Lee, Mass., 1.00

For the Ursulines in Montana:

Friend, Minneapolis, Minn., 2.00

For the Sacred Heart Mission:

Sisters of Mercy, Hornellsville, N. Y., 1.00

PERSECUTIONS IN CHINA.

MARCH of this year was a trying month for the Christian Missions at Tonquin, and their trial was scarce over when similar troubles befell the European and convert Chinese Christians in Kiang-Nan. The Shanghai *Daily News* reports an uprising of the populace and soldiery in that city on the evening of May 18th, against the Jesuit missionaries who have made Shanghai their headquarters for the province of Ngan-hoei.

At the outset, the rioters thought to give some color of justice to their destructive work by accusing two Christian women of bewitching two children and depriving them of speech. The local authorities, howsoever eager to give the charge a serious hearing, were forced to dismiss the women, for the sheer fact that the children could not refrain from talking more than a half-day. The crowd however was not satisfied, but urged on by secret societies, it is supposed, at once determined to sack the European quarter, beginning with the houses of the missionaries. This was Sunday night. Their threatenings went on increasing Monday and Tuesday, when the Fathers were obliged to appeal to the English consul, Mr. Ford, to ask the Tao-t'ai to preserve order.

Not daring to make an unpopular interference, that official ignored the appeal, and spite of the personal efforts of the sub-prefect and of a military officer, the rabble forced its way into the enclosure, and the Fathers and all had to retire amid the insults and threats of the mob. On their way to the vessel which was to take them to Tcheng-kiang, they could see the walls of their dwelling aflame, and learned that their goods had been pillaged. For two days the European quarter was looted, and only the arrival of Fou-tai, governor of Nankin, restored order. With him was a Chinese corvette and two-hundred and fifty men, whose presence held the mob in check.

Similar news reaches us from several mission stations on the Yang-tse-kiang river. Churches, houses, schools and missions have been burned, or demolished and robbed. At Ngan-king, the mandarins with some thousand men quelled the outbreak. At Ho-tcheon, the girls' school was pillaged. The Wu-hu house, schools and orphanages were destroyed. The large church and residence both at Nankin and Ta-yang were burned; and church, house, schools and orphanages were given up to fire at Wu-si.

These are but stray items of the losses suffered by the Jesuit missionaries who are in charge of the provinces of Kiang-Nan. Even the Fathers themselves did not know the full extent of their losses when these reports were forwarded. No lives had been taken, but well-nigh every foothold had been lost, and only the speedy arrival of European warships gave any assurance and protection to their lives.

Nor are the Christians of Tonquin sure of peace as yet. The pirates who infest that country have lost their former regard for the missionaries, and are taking advantage of the neutral attitude of native officials toward the constant attacks made upon all Europeans, to plunder the missions and scatter and even kill their inmates. As early as April last they had gained possession of Bac-Ninh. It was there, last December, that they killed a native priest and thirty Christians, carrying off others as prisoners.

An attack was made on the village of No-luc on April 28th, one man was severely wounded, and the place was fired, but fortunately not destroyed. At Cong-thuong, Cong-trung and Cong-ha three catechumens and a beautiful wooden church have been ruined. At Lung, in the village of Hien-quan, the pastor M. Girod made some resistance, and in the affray his servant with two catechists was killed, six women shot to death, and others wounded some of whom died shortly after.

All these persecutions keep the Christians in Tonquin, Kiang-Nan and elsewhere constantly on the alert. They have been going on for the past seven months, with little likelihood as yet of terminating. The pirates and other marauders who perpetrate them were at first instigated by a desire of spoil; now they seem to act in concert with the people out of a general hatred of European residents. As the residents are mostly Christians, or dependent in great measure on the moral influence of our missionaries for protection, these latter have to bear the brunt of every persecution. Not a few of the local newspapers attribute these acts of brigandage to the influence of vast secret societies organized with a view to rid the country of foreigners, and with the express purpose of overthrowing religion and its ministers as the chief promoters of foreign influence.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

PILGRIMAGES OF 1891.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, AMSTERDAM.

THE popularity of our Lady's American Shrine at Auriesville is evidently growing as was manifested by the recent pilgrimages. The pilgrimage from Amsterdam on the feast of the Assumption as well as that from Troy on the following day had larger numbers than those of last year. Few will ever wish to have greater pleasure, or enjoy sweeter charms, or witness greater devotion, than what these pilgrimages afforded.

Early on Friday afternoon, the eve of the feast of the Assumption, pilgrims from different parts had gathered into Amsterdam. Up till a late hour of the night new arrivals were announced. Owing to the kindness of the Rev. Father McIncrow, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, and his assistants, Fathers White and Torpey, the pilgrims were enabled to go to confession, and this notwithstanding the large number of people of St. Mary's congregation, who sought absolution in the sacred tribunal in preparation for the patronal feast of their church. The pilgrims had come from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Camden, N. J., Pittsburgh, and from other places, and two men had come from as far away as Titusville, Pa., and Tampa, Florida. They had come thus early in order to participate in the pilgrimage on the day following.

The pilgrimage of the feast was from St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam. The Sodalties of the Young Ladies and of the Holy Angels, who had made the pilgrimage the year previous, were again to seek the favor and protection of our Blessed Mother by going to her hillside shrine at Auriesville. To propitiate their Mother, and to render more favorable their devotional purpose, they made at the request of their Director, Father McIncrow, a novena in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs. Each evening previous to the feast they gathered in the church to hold devotions in common: in this way they prepared to visit the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs in a truly Christian spirit of devotion.

The morning of August 15th, at half-past five o'clock, looked ominous: the skies were overcast and the dark clouds were beginning to send down rain, which threatened to last during the entire day. For the first time in the history of the Shrine it had rained on the feast of the Assumption. To many an anxious lip arose the words: "Is the pilgrimage to be postponed?" and yet swift upon the question came the confident answer: "Surely, our Lady will procure us fair weather." As some of the sodalists remarked to one of the Fathers, who repeated the above question: "Why, Father, too many prayers were offered to our Lady not to secure us good weather!" The prayers were surely heard, for an hour before the pilgrimage had arranged to start, the clouds broke and the bright rays of the sun brightened up the cross on St. Mary's and threw out in bold relief the fair form of Our Lady of Lourdes which crowns the central tower of St. Mary's hall in which the pilgrims assembled.

At nine o'clock the members of both sodalities had gathered: soon the line of procession was formed by the sodalists, all wearing their sodality medals and the Badge of the Sacred Heart. Leading the procession was the Rev. Head Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, and closing it were two Sisters of St. Joseph from St. Mary's Institute, Amsterdam. On reaching the end of the flower-bedded lawn, between St. Mary's Church and the Rectory, Father McIncrow took leave of the pilgrims and wished them his God-speed. Here the procession was increased by the other pilgrims. Among these was a large delegation of ladies from Philadelphia, most of them being Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. The procession marched to the depot and, after an uncalled for delay on the part of the West Shore Railroad, the pilgrims soon reached the "Hill of Martyrs." Where years ago Father Jogues and his companions had run the gauntlet of Indian clubs for sake of Him Whom they loved, the pilgrims wended their steps slowly up the hill beneath the waving willows along the road saying the Rosary of our Lady. Passing by the Memorial Cross they knelt under the stretched canvas before the little oratory of Our Lady of Martyrs.

Here their eyes were delighted, and their hearts made joyous by the pleasing and beautiful sight before them. Devoted hands had transformed the oratory into a bower of loveliness. The night

previous some of the Philadelphia pilgrims had gone to Auriesville carrying with them rare and sweet-smelling flowers to decorate the altar of our Lady. Fair flowers made fragrant every nook and corner of the oratory, and the soft, fluffy golden-rod, which had been culled in the early morning whilst the dew was still upon it, formed a most attractive background. Everything was in readiness for the sacrifice of sacrifices: all nature seemed to combine to lavish its sweetest and richest charms at this moment on this holy spot. The sun shed its gentle rays and lit up the cross on the gilded tower of the oratory, while to the north lay the clear, calm waters of the winding Mohawk, losing themselves in the far distant azure hills of the Catskills. Golden-rod and daisies glinted in the early morning sunshine, while to the south of the oratory there rose high in the air the agonizing face of Christ crucified on "The Calvary." In the oratory was the familiar and pathetic Pietà, the dead Christ resting in the lap of His Mother.

Before the Mass was begun the various written intentions of the pilgrims were collected and placed on the altar. At the Mass there were one hundred and forty Communions. Mass and thanksgiving over, the pilgrims broke their fast: this was at high noon. The pilgrims again assembled at two o'clock when they made the Stations in the open air. Perhaps of all the services of the day the most impressive, by reason of the devotion and piety manifested, was this solemn making of the Way of the Cross. Never in cathedral or church did the strains of the *Stabat Mater* seem so plaintive as here on the hilltop dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs.

Before leaving, the pilgrims knelt before the oratory and said the beads for their deceased sodalists, and at four o'clock they departed.

The writer witnessed the devotions of these pilgrims last year and was edified, but the impression of the true, genuine and unostentatious fervor of this year's pilgrimage shall ever hold a permanent place in heart and memory.

The day following the Amsterdam pilgrimage was even more beautiful than the previous day. The Shrine looked as attractive and beautiful, even though the altar had been religiously despoiled of its flower-treasures by the pilgrims who carried off

the golden-rod, heliotrope and sweet-pea and the other flowers as precious souvenirs of Ladyday at the shrine. At half-past six o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the oratory again was open and preparations were made for Mass. It was arranged before the Troy pilgrimage should arrive that Mass should be said at this time. The pilgrims who remained at Amsterdam and wished to attend this Mass (and all wished it), were obliged to leave there at quarter after five in order to reach Auriesville in time.

Nothing more beautiful, more impressive, more devotional can be conceived than the Mass at this hour at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. Never does the beauty of the scenery of the Mohawk Valley appear so entrancing as at this early hour in the morning when the sun exercises its transforming power over hill, valley and river. At the Mass the pilgrims who were from many parts of the country looked out on the beautiful vista that stretched across the curving trend of the Mohawk River and had all the riches of nature to add to the graces which came from their assistance at the sacrifice of the Mass. At this early hour thirty-three persons received Holy Communion. A notable fact observed by all was that the server at the Mass was a gentleman from far-off Florida.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY.

A stranger visiting Troy very early on the morning of Sunday, August 16th, would have witnessed an impressive sight: nearly eighteen hundred pilgrims forming in line to honor Our Lady of Martyrs, their starting point St. Joseph's Church, and their pilots and guides the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whose brothers in religion two hundred years ago made sacred by their blood the fair valley of the Mohawk.

How goodly to see the long line of men and women grouped in choirs and sodalities, proudly carrying the banners and wearing the ribbons and badges of their respective societies, the procession headed by red-robed altar boys bearing the cross, upon which the bright rays of the dawning sun sparkled joyously! Voices joined in pious hymns or answered the dear prayers of the Rosary, as the train in three sections moved onward towards Auriesville.

Looking down from the hill where the Shrine stands, one had a full view of the procession as it followed the road where so many years ago Father Jogues began his long martyrdom.

Floating up came the sweet strains of our Lady's litany, the bass being well sustained by the fine male chorus. Far up the road they went, entering the grounds by the farther gate and approaching the Shrine in good order. There the Sorrowful Mother with her Divine Son were surrounded by the best that could be found. Field and cultivated flowers united their fragrant homage, while the snowy altar linen told of the expectation of the coming of the King of Kings.

It was about 8.30 A. M., when the first Mass began, said by Father George Quin, S.J. The glow of the sunlight was on the stream below, and far-off to east and west the scene was peaceful and beautiful beyond description. Hymn followed hymn until the Communion, when the vast throng of people began to press towards the altar. From then until eleven o'clock through the Masses, which followed continuously, the Communions were given, seventeen hundred and thirty in number.

Father William Carroll, S.J., said the last Mass at 10.30 ; it was he who had prepared the hearts of the pilgrims in Troy by a spiritual retreat, during which the virtues and sufferings of Father Jogues had been brought vividly before them, and it was for his recovery that many a fervent prayer was gratefully offered.

By 11 o'clock, there were groups of pilgrims under almost every tree, fortifying themselves after their long fast, for the later devotions.

Before the Shrine many knelt to beg again and again from our Lady the favors they had come to solicit ; others knelt before the Calvary finishing their thanksgiving and following in spirit the sorrows of Jesus crucified. By this time carriages lined the field in every direction ; fully three thousand persons were on the grounds, many of them being Protestants attracted by the novelty of the scene. Promoters of the League from various places met each other with cordial pleasure, the Cross making an immediate bond of union. One from Yazoo City, Miss., told how she had been staying at Saratoga, and how she had made a great effort to come, because all the Promoters in Yazoo City felt that she was to represent them at the Shrine, to tell our Lady all their needs. Another from Tampa, Florida, said how he had planned his summer trip to have a few days devotion at Auriesville. Quite a number of Promoters from the Gesù Centre in Philadelphia,

were there ; many of them had been present at the Amsterdam pilgrimage on Saturday ; they were on the grounds all the morning and were the nucleus of many pleasant little groups.

After a brief time given to this cordial social intercourse, the clear notes of a cornet sounded over the field and reëchoed through the valley, gathering together the crowds that they might listen to the sermon delivered by Father J. F. X. Coleman, S.J.

At the close of his sermon, Father Coleman announced the Way of the Cross, which was the most striking and devotional picture of the day ; hundreds of people followed from station to station, kneeling to adore the Saviour of the world, meditating on His cruel sufferings and compassionating in the touching strains of the *Stabat Mater* the sorrows of the Immaculate Mother.

This was the last exercise of the morning ; after the registration of names, the ranks formed again and moved towards the train, bearing with them the fair view of a peaceful valley upon which the Crucified looked down as if to invite all to seek rest where alone it can be found—at the foot of the Cross.

NOTES.

FOR several days after the pilgrimage persons remained at the Shrine. Mr. Jay Irving, manager of the Putnam House at the foot of the hill, and his family were untiring in their sacrifices for the convenience of the visitors, and though not Catholics, their kindness was marked by the most obliging considerateness and interest in the welfare of the Shrine. It is at the Putnam House that the "Register of Pilgrims" is kept. In it appear already names of persons from States as far west as California, and from the foreign cities of London and Rome. It was opened only last year.

The secular daily and Catholic weekly press had long and detailed accounts of the Troy pilgrimage. The *Catholic Weekly*, of Troy, whose report was perhaps the most accurate and graphic, added this in a note :

"The suggestion was heard that boxes be placed on the grounds for the receipt of small donations. Persons who might not regard their 'mickle' as worthy of offering in another way,

would gladly drop it into a box, thus placed, and 'mony a mickle makes a muckle.' "

In the evening, the pilgrims who remained over at Auriesville said their night-prayers in common on the Calvary. The moon and stars shone out in all their brightness. The large crucifix between the statues of Our Mother of Sorrows and the Beloved Apostle looked weird and sad in the extreme by the full light of the moon. Before departing, the pilgrims prostrated themselves and made an act of contrition. No one but an eye-witness can realize the solemn impressiveness that steals over him as he stands on this hallowed place at this mystic hour of the night. As one of the pilgrims remarked: "It's as sacred as in a church before the Blessed Sacrament."

Since last year a well has been sunk, and this was a favorite resort of the pilgrims; some of the water was even carried away.

The neat appearance of the grounds and the well-ordered arrangement of temporal details were due to the energetic devotedness of Mr. Wm. Madden, of Amsterdam.

Among the pilgrims was a Protestant lady who gave great edification by her regular attendance at the exercises. During the Mass she assiduously recited the beads. Surely, one who has thus honored our Lady cannot long remain a non-Catholic.

A Promoter of the New York Cathedral Centre walked four miles over rough country roads to be present at the six o'clock Mass Sunday morning. Afterwards she heard all the Masses of the Troy pilgrimage.

The oratory was filled with rare flowers. Among the floral decorations was a wreath of carnations carried personally by one of the pilgrims from Philadelphia.

An interesting character and one who gave greatest edification to the pilgrims was an old widow, Mrs. Brooks, whose daily custom it is to visit the oratory and make the Stations. There are few pilgrims who have had the happiness of visiting the shrine that have not had a word of wisdom from this dear old soul.

During Saturday and Sunday a photographer took various views of the Shrine. These will be arranged in sets and sent to those wishing to see this hallowed Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

By next year it is hoped that the new church will crown the summit of the Hill of Martyrs. . May God grant it!

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

Freda Stahle, Solon, Iowa,	\$0.50
J. K., Chicago,	5.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5.00
P. T., Hoboken, N. J.,	5.00
Friend, Worcester, Mass.,	1.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	2.00
Servant of Mary, Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00
Thomas Dolan, New York,	5.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5.00
Promoter, San Jose, Cal.,	1.00
M. D., Vermont,	5.00
Friend, New Brunswick, N. J.,	2.00
Poor working girl, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	2 00
M. J. K., New York,	1.00
Mrs. Preston,	} Dunmore, Pa., 4.00
Mrs. Gainard,	
P. Rooney,	
Lydia Morgan,	
Friend, Minneapolis, Minn.,	2.00
Promoter, Cathedral Centre, New York. For the conver-	} 2.00
sion of a friend,	
In thanksgiving, Washington, D. C.,	1.00
Friend, Philadelphia,	3.00
T. A. M., France,	5.00
M. T. J. Keenan, Boston, Mass.,	1.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	1.00
In thanksgiving, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	5.00
J. I. A. Donohue, Philadelphia,	1.00
A little donation for the Shrine,	5.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5.00
Mrs. Mary Brazell, Manayunk, Pa.,	1.00
Joseph Greene, Philadelphia,	1.00
Friend, Troy, N. Y.,	3.00
In thanksgiving, Trenton, N. J.,	1.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5 00
Our Lady's Client, New York,	2 00
Nameloc, Philadelphia,	5.00
Mary A. Morgan, Philadelphia,	1.00
Promoter, Plains, Pa.,	1.00
Emily Meyer, Roxbury, Mass,	2.00
M. J. S., Cairo, N. Y.,	1.00
Mrs. A. McCullough,	} Pittsburgh, Pa., 3.00
Mrs. C. Simms,	
Mrs. M. McKenna,	
Jane Curwin, Colchester, Conn.,	2.00
Mrs. Mary Scanlon, Lowell, Mass.,	1.00
Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	5.00
Mrs. Gleeson, Philadelphia,	1.00
A. C. E., Spring Lake, N. J.,	1.00
A. E. M., St. Mary's, Indiana,	2.00
W., Altoona, Pa.,	1.00
Mrs. J. C. Hare, Philadelphia,	1.00
In grateful remembrance, Philadelphia,	5.00
Ellen M. Reilly, Philadelphia,	1.00
Mrs. J. M. Tierney, High Bridge, N. Y.,	1.00
Inmate, St. Joseph's Home, New York,	5.00
Friend, New York,	1.00

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

THE MONTHLY BULLETIN.

WHAT is the Bulletin?

It is a periodical publication undertaken for the purpose of keeping alive the spirit of the Society. It supplies the Conferences with news and collects in convenient form the instructive facts contained in the various reports.

Who is authorized to publish the Bulletin?

The Council-General, the supreme governing body of the whole Society, reserves to itself the right to publish the principal *Bulletin* in French. It has authorized the Supreme Council of Ireland to publish the official *Bulletin* for the use of members in all English-speaking countries.

The Saint Vincent de Paul Society resembles our own Holy League in many ways. Its *Bulletin*, published exclusively by the Supreme Council, is intended to effect the same work among the members that the *Messenger* published by the Head Director does for our Associates. The members of the Society like our own Associates carry on their good work amidst the most diverse circumstances. To secure unity of action, which is essential to realizing unity of aim, some means of communication must be established between the members and the head.

Our Associates have the *Messenger* and the LITTLE MESSENGER which follow them to their homes, coming at fixed and close intervals to inform them of the progress of the League, telling them how the interests of the Sacred Heart are to be promoted in the world, how the coming of the Kingdom may be hastened, what examples are to be imitated and what perils they must avoid. The members of the Society find the same help in the *Bulletin*.

Should the members read the Bulletin?

This question scarcely needs an answer. A member of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society who would content himself merely with his own work or even with the work of his own Conference, without interesting himself in any way in the charitable work undertaken by his brothers of other Conferences might, strictly speaking, fulfil his obligations but he would evince little of that spirit of universal charity which should characterize a Vincentian.



THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

A WORTHY convert contributes an account of his religious impressions to a current magazine, in which he remarks :
“From the age of eight, when I went to a private school, till my entrance into Eton at thirteen, my school-life had little influence on my religious life.” The lack of this influence was not the least potent reason why in later life his faith waned and threatened to die out altogether.

To make the school an influence in a pupil's religious life, it is not enough to insist upon certain helps to religious formation while overlooking others still more important. Catechetical instructions help, and so do examples of piety in teachers and pupils alike ; but above all the other helps is a spirit of religious activity, which must be infused into the school and kept pure and bracing as a wholesome atmosphere. Without this activity, lessons and fine models may elicit admiration ; they will never move to imitation, much less to an enthusiastic or self-sustaining devotion.

To rouse this activity, and keep it in full vigor, the simplest means is the Apostleship of Study. Young people cannot easily practise the external works of religion, which chiefly tend to strengthen the faith and charity of those who practise them. They cannot teach the Word of God, nor give alms and pious counsel. Whatever some saintly models of youth have done, and whatever we may train our pupils to do, these same practices can be engaged in only by the few. Meanwhile it is almost idle work to tell them by word and example that our religion must bring us close to God in every action, if we leave them to speculate on this closeness without making them approach God by the very actions in which

they are absorbed, by their studies, recreations, and even by hours spent apart from books and company.

Now the Apostleship of Study directs study, play, and at least one fruitful hour a day of silence straight to Almighty God. It makes scholars offer their school-life to Him; exert their best energies to make it presentable to Him; elevate it till it becomes a worthy offering by uniting it with the acceptable oblation Christ our Lord made for our redemption. A true Apostleship, it saves all this holy energy from loss or waste by having it make for a well-defined object, broad and lasting enough to employ its multiplied efforts always. Every young soul can thus work out the salvation of other souls, and learn from the start how everything in life may become a stepping-stone to God. Every young soul can attach itself more closely to Christ our Lord, and grow familiar with Him by identifying, as He permits and wishes, its own interests with His.

The introduction of this part of the League into schools is simple, as the *Children's Manual* readily shows. A little patient effort may be required in the beginning, but who will hesitate at this when there is question of so much to be gained by it for our children? With God's help this scholastic year now opening is to be marked by a widespread spirit of the Sacred Heart among our children.

TO THE PROMOTERS.

THIS month of the Rosary should be to every Promoter the occasion of making renewed efforts to increase the number of those who practise the 2d Degree of the League. Every Promoter loves our Blessed Mother and wishes to honor her, and he cannot give a better proof of his love than by doing his utmost to propagate the devotion of the Rosary this month. Not only has the Rosary the especial sanction of holy Church, but its use and practice are urgently commended, particularly during October. In all our churches, the beads will be said daily, and the Promoters can do much by a timely word or hint to swell the numbers taking part in this devotion which the Holy Father urges upon all the faithful.

But Promoters should especially use the influence of their

office to reanimate the fervor of Associates whose spirit may perhaps have grown languid, and to induce others who have not yet adopted the practice of the Daily Decade to undertake this simple duty of the 2d Degree in addition to the Morning Offering. This will bring a blessing on the Promoters themselves, for Ecclesiasticus says : *Those who make me known shall have eternal life*, and on those also who adopt this practice, while to our nearly universal League will be given stronger pleading power with the Sacred Heart through these added prayers.

From the very first day of the month, then, let each Promoter resolve, for our Lady's sake, to add others to the list of those practising the 2d Degree of the League. It is the least we can do for her who has done and is doing so much for us.

THE HEROIC OFFERING.

THE *Catholic Columbian* commends the work which the League is now inaugurating to make reparation for sins of intemperance, and urges its adoption in the following words :

"Knowing, as we all do, how grievous a sin drunkenness is, and how prevalent the vice is to the ruin of souls and the destruction of the peace of families, it is gratifying to learn from an official source that the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart have undertaken a spiritual warfare against the giant evil of intemperance.

"The sin is a great one ; yet the power of the grace of God, moved by the joint prayers of so many thousands, will be more powerful. As all sins have to be atoned for in some way, we can easily perceive the necessity for some reparation or atonement to be made to the justice of God for the grievous sin of drunkenness, known, alas, to be only too common everywhere.

"In the spirit that animated the Crusaders of old, to rescue the Holy Land from those who profaned it, the members of the League have entered upon this modern crusade ; and it is not a crusade of words, but one of silent, persistent prayer. Who, therefore, can doubt its success ?

"The work thus undertaken is aptly termed the 'Heroic

Offering.' Its chief aim in the words of Father Cullen, the Irish Head Director of the League, is 'to band, in holy alliance around the Heart of Jesus, self-denying souls who are prepared to combine with prayer the sacrifice of a *legitimate* indulgence in order to give greater glory and consolation to that Divine Heart.' "

OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

HOW often do you think of your Guardian Angel? Do you ever think of him? And yet he is always thinking of you—thinking of you as the dearest object after God and the Blessed Mother. You are God's gift to the Angel Guardian, who loves you on account of the Giver. There is not a moment when he is away from you. He has been with you from the time you were a helpless baby in the cradle. He has watched you in your growing years, has sat beside you at school, has been with you in the buoyant days of youth, walked with you in advancing years, and will be with you till you close your eyes in death; he has shielded you from harm, grieved, rejoiced and prayed with you; he has been with you everywhere and at all times. He was present even when you committed sin, though you thought no one witnessed your crime; he has seen every sinful act and heard every sinful word. The heinousness of the sin grieved your Angel Guardian, but the commission of it, in the very presence of God, grieved him still more.

He knows when your heart is heavy; he sees the tears that are wrung from you in your lone grief; he hears the prayers you say in your silent chamber, and records the acts of sacrifice and mortification in suffering and sickness made by you for his and your King. How seldom you think of this! And yet what a comforting strength it would be to recall the presence of your heavenly-appointed companion in those weary and dreary moments which come to all of us when we feel like throwing down the heavy burden and dying!

We have not thought of our Angel Guardian in the past, because we have never realized his goodness to us. It will be different in future, now that we know what he is to us and we to

him. Every morning and night we shall make him our confidant and invoke his aid, guidance and protection, in the indulgenced prayer of the Church :

Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom his love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide. *Amen.*

PROMOTERS' LETTERS.

I.

UP to within a few months ago, two deaf readers of the *Messenger* having no object in life, did not consider it worth living. That dreary aspect has now changed entirely, and to our daily prayers we add a petition for grace and perseverance with which to carry on to the end the work which the loving Sacred Heart has put before us. This work you may like to become acquainted with: it is to further the interests of the Sacred Heart and the welfare of its League among those who are

"Doomed to dwell in silence,
Deaf to every sound"

And sad, indeed, is the life of all such! But we are happy to be able to say to-day that since the League has become known among those of this city, Brooklyn, they have ceased to look upon their affliction as a cross, and now consider it a blessing in disguise from that Heart of all hearts.

It is our happy privilege to be numbered among the Promoters, and gladly would we, could we, put in words the joy of each of the members of our Band upon meeting us, for we have made it a rule to carry in person each month, whenever possible, their Rosary Tickets, much preferring to do so on account of the pleasure which a visit from those of their own kind afford them, as well as to renew in them the memory of their duties as Associates of the Holy League.

We write these facts simply to show that the afflicted, as well as those more fortunate, are enabled to unite with others in sounding praises to the Heart of their Creator and, though their praises be not vocal, they are, we truly feel that they are, just as welcome

at the heavenly Throne as if they were uttered in tones of deepest devotion.

It is very touching, as well as a great consolation to ourselves, to witness those deprived of two of the greatest gifts from God to man, assembling around His altar and entreating Him to accept the homage of hearts which see their joy—their all—in Him, assuring Him that they mean henceforward to love only Him, and to act in all things with a view to His glory.

TWO DEAF PROMOTERS.

II.

I have been spending part of my vacation at a small mountain town, where railroad communication is not of the easiest, and where piety, though evident on Sundays, is not very ardent during the week. There are, however, some good Associates of the League here, and I was greatly edified by the fidelity of one of the men to his Monthly Communion of Reparation. As he was in my band, I knew that his chosen day was the First Friday; his wife and sister had selected the same day.

On the preceding Thursday he was called out of town on business of importance, which took him too far from the railroad to admit of a return on the same day. Much to my surprise, the next morning I noticed the man going to confession before the Mass which was said at half-past seven. I was curious to know how he had managed it and stopped his wife after Mass to ask when her husband had come home. "Oh, he came by the 4.30 train this morning; he said he found it a little hard, as he was driving till after ten o'clock last evening, but he did not wish to miss his First Friday Communion!"

Later in the day, I learned that, on reaching his home at six o'clock in the morning, he had found the baby awake and cross, and had wheeled him in the coach for an hour before starting for Mass! Truly, thought I, were we all as faithful, what grand strides our League would make.

III.

A special favor deserves a special recognition and thanksgiving.

Twice a special intention was recommended to the League,

asking the assistance of the Sacred Heart in obtaining employment and means to get out of debt for a young man having a family to support and who, with a few exceptions, has been without steady employment for almost a year.

Perhaps it was a want of generosity on my part, in trying to make a bargain with the Sacred Heart about a public acknowledgment, that the first petition was not more fully answered. The second petition was among the number prayed for *this* month, and already a position has been obtained.

Therefore, not only in my own behalf, but also in behalf of the young man and his wife, who are both members of the League—the latter a Promoter—are special thanks returned through the PILGRIM. May the Sacred Heart be praised and blessed, and may all who read this increase their devotion and place their full confidence in that Heart Which is for us the source of every good!

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

FORT BERTHOLD, NORTH DAKOTA.

I have just taken five Dakota Indian girls to the convent at Yankton, South Dakota, where they will soon receive the habit of the Sisters of St. Benedict. They have had much to suffer from those who opposed their vocation on account of race prejudice. Their perseverance under trials that would have been considered too severe for many vocations is a real triumph for their race. There would be many more Indian vocations if the poor Indians were allowed the same hope and given the same encouragement that whites receive instead of having to meet trials and persecutions that few whites could bear. The fault is certainly not with the Indians.

With best regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely in *Corde Jesu*,

FRANCIS M. J. CRAFT.

II.

SACRED HEART MISSION, INDIAN TERRITORY.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

We began the work of the League in this mission with the Indian children. The reception of our boys into the League was

very solemn and impressive. The Very Reverend Administrator Apostolic conferred the Badges. Our boys were consecrated to the Blessed Virgin at the same time. They delight in wearing the Badge. We have one band of the 2d Degree; the boys forming this band meet occasionally in council and have elected a Pottawatomie boy, Johnnie Myers, "Chief in Council." Louis Trombla, a member of the same tribe, is sacristan. The meetings of this "Council" are, I venture to say, very agreeable to the Divine Heart. Our Indian boys are commended in a special way to the prayers of the League. We hope that by this means much may be done to spread the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart throughout this pagan Territory.

III.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, FORT YATES, NORTH DAKOTA.
DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

The League is progressing in this small centre. We have over forty Associates. The young Indian girls in particular take a great interest in the work and are anxious to spread the League wherever it is possible. My heart is filled with gratitude to God who makes known His Will to these little ones. My earnest wish is that the Holy League may grow day by day and that all its Associates may become zealous, devoted friends of the Sacred Heart.

ST. ALOYSIUS AND THE CONSECRATION OF CHILDREN.

THE *Lists* for the consecration of children under the patronage of St. Aloysius close with the last day of September. The result of the manifestation of special honor to the angelic Patron of youth, recommended in particular by the Holy Father, has been a great increase of devotion to St. Aloysius.

Many of our Local Centres responded promptly and generously to the appeal made by the *Messenger*. Many thousands of names have been received for the *Lists*, which are now to be forwarded to Rome for the *Album* that is to be placed on the Saint's tomb.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

The Mission of Madagascar.



THE Mission of the Sacred Heart is a title that may well be applied to the Mission of Madagascar. The first foreign mission proposed to the prayers of the Associates of the Holy League in the first year of the first *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, it has ever been a work in which special interest was felt. Begun after many fruitless efforts in 1861, it has been blessed by rich harvests of souls. Scarcely any mission work in this century has produced such good results, and these results are due in great measure, as the missionaries themselves gladly acknowledge, to the prayers of our Holy League.

The 398 mission stations and 540 schools that are to-day in Madagascar have been provided for the 112,000 Catholics whom the zeal of Jesuit missionaries has wrested from heathenism. The conquest of these souls was not achieved without labor and suffering. Opposition from the sects, persisted in for twenty-two years, resulted at last in the expulsion of the missionaries. By a strange providence their last act before leaving Madagascar was the celebration of *Requiem* Mass for the repose of the soul of the English consul Pakenham, who had been their bitterest enemy and to whose machinations their expulsion was chiefly due. Converted on his deathbed and baptized by the Superior of the Mission, he died a repentant and humble son of the Church he had persecuted. The neophytes proved themselves worthy of the Faith. Deprived of priests and religious for three years they clung steadfastly to their religion, keeping the Sunday holy and supplying as best they could for their lack of spiritual succor. When at last the missionaries returned, the joy of the neophytes knew no bounds. Everything that could be thought of was done to testify their love for their dear Fathers whom, in their own quaint way, they style *amandreny*, "My father and my mother too." Let us ask the Sacred Heart to increase more and more the harvest of souls in this far-off land: let us ask the *Lord of the harvest to send* intrepid zealous *laborers* into this field that its millions of souls who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death may be led into the light of His Face, in the love of His Sacred Heart.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 11.

SINGULAR VESSEL OF DEVOTION.



THE Holy Spirit is often represented by the emblem of water rising as a fountain from a vase, *the well of water springing up into everlasting life.*¹ This treasure of life everlasting, *the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus,*² we receive and carry in *earthen vessels,*³ St. Paul tells us. Now, because we are of clay, we are very often spoken of as vessels in Sacred Scripture, as though God had fashioned us to bear the treasures of His grace, just as the potter applies his skill to shape a vase for flowers or for ornament. Lips speaking wisdom are as *a precious vase;*⁴ some of us become *vessels unto honor, others unto dishonor;*⁵ St. Paul was the vessel chosen by God to bear the graces of vocation to the Gentiles.

In calling on Mary, then, as a Singular Vessel of Devotion, we are but employing a phrase of the inspired writers to say fittingly how her whole being was filled with devotion to Almighty God.

Devotion is not in the upturned glance, or bent head, or quivering lip, nor in smiting the breast; it is not a mere pleasant familiarity with

¹ St. John, iv. 14.

² II. Corinthians, iv. 6.

³ Ibid., 7.

⁴ Proverbs, xx. 15.

⁵ Romans, ix. 21.

holy things, or holy but ineffectual desires, or some passing transport of love or enthusiasm: when genuine and sincere, all these may help to express and promote devotion, but they do not make it. Prayer is only a fraction of devotion, though nothing begets or nourishes devotion more than prayer. True devotion is a very simple thing. It is all in the will. It is the disposition which asks, *Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?*⁶ and which meets the answer with Mary's, *Behold the handmaid of the Lord.*⁷ It is the submission to God, which cries out, *Thy kingdom come*; the attachment to His Law, which prays, *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven*. In a word, it is the *sticking close to God*,⁸ which the Psalmist pronounces so good for us, and which he describes so minutely in the Psalm *Blessed are the undefiled in the way; who walk in the law of the Lord.*⁹

When theologians say that devotion is a readiness of will to do anything and everything for the service of God, they describe something very simple in itself, but far reaching and manifold both in its requisites and in its effects. That readiness of will requires the love, the piety which adheres to God above all things, and the hope and fear which support that love with courage and endurance. It requires moreover a clear view or knowledge of God, wisdom to read His way in all things, and the gift of deciding how best to work out His will in our lives. Without these gifts no measure of faith, hope and charity will make our minds and hearts entirely docile, prompt and steadfast to God's will in its most trying and unforeseen demands.

Now Mary had all these gifts. What her humility concealed, the Church has fondly discovered. *I am the mother of fair love*, it makes her say, *and of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope*. *In me is all the grace of the way and of the truth, in me is all hope of life and of virtue.*¹⁰ To such a degree was Mary filled with these gifts that her very senses were possessed by them, and all the powers of her body fell under their influence, and through them under the influence of the Holy Spirit. She was in this way the Spiritual Vessel, and her very flesh partook in some way of the spiritual nature of her soul. The reward we hope for after

⁶ Acts, ix. 6.⁷ St. Luke, i. 38.⁸ Psalm lxxii. 28.⁹ Psalm cxviii.¹⁰ Ecclesiasticus, xxiv. 24, 25.

the Resurrection, Mary enjoyed here below ; her treasure she kept not in an earthly, but in a heavenly vessel.

If devotion requires all these riches of the Holy Spirit before it can take root and flourish, its fruits are not less numerous. Chief among these is spiritual joy. To this all the others tend ; to it tend peace and patience, benignity, goodness, longsuffering, mildness, trustfulness, modesty, continency and chastity. Now we know the thought which burned in Mary's soul so brightly and ardently at all times that by way of a common greeting it burst forth in the memorable song : *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour.*¹¹ And if all generations shall call her blessed, it is because of the great things which the Almighty has wrought in her, because her life shadows forth in every detail the excellence of His power and holiness, because her whole being compels us to praise and honor Him, to honor herself as His truest image, the vessel of His beauty and splendor, the Vessel of Honor—*her branches, honor and grace.*¹²

Mary, therefore, was a vessel of devotion because she was first a vessel of every supernatural grace, and because she made every grace fructify into honor and glory of Him to Whom she was devoted. For the same reasons she was a Singular Vessel of Devotion, or as some phrase it, a Glorious Vessel of Devotion, so signally prompt and cheerful in serving God, in being His handmaid at any cost, that, with her example before us, we need never ask what true devotion is, or why and how we are to practise it. No description of it can benefit us so much as one glance at Mary bending over the Divine Babe in the Crib, or one whisper of those messages of grief which she treasured in her heart when Simeon told her how her Son should be a sign of contradiction, and how for His sake a sword should pierce her heart. Or, study the anxiety of her face when she sought Him three days sorrowing, and meet her when her mother's heart strains to relieve Him of the weight of the Cross, and later, gaze on her as she holds His Sacred Body to her bosom, the pious Mother, devoted still in spite of the shame and ignominy of His death. A vessel, truly, of *singular devotion*.

¹¹ St. Luke, i. 46, 47.

¹² Ecclesiasticus, xxiv. 22.

THE HOLY SOULS.

By E. Lummis.

AS a flame in vase of crystal,
Glowing bright through medium clear,
Shine the Holy Souls with longing
To behold their God so near.

All the loves that earth can offer
Dimly burn to Souls so pure ;
E'en the surging flames around them
They can patiently endure.

But the torment of their prison
Is the longing for His Breast,
"Oh ! that wings of dove were given
Swift to fly, and be at rest."

Oh, among the hearts that loved them
Is there none to bring relief?
Have they passed beyond our loving,
Though their stay on earth was brief?

Tears are but an idle tribute,
And the heart more truly wise,
Following on with its beloved,
Solace finds in sacrifice.

So when costly offerings glitter
As the feast-days come again,
Think of them, our patient loved ones,
Left unsolaced in their pain.

Bid them share in our rejoicing
Give them gifts of priceless worth !
Let no sad soul be forgotten
In the festal joys of earth.

A TALE OF TWIN BROTHERS.

By M. C. Bitner.

I.

WHEN Marcellus Shaw was twenty years old, he left the parental roof-tree and married Zelda Ringstein, a Jewess, in direct opposition to the prohibition of the Church as well as to the wishes of his good father and saintly mother. This was the first of a series of troubles in that family.

We had been next door neighbors of the Shaws since the twins, Marcellus and Justin, were babies. Being sturdy, bright children, we became interested in them and their games. When they gained in years, their education was begun with the Christian Brothers, and they donned the soutane and surplice of acolytes: our interest continued and increased.

Many a day, in the shade of the spreading maple that graced our front yard, did I sit and have the intelligent Justin and the sparkling wit of Marcellus to entertain me. Their studies, the Brothers, the "other fellows," Marcellus' progress in his music, and Justin's latest scientific experiments—these were our topics; on these themes their ideas strengthened and luxuriated; by them their ambitions were kindled and spread to greater subjects. Their time was so occupied with their "specialties" that they had no leisure and no desire to seek amusements outside of these; while I served as a reservoir of encouragement and confidence, our talks were an escape-valve for overwrought energy. The happy home was their haven of delight; their noble father, an ideal man; and their mother—the boys worshipped her! What wonder that I mapped out a brilliant future for Mrs. Shaw's lovable, perfect sons.

We watched the boys through their college career; noted Justin's steady, earnest study and predilections for the priesthood. While Marcellus' soarings were equally lofty, one knew his spirit sighed for the world of art, the paradise of the poet, the musician and the painter. From College to the University, Marcellus' course was like the splendid flight of a meteor; Justin's, the steady onward flow of a gradually increasing river, until God made that great, full mind, a channel to supply His Church, and brought into His ministry that soul, with a torrent of love for its Creator and His people.

And Marcellus—he had abandoned home, honor, all, to marry Zelda Ringstein, a concert-singer.

The wounded, grief-stricken father drooped his head; he thought he had two noble men; there was but one. He felt disgraced, and keenly disappointed. His hopes had fled; his fears were for Marcellus and his happiness. No blessing rested on that hasty, foolish marriage; the Hebrew wife was not in sympathy with the husband's religion; his college career was broken into

and dishonored ! How could a penniless Sybarite support a family ? With a sore heart and anguished mind, the loving parent contemplated the full meaning of ingratitude and selfishness. The meteor was only a rocket and had fallen to the ground, a burnt and broken stick !

Marcellus never returned home—pride forbade that ; forgiveness and loving hearts awaited there unclaimed. However, one Christmas eve, the expressman brought a silver flower urn, and within it a photograph of a lovely baby. “Felix Shaw, two years old,” was written on the card. Then ensued a silence of ten years, during which time Mrs. Shaw died. But in various ways news of Marcellus reached the father and Justin, now assistant priest in his native parish. They knew he was a prosperous broker in a large city, that he and his beautiful wife entered the best society and entertained royally, that he was a member of a Unitarian church ! This was their meagre amount of knowledge, but it was enough. The world smiled when the father grieved over that headstrong son, and it jeered when the same parent called a humble cleric “his noblest boy,” and bade him never forsake the sinning one.

Once more death visited the Shaw household. Grief conquered the old man, after robbing him of every joy save the administrations of the priest-son. Marcellus was informed of his father’s illness ; he was in Europe with his wife. With a last sigh and prayer for the recreant boy, the father’s soul went to its Maker.

“Mark me,” I overheard the old sexton say, as the funeral procession wound its way through the church-yard, “Marcellus Shaw’ll not come to any good end. His father’s and mother’s deaths are upon his shoulders. He will be cursed, sure as I’m born ; he’s living in plenty and hobnobbing with the greatest, but his soul is stained and he’s an unhappy man, or my name’s not Tom O’Toole.”

II.

Father Justin Shaw was reading the morning paper, while waiting for a city-bound train. Suddenly his face paled and the hand and the *Times* shook in sympathy.

He had read this notice :

"At noon yesterday, Marcellus Shaw, the prominent Third Street broker, was seized with a paralytic stroke. He was removed to his home, — Walnut Street. The doctors pronounce his case hopeless."

At that moment with a tremendous roar, the express rushed up to the station, he was hurried in, left to his sad thoughts, and whirled away to the dread meeting. Paralysis conjured frightful pictures before the imagination, and Justin saw his brother afflicted with its most terrible attendants. Motionless, speechless, a living corpse, perhaps—God have mercy! He could not bear the thought; covering his face, the priest groaned aloud.

Philadelphia at last! The cab horse crawled over the streets, he thought, and, after a spasmodic jerk at the bell, the footman seemed an hour opening the door.

"Marcellus—how is he?" When the moment had arrived, he knew not what to say, what to expect.

"My master is no better," answered the lackey, wondering at the familiarity of this clerical personage.

"I will come in; please take this card to Mrs. Shaw."

He was ushered into a long dimly-lighted room, and although his tumultuous mind scarce permitted an intrusion, he soon saw that the Sybarite had made his home a palace.

A tall, handsomely-formed woman entered the room.

"You are my husband's brother?" she asked graciously.

"Yes, madam; I have just read the news, and I came here directly. Please let me go to him at once," he said, beseechingly.

"I know, I know, but I am afraid it would be too much excitement; the least shock, you know—"

"Dear madam, I appreciate your anxiety for my—for your husband, and I would not permit my love for an only brother to jeopardize his life, but it is a critical time; his soul is in danger—let us lose no time."

"Marcellus is no longer a believer in Catholicity, and feels no uneasiness whatever about his future welfare."

"His unbelief is nothing to me, madam; at the brink of eternity, God and truth become visible. If he is able to talk, or merely to listen, I must see him."

The dark frown deepened on her beautiful face. For a

moment she gazed at Justin in haughty silence, then said : "Come with me." At the door of the sick-room she cautioned him to say but little.

And then the priest's form shook, for he saw Marcellus' seemingly dead body ; a flushed, distorted face lay on the pillow. The sick man said peevishly : "Don't leave me so long again, Zelda, I want you to read to me—who is that you have with you ?—Justin !"

"It is Justin, Marcellus," said the priest, bending over the figure on the bed.

"Have you come—to me ? I didn't send, for I did not think—"

"But you are glad and you need me, isn't it so?"

"Yes," cried the sick man ; "but sit down there, close by me, so I can talk to you." Mr. May, the Unitarian minister, was then announced, and Mrs. Shaw left the brothers alone.

"Justin," Marcellus said in his gasping tones, "I need no one, I trust no one—only Zelda and perhaps you, but no one else. I used to be very happy, I was successful, everything went well, but when I heard of mother's death, I felt I had caused it, and I could not go near you—you would hate the cause—yes, don't interrupt. You are charitable and forgiving : you always were, Justin, but I have been repaid. I had three beautiful boys, I called one, Justin ; and they died, one after another. I never knew what real grief was until I buried the angel-browed Fabian. I hated my wealth then, I hated everything, even you, for I imagined you had cursed me. Stop, let me speak, it won't be for long ; my soul, did you say ? I have thought of that—I have thought of everything since last—when you and I were boys and served Father Donnelly's Mass. Weren't we happy, Justin ?—you are still a happy man and I am a felled log." His moans were piteous to hear.

"Dear brother, God is good, is merciful ; He awaits the opening of your poor heart. Then return to His great loving bosom : there is eternal peace with Him—"

"No use, Justin, no peace for me ! The children are gone, father, mother, all, even the money. I'll tell you, but soon they'll all know. It was a hundred and fifty thousand ; the company was rotten, and I foundered—all must go. I have only

Zelda, and she has nothing." A frightful shriek escaped Marcellus' lips.

They hurried into the room, and without waiting for an explanation, the wife ordered the priest to leave at once.

Fearing excitement would hasten the end, Justin left the sick-room and waited in one adjoining. In a few minutes, the suspense became intolerable. He crept back and opened the door noiselessly. A gentleman was bending over the sick man and talking in a low tone. Marcellus in a broken voice was saying :

"Too late, Mr. May—I was born a Catholic—my brother—"

"Is here, Marcellus, to prepare you to meet your God."

"Justin!—it is coming—pray—God, have mercy!"

Marcellus Shaw stood before the great Judge.

Once more a meteor had fallen to the ground. The blackened cinders, all that remained of its former brilliancy, were the honored relic of a glowing aerolite in the business world, but the prostrate Justin, the heart-broken brother, prayed for a sin-stained soul that had met its Creator, with a cry for pity.

ST. ANDREW, APOSTLE,

NOVEMBER 30.

ST. ANDREW was a follower of our Lord from the very day after His return from the forty days in the desert. He did not, however, fully forsake his nets and fishing until he was formally chosen an Apostle shortly after the second Passover, when the Twelve were chosen. He was a Galilean born at Bethsaida, on the banks of Lake Genesareth. With St. Peter, his brother, he toiled as a fisherman both on the lake and down the Jordan.

It was doubtless on one of these river journeys that he joined the crowds following the Baptist along the banks. Being of a serious turn, he became a disciple of St. John, and so cordially did he accept the precursor's messages of grace, that when Christ the Messiah was pointed out, he followed Him, and induced Peter to follow Him also.

Behold the Lamb of God, the Baptist said; *and two of his disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.*¹ Now one of

¹ St. John, i. 36, 37.

these was Andrew. Since he was the first to go after Jesus, the Greeks call him Protoclet, the first-called. The title which attracted him to Christ was not new or vague to men of his piety. Every Jew could know that the Paschal Lamb was only a figure of the real victim and sacrifice to come. St. John had applied it to our Lord the day before, and had added that this Lamb would take away the sins of the world. The Baptist used Isaias too freely, and his hearers knew the Prophet well enough to recall the vision of one who would be *as a lamb before His shearers,*² and the Lord had laid on Him the iniquity of us all.³

At any rate, this entry into the Master's company, with its *Master, where dwellest Thou?*—and the winning answer, *Come and see!*⁴—is one of the homely Gospel scenes which makes us recognize our kinship with Christ more than hours of thought or reading. Once again St. Andrew comes before us in connection with the Lamb of God, in the sublime figure of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the first feeding of the crowds in the desert, when he called attention to the five barley loaves and two fishes as being so little among so many.⁵

He seems to have been very kind-hearted, a reason no doubt why Jesus admitted him to a very manifest familiarity. It was he, along with Philip, that secured an audience with Jesus in the Temple for the Gentiles who had come up to worship at the Feast.⁶ Towards the end also, he was with Peter, James, and John, when they made that breathless inquiry about the time of Jerusalem's prophesied destruction.⁷ Though not so impetuous or demonstrative as his brother Peter, he was still a man of the warmest attachments. The first act of his ministry, after that first day in the dwelling of Jesus, was to find his brother and bring him to Jesus; and he was well repaid, when Jesus looking upon that brother, named him Peter, thereby destining him for a special calling. Then he was very devoted to his fellow townsman, the Apostle Philip.

Where Scripture ceases speaking of our Saint, tradition begins, and many and various are the works ascribed to him. Eusebius and Origen record his preaching in Scythia; St. Jerome and Theodoret his mission in Achaia, or Greece. He is mentioned

² Isaias, liii. 7.³ Ibid., liii. 6.⁴ St. John, i. 38, 39.⁵ vi. 9.⁶ xii. 20.⁷ St. Mark, xiii. 3.

as evangelizing in Asia Minor, Thrace, Epirus, Colchis. The Muscovites claim that he spread the Gospel in their country as far as the confines of Poland. According to the Roman Martyrology, and the Calendars of many churches, he laid down his life at Patræ in Achaia, under the proconsul Ægeas.

The strong love of this Apostle is never so apparent as in his death. True to the circumstances of his first vocation, he will not deem himself a true disciple until, like the Lamb that was slain, he too will die upon the cross. After resolutely withstanding Ægeas, he was invited to offer sacrifice to the gods. "Every day," he replied, "I offer on His altar the Lamb without stain"; and then he begged the faithful not to hinder his martyrdom. Led out for crucifixion, he cried out: "O Cross, beautified by the members of Christ, so longed for, so ardently loved, and sought unceasingly, and now at length granted to my eager soul: Oh, take me from men and restore me to my Master; that by thee He may welcome me, Who by thee has redeemed me!" For two days he preached from his cross, and the burden of his instruction was the beauty, saving power and glory of the Cross.

St. Andrew is the poet of the Cross, as St. Paul is its orator and champion. From St. Andrew's dying hymn to it Fortunatus drew the inspiration of the verse, *Faithful Cross! above all other one and only noble Tree!* of his *Sing, my tongue*, as also of his hymn *Forth fare the standards of the King*, both songs most sacred in our holy liturgy. Venerable Bede and St. Bonaventure have taken the strains of their Passion hymns from the same source.

St. Andrew has left no writings, although some spurious Acts are often attributed to him. It is doubtful if any sum of doctrine could have roused men to a greater love of the Cross than his own dying prayer. How widely a spirit like his appeals to us is evident from the devotion he receives everywhere. He was ever the patron of Russia and the special patron of Peter the Great's first Order of Knighthood, that of the blue ribbon. Relics of the Saint receive much honor in Milan, Nola, and Brescia. Translated first from Patræ to Constantinople, when that city was taken by the French, they were brought to Amalphi, in Italy. When later some of them were secured for Brussels by Philip the Good, he instituted in honor of the event the Knights of the Golden Fleece. Their emblem was the Cross

of the peculiar shape decussate **X**, on which St. Andrew is said to have been crucified. Regulus, a monk, is said to have brought some relics of the Apostle into Scotland as early as 369, from which time St. Andrew has been greatly venerated in that country, and honored as its patron.

The chief traits of his character, which popular devotion has chosen to honor, are his strong love and chivalrous loyalty to the Master Whose sweet name, Lamb of God, had aroused his generous sympathy, and Whose gentle invitation had won him to *Come and see*. His seriousness, his fondness for St. Peter, steadfastness to Philip, courtesy to strangers, deep interest in whatever was to befall his mother country, are examples imitable by every man. As these virtues led him to leave all for Christ, they should also attract us to St. Andrew, and make us learn of him how to give up everything that would keep us from Christ.

POOR LITTLE PAUL.

By Charles Austin.

THERE is no possible doubt about it, he was a very queer little chap. Every one said so, and no wonder, he looked so strange in his French hat and small knickerbockers and blue coat. Then he always insisted on wearing bright red stockings as a sort of penance, he used to say, and was always sure not to forget pinning his little Sacred Heart Badge on his wee waistcoat in the morning. Altogether he was a very quaint, old-mannish little boy.

You see he had been to school in a convent in France a very long time, ever since his little head could remember. In consequence of this he could speak French with a quaint accent of his own. He could sing in German in a coy musical tone, also strictly original. And he excelled in English by joining all his quaint accents into a mellow tongue, that rang in one's ears long after he had ceased speaking.

His papa was a very rich man indeed. He was a very big, burly man, very fond of good eating and good living, and very, very fond of his little Paul, and he didn't care for anything else in all this broad world. He had thought his boy would be like

all the other boys he was accustomed to see—ugly and big-boned and clumsy. Instead, he saw the little chap we have described, who didn't appear to be at all afraid of him, but on the contrary spoke up to him in the most fearless way imaginable.

"Pooh! pooh!" said his father when he saw him. "You've stayed too long in the convent, Paul. You'll have to be built up on good old English roast beef."

And then, when Paul was leaving the good Sisters with tears in his eyes, his big good-natured papa found that he wasn't such an insignificant little boy as he had thought. The whole small village turned out to bid him "good-bye," and the white-haired curé blessed him with tears running down his furrowed cheeks.

"Why, little Paul," said his father, "how did you manage to make all these people so enthusiastic about you?"

In answer, this strange little man told his father how it had been his custom to accompany the good curé on his rounds and help him as much as he could with his pocket money, and sometimes when the curé wasn't able to go himself and read aloud from the Bible for the poor sick people, he would go in his stead, and all the people knew him and loved him as the good curé's little helpmate.

"Ha!" said his gruff old father. "A very good thing in its way, Paul, a very good thing in its way."

Two days later they went on board the great ocean liner to go out to America. Paul was very sick the first few days, but not a murmur would he utter.

"Dear Nancy," he would say to his anxious nurse, "I always offer it for my sins."

"Ah! thin, darlint," said that worthy, "it's few of thim that stains your sowl."

At last Paul was well, and it was the delight of his father to see all the people watching the rare little figure in red stockings, walking up and down the deck by his side.

In due time they reached the great, dirty, smoky city of New York, and little Paul was duly introduced to the big brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue. Everything in the house was perfection itself, and Paul looked with wonder on the several "blue rooms" and "red rooms" that fronted on the Avenue.

That night his father dined alone, and after dinner Paul sat

on a little stool by his knee, and made wondrous sage remarks, and looked into the deep red fire burning on the hearth.

"Well, little Paul," said his father. "Do you find anything wanting in this great, strange, rambling house of ours?"

"Dearest papa," replied the strange, old-fashioned little man. "In all your great, large, wonderful house, you have forgotten to set aside a place to worship the good God. Don't you think we could make a chapel in one of the spare rooms?" The father looked a little uncomfortable. "Tut, tut, Paul," he said. "You must get over all these queer notions of yours about churches, and saints and sinners. You know this isn't France." But the next day the carpenters were in the house, and the chapel was made.

However, Paul's papa didn't feel quite easy in his mind till he had had a long talk with Nancy, and told her to be sure to change all little Paul's old-fashioned ways, or she would have to change her situation. "Why, Nancy," he said, "if Master Paul had his way, he would soon turn the house into a monastery, and make us all monks and nuns."

Then Sunday came around. His father had been up carousing late into the night, and in consequence kept his room late in the morning. Paul had no one to take him to church, and didn't know quite what to make of his father's not going. At last in desperation he said a fervent *Hail Mary*, and boldly knocking on his father's door asked him to come to church with him. His father didn't like it, no, not a bit. But Paul persuaded him and for the first time since his wife's death fifteen years before, Paul's father went to church. He didn't say many prayers, but the seed had fallen on good ground and was beginning to take root.

When the First Friday of the month came, Paul started out very early to go to Communion. "Why, Paul," said his papa, "what took you out so early this morning? You must not go wandering around this big city by yourself, or you'll be lost some day." And then Paul told him that he went every First Friday to Communion in honor of the Sacred Heart. And he told, in his own way, about the good Margaret Mary and all the promises our Lord had made her; and then added somewhat timidly: "Dear papa, I'm always asking the Sacred Heart to let you come to the altar with me every First Friday, as you come to church with me now, every Sunday."

But Paul's father didn't like the net his son was slowly winding around him and tried hard to shake it off. He thought if he had Paul at the dinners he gave in the evening; had him to drink wine and go spending lots of money, that he would get to think himself a man and forget all his "queer notions." But Paul didn't like this, and gave away his money to the poor, and wouldn't drink wine, and became more and more old-fashioned.

One evening his father's dinner was more distasteful to him than usual. Wine had gotten the better of two or three of the gentlemen, and the conversation was growing loud and vulgar. At a convenient moment little Paul slipped out, and as there was no one in the great hallway, he opened the door and went into the street. A cold, sharp, biting wind blew in his face, and he shivered a little. But recollecting his resolution, he solemnly folded his little hands and looking up to Heaven, prayed: "Dear Jesus," he said, "accept all my sufferings this night for Thy Sweet Sacred Heart, and please bring papa back to the Light again." Then resolutely closing the door he set off in the cold, dark, bleak night to visit some of his fond poor. . . .

It was late when the last of the father's visitors left, and then he at once noticed the absence of little Paul. He was in a terrible way—and had his servants searching the streets through the long night, but in vain.

About five in the morning, however, a closed carriage drove up to the door and Father Raynor of the Cathedral stepped out, and carried Paul to his father's arms. The priest shook his head sadly as he told how he had found Paul in one of the poor quarters of the city, when he was coming home from a sick-call. Paul had caught a bad cold on his mission, and a few days later the doctors sorrowfully told his father that it would be his last.

One evening little Paul was dying. His father stood by his bed, and held his cold little hand in his. "Papa," said little Paul, "what did the doctor mean when he said that I would go out with the light?" "Oh! Paul," groaned his father, "don't ask me," and then breaking down altogether: "My little, little child!" he cried, "my little child!" He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been further apart perhaps than they were.

Then Paul said that he had a great request to ask of his father, and on the latter's promising to comply with whatever was asked, Paul said that as to-morrow was the First Friday in June and as he was not able to go to Communion, would his papa go instead? And his father promised again, and said that every First Friday should see him at the Altar in Paul's stead.

And then little Paul's mission on earth being done, he put his hands under his head, saying languidly: "Dearest papa, the light is going out," and gave up his soul to God.

And I am sure, it is needless to tell my readers, that Paul's papa always kept the promise he had made to his little son, on his deathbed.

HOW THEY STRUGGLE IN INDIA.

MADURA, INDIA.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR FATHER:

Pax Christi:

I HAVE received a letter from the Father Superior of this district, informing me that the supplies for this year are exhausted. Before the next distribution of money there are still three months. What are we to do? I cannot send my children away; the most I can do is to refuse new applicants. This I have done as long as I could; but it is not always possible to keep the door closed on one who asks and perseveres asking. But this moment a pagan girl from Trichendur in the East of Tattars dragged herself to the door of our asylum. There she cried a whole day, begging to be admitted, protesting that she wanted to die in our refuge. Spite of all orders, I had to let her in. It would surely have been too cruel to refuse a poor, sick pagan girl who showed such a desire to enter. Baptised with the name of Mary of the Annunciation, she died after seventeen days' illness. Had I sent her away, she would have died a pagan. Such instances would happen frequently had I more resources.

The palm-trees yield nothing, and are so dry in many places that the poor people are threatened with want the worst in many years. They are abandoning many villages, and an indigent crowd is gone to seek refuge in Adeikalabooram. The day before

yesterday a poor widow came from Vandancoulam with three children, three, eight and ten years. She has been a Christian some time ; and though this fact should be in her favor, I had to send her away. The truth is I have nothing for Christian orphans, and still to drive them away makes my heart bleed. Who will give me enough help to receive at Adeikalabooram all the little orphans, no matter whence they come ?

I told that poor widow that each of us had to beg. I am begging now of you. Widows and their orphans, and the poor who cannot emigrate come knocking without ceasing at the door of our orphanage begging me not to let them die of hunger. Imagine that they are appealing to you, and help me to save them. After this harvest I will bless the marriages of twenty-four orphans, a new source of expense. I will thus have 100 families of orphans settled about our orphanage. Yet a little while, and in what was once a desert, Christianity will flourish in many thousands of souls.

With best wishes, etc.,

P. MENGELLE,
Missionary.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Mission of Madura, India :

Elizabeth C. Spillane, New York, \$25.00

For the Tomb of St. Aloysius, Rome :

Associates of the League, Villa Maria, Pa., 1.00
Sister M. Aloysius Gonzaga, Wheeling, W. Va., 3.75
James P. Cummings, Zincite, O., 2.00
"Cash," Washington, D. C., 5.00

For the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Poor Churches :

Per Father Neil McKinnon, S.J., New York, 100.00

For the Propagation of the Faith :

Rev. John P. McIncrow, Amsterdam, N. Y., 20.91

For the Indian Missions :

Katie Lyden, New York, 1.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

CONCERNING THE SHRINE.

AMONG the interesting letters of contributors to the Shrine the following one of a venerable and venerated priest in the West is full of candor and edification. After calling attention to the enclosure of \$25.00 from a Frenchman and \$5.00 from himself, he says :

“I enclose this contribution in the hope that Auriesville will become the grand centre of pilgrimages in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs.

“For six years now I have contributed as much as I could. This will be done during the rest of my life. I am now eighty-four.

“Sincerely,

“J. P. DION, *Priest.*”

A Seminarian from Texas on the eve of his ordination to the priesthood begs Our Lady of Martyrs to obtain for him all the graces that will make him a good priest, and to this end sends a donation for the Memorial Church.

A priest from Omaha and another from San Francisco transmit offerings for the Shrine that they may obtain urgent requests through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs.

A lawyer of Buffalo and a lady of a Southern city, in acknowledgment of favors received, send generous donations. The latter writes : “I asked Our Lady of Martyrs for several favors, and I received them, hence I enclose my contribution, and I promise to do all I can for the Shrine.”

These are only some samples of the letters received. The correspondents, however, whose letters are most filled with expressions of gratitude and pleasure, are those who had the happiness of being present at the Shrine during the pilgrimages of August. Not satisfied with having this happiness once and for themselves, they wish to revisit the hallowed place and induce others to accompany them.

Here it may be well to repeat what we have said on other occasions.

We are sometimes asked if the Shrine is open all the year round for visitors, and if contributions are to be sent to Auriesville.

Visitors may go to Auriesville at any time, and the "Register of Pilgrims," kept at the Putnam House, shows the record of persons who have been there even during the winter months. Our readers will recall the pilgrimage made late in the season by a gentleman who, though possessed of means, walked and begged his way thither and back the whole distance from Philadelphia! Visitors going to Auriesville out of the pilgrimage season will have the opportunity of seeing the Shrine, praying in the oratory, and making the Stations, but they will be denied the privilege of hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion.

As yet no priest is stationed at the Shrine, and thus the pretty octagonal oratory with its gilded dome and cross stands closed nearly all the year looking down from the summit of the Hill of Martyrs out upon the limpid waters of the gracefully winding Mohawk. We hope, though, that when the new church—"the Temple" of Father Jogues' vision—shall be erected, a new order of things will ensue.

It is for the building of this church that contributions are now received at the *Messenger* office. In the early part of this year, a Philadelphia gentleman opened a "\$100.00 subscription list for the Memorial Church at Auriesville." His example was followed by another gentleman from Kentucky. These are the only two whose names are on this special list, though donations ranging as high as \$50.00 have been contributed. It is proposed to begin the church this year, if the contributions warrant it, so that it may be sufficiently complete for use by next August. All who have visited the Shrine know the need of this church, and the one regret of pilgrims is that they have it not in their power to build it. Our Lady has hitherto been propitious, always securing for the pilgrims the fairest weather and showing other favors. Will she not also be propitious to us in this undertaking?

Some of the photographic views of the Shrine, spoken of in our last number of the *PILGRIM*, are now ready for distribution. They are well executed and are 6 by 8 inches in size. These will be disposed of for the benefit of the Shrine. The following are the photographs on hand: Up the Hill of Prayer; Procession up the

Hill of Prayer ; Procession from the Southwest Entrance ; At the Oratory ; The Altar ; During Mass ; The Calvary ; The Calvary and Stations ; The First Station ; The Second Station ; The Ravine ; A Group of Pilgrims.

Others are now making and, when completed, they will be arranged into sets, thus enabling distant clients of Mary to have an ideal view of her American Shrine.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York :

Associate of the League, Philadelphia,	\$2.00
Promoter of the Gesù, Philadelphia,	2.00
Miss M. O'Neil, Philadelphia,	1.00
"In honor of the Souls in Purgatory," Manayunk, Pa., . .	1.00
"For conversion of a Protestant gentleman," Philadelphia,	1.00
Promoter of the Gesù, Philadelphia,	5.00
Convent of Mercy, Mobile, Ala.,	1.00
Friend, Lowell, Mass.,	1.00
<i>E. de M.</i> , Philadelphia,	1.00
Mrs. C. Ransford, Philadelphia,	5.00
—, Charlestown, Mass.,25
D. R. V., Philadelphia,	1.00
Mrs. Burns, Philadelphia,25
Various, Philadelphia,75
Gussie Neyer, Boston Highlands, Mass.,	1.00
A Frenchman, Vincennes, Ind.,	25.00
Rev. J. P. Dion, Highland, Vincennes, Ind.,	5.00
—, Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00
A poor Child of Mary, San Francisco,	5.00
Mrs. Jane Jenkins, Edge Grove, Pa.,	1.00
W. G. Henderson, Victoria, Tex.,	1.00
W. C. Carroll, Victoria, Tex.,	1.00
—, Holyoke, Mass.,	1.00
—, Holyoke, Mass.,	1.00
Client of Mary, Woodland, Calif.,	1.00
Promoter of the Gesù, Philadelphia,	1.00
Edmond Roche, New York,	50.00
Friend, Germantown, Pa.,	1.00
J. McG., Omaha, Neb.,	1.00
Charles J. Wehrle, Altoona, Pa.,	1.00
Promoter of the League, Wilkesbarre, Pa.,	1.00
A Priest, Padua, O.,	1.00
Miss Z. S. Bouvier, New York,	10.00
Miss Alexine C. Bouvier, New York,	10.00
Mrs. John Sullivan, Rochester, N. Y.,	1.00
Grateful friend, New York,	5.00
Mary Dugan, Clyde, Tex.,	1.00

THE AUGUST PILGRIMAGES.

By S. A. P.

O VER the shining river
And the valley that lay between,
From the hill where the shadows quiver,
And break on the sun-kissed green,
Rose a psalm to the Maker, and Giver,
And Lord of the fair, bright scene.

Triumphant, its strains went ringing
Down the vale, and the hills afar
Caught up its echoes, and flinging
Them outward and upward, a bar
Of the song that the choirs were singing,
Reached high as the highest star—

Reached Heaven and God. The choir
Sang over the tender strain,
And each heart was touched as by fire,
And filled with a strange, sweet pain,
And each soul unto God drew nigher,
And cried—"Let me here remain."

O Hill, where the Cross of the Thorn-Crowned,
Lifts up its royal head !
O Shrine, where the Queen of Martyrs,
Watches her holy Dead !
O Day, full of praise and thanksgiving !
Not yet have your memories fled.

Not yet, O Song, has your echo
Died in our hearts. Some day
When the Shrine on the hill is lonely,
And the flowers are hidden away ;
It will rise with its old, sweet cadence,
And call us to dream and pray.

To dream of a Mass and a morning,
A Shrine and an altar fair,
And an anthem of praise and thanksgiving,
That filled all the summer air ;
And out of the dream, an Angel,
Will weave for the singers a prayer.

THE SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

ITS PRESENT CONDITION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE present condition of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in the United States is as follows: Three Superior Councils, two Central Councils, twenty-two Particular Councils, with four hundred and one Conferences. The Superior Councils of New York, New Orleans and St. Louis, and the Council of Brooklyn, present independent annual reports to the Council General in Paris. From the Report for 1890, kindly furnished us by Mr. Thos. M. Mulry, Secretary of the Superior Council of New York, we learn that three hundred and twenty-four Conferences are under the jurisdiction of this Council.

Of these Conferences three hundred and eight, having an aggregate active membership of six thousand and fifty-four, are represented in the Report. These members paid one hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty-seven visits to thirteen thousand one hundred and fifty-two poor families, and expended for relief of all kinds one hundred and thirty-nine thousand five hundred and fifteen dollars. They procured situations for nine hundred and twenty persons and assisted in teaching over thirteen thousand eight hundred boys in the various Sunday-schools attended by the members.

These works, extensive as they are, do not exhaust the energies of the Society. The Special Works undertaken by members in different cities include hospitals, prisons, reformatories and almshouses, which have been regularly visited, and the welfare of the Catholic inmates provided for by personal attention on the part of the members.

Prayer-books, beads, scapulars and Catholic reading-matter, not however in the abundance wished for, have been distributed with very encouraging results in all these institutions. The care of orphans is another Special Work undertaken by some of the Conferences: homes have been provided for destitute children, and many have been in this way rescued from certain loss of faith. All these works are done without ostentation, public display or desire of earthly reward by "the most humble of the many admirable organizations connected with the Catholic Church."



THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

THE indefatigable pastor of a well-organized parish in New England sends us this letter :

"I have started in my school the Apostleship of Study. I have fourteen bands of children who have been confirmed and have made their First Communion. There are about 800 children in school. In fact, I have all my Catholic children in attendance. Now, I want you to send me all the particulars.

"I think it would be a good thing to have each band get the *Messenger* and PILGRIM every month and pass it around in turn. In this way the parents and older members of the family would have a chance to read it." . . .

The suggestion concerning the distribution of the *Messenger* and PILGRIM is certainly a *good thing*. The only means of keeping alive the spirit of the League among the Associates is for them to read or hear something of it at times. As in some instances they hear nothing of it, the only hope is to have them read of it, and this can be done only by having at hand the official organ of the League—its *Messenger*.

For the details of the establishment of the Apostleship of Study in the school, it is only necessary to refer to the *Children's Manual*. Chapter II., page 29, gives the essential observances to be complied with for the successful working of this apostolic devotion among school children.

As the Apostleship of Study is only a branch or development of the League, it is necessary that the League itself should be first established by a Diploma of Aggregation. If it is desired to have the Apostleship of Study in a parochial school attached to

church which is already a Local Centre, it is not necessary to aggregate the school separately.

For the inauguration of the Apostleship of Study, a special day, the First Friday for instance, should be chosen. The more solemn this is made, the more lasting will be the impression, and the greater the results to be hoped for. The Local Director is the proper person to explain to the pupils the nature of the League, its object, its practices, and in particular the end and practices and organization of the Apostleship of Study. Where it is not possible to have the Local Director or other priest conversant on the subject do this, the Sister in charge can give the explanation : or, each Sister can take charge of her own special class.

Promoters should be appointed among the different classes, and these should be formed into a Council with its officers, as directed in the *Manual*.

The Council should meet monthly, when progress can be reported and matters relating to the interests of the work can be discussed. The presence of the Director at the Council, his words of encouragement, counsel and guidance, will have an inestimable effect on the Promoters, and the good influence will soon show itself through the whole school. The extent of this influence can be known only by those who have learnt it by experience.

A monthly instruction on some special feature of the Apostleship to the whole school would well repay the outlay of time and effort devoted to it. Children are quick to learn and sensitive to impressions in their school-days, and if the opportunity is lost at this time, it is likely to be lost forever. Children are too precious in the eyes of the Church for any one to whom is entrusted their welfare to neglect any occasion by which their love of God may be increased. If the day fixed upon for the monthly instruction could be so arranged that it would precede the day for the General Monthly Communion of the children, an excellent opportunity would be given them of preparing for the worthy accomplishment of this act. It would be so easy for the instructor to suggest practical hints as to the best manner of making a good Communion. How fervent and profitable such Communions would be !

Good-will and zeal for the children's welfare will render all efforts in their behalf unspeakably pleasant.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY AND THE HOLY SOULS.

BLESSED Margaret Mary was always devoted to the Souls in Purgatory. In the beginning of her religious life our Saviour used to reveal to her the sufferings of these souls, and she used to offer in their behalf her own trials of soul and body with the many self-inflicted penances permitted her by obedience. Our Lord was thus early penetrating her with a spirit of His own lively compassion for His suffering members. To make her an apostle of His Sacred Heart, she must know by experience the measure of Its love for every soul in need, whether still on earth and capable of self-help, or in Purgatory and past helping itself—all the more pitiable to His love.

With these reflections in mind we cannot call extravagant Blessed Margaret Mary's declaration in her first appeal for the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. If the Holy Souls, she declared, rejoiced when our Lord descended into Limbo, now again would they exult in a devotion which would open anew to them every treasure of His mercy. Again, without these reflections we will utterly fail to appreciate how Jesus permitted and desired her to intervene in the liberation of many of the Holy Souls; perhaps, too, some would be scandalized at her constant and familiar relations with the suffering departed. For Margaret Mary was so well known to have dealings with the Souls in Purgatory, that she was often consulted by relatives or friends whose piety toward these poor souls she directed in many remarkable ways.

By God's help His servant did what the spiritualist medium presumptuously attempts to do; and her motive in telling the secrets of Purgatory was always in the interest of Him Who had revealed them to her. She did not seek to satisfy curiosity, but to excite pity for the sufferers, or to manifest the workings of God's justice. Whether she had known the soul or not on earth, when consulted she would speak of it by name, recount the faults it was expiating, describe the penalties it was paying for each of them, and tell the duration of its imprisonment. She spoke from actual knowledge, from seeing, hearing and conversing with the souls for whom she interceded.

Her relations with them grew more and more close in propor-

tion to her fidelity to our Lord's requests in their behalf. "I was given to the Souls in Purgatory Holy Thursday night," she writes; "before the Blessed Sacrament, I was for a while surrounded by these poor souls, with whom I contracted a fast friendship, and our Saviour told me He had given me to them to do them whatever good I could. Since then they are often with me and I call them my suffering friends."

And true friends they were, by no means selfish, so considerate that they once made her stop some penance which seemed trifling to her zeal for them, but which they thought in excess of what obedience permitted her. If they were importunate at times, she never complained. She knew their pains so well that her compassion came to be in a way a very purgatory for her. Some of them were the souls of religious; in every case religious were punished more severely than people of the world; they had neglected so many graces and opportunities. Their pains were determined by the character of their faults. "They tear my heart with combs of fire," cried one, "for having murmured against superiors. My tongue is eaten by vermin for my unkind words, and my mouth ulcerated for having been too ready to talk." The remedies they always asked were acts of virtue which they had failed to practise. Blessed Margaret Mary used to bid all who wished to help them to unite their thoughts, words, actions and sufferings with those of the Sacred Heart for the relief of *her suffering friends*.

Knowing the abandonment of these souls so clearly, Blessed Margaret Mary was not content to offer in their behalf ordinary trials and actions only. She became their victim, and when she could not secure some extra suffering from God, she inflicted painful penances upon herself. The keen sense of the tortures of Purgatory, and the need of her friends were pain enough. Her generosity was not unrewarded even in this life; her suffering friends when liberated would always hasten to bid her rejoice at their deliverance, and impart to her, so far as they could, some foretaste of the joys of heaven along with the assurance of their inter-mediation in her behalf.

THE LEAGUE IN VARIOUS CENTRES.

Father Strassmaier, O.S.B., of Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, says in a recent letter :

"The League is progressing in our midst. The young Indian girls take a great interest in it, and propagate it wherever possible. I am filled with gratitude towards God Who makes known to these little ones His divine will."

Father J. J. Dacey, O.M.I., of the Immaculate Conception Church, Lowell, Mass., who has several hundred zealous Promoters under his charge, writes :

"Our League is a very large one, and new aspirants for the office of Promoter are continually coming in. Kindly send me the needful supplies for fifty more Promoters. I spoke Sunday of the *Little Messenger*, or PILGRIM, and obtained fifty subscribers. I am sure many others will join the ranks before long, as I shall speak of this excellent magazine on the First Friday."

Father M. J. O'Reilly, Rich Hill, Mo., who has just established the League in his parish, says :

"The number of Communions of the last First Friday encourages me greatly. I notice, even so early, a marked improvement in the number of Communions on Sundays since the establishment of the League."

The Mother Superior of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Helena, Montana, tells us :

"The League is doing wonders for our inmates. It is surprising how many good works it is the means of obtaining from them, which they would not otherwise think of doing."

Father T. P. O'Keefe, of Socorro, N. M., who has lately been transferred to another parish, after recommending his faithful Promoters and sending their names for the official Diploma and Indulged Cross, adds :

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that our Centre of the League, though scarcely out of its swaddling clothes in years, already numbers two thousand. Its Promoters and Associates are spread through the various towns and villages around Socorro. The Sacred Heart has already granted us many blessings."

Father John O'Dowd, of Eastport, Me., whose ministerial jurisdiction covers a vast territorial district, regrets that he cannot have the practice of the 3d Degree among his people, some of whom are Indians, saying :

"It is a little disheartening that I cannot have all three Degrees. All the Catholic people in the missions practise the 1st and 2d Degrees, but under our present circumstances very few can practise the 3d Degree. Many must be content with Communion at Christmas, Easter and the Forty Hours."

Father P. H. McMahon, of Savannah, Ga., writes :

"The simple duty of the League and the share it gives in so many prayers win the sympathy of every one. I think we will have every one in the parish enrolled."

Father A. J. Glynn, of East Dorset, Vt., who makes use of the *Handbook* in his scattered missions, to spread the knowledge of the League, says :

"The League has been established only a few weeks in my poor missions, yet it is yielding manifest fruit. I have now 23 Promoters."

Father Jos. H. McMahon, of the New York Cathedral, sends us this communication :

"You will be astonished to hear that our Intentions for one month reached the enormous figure of 1,457,289. I could not believe my eyes when I read the figures and so investigated the account, but found that there is no mistake about them, and accordingly I congratulated the members of the League on Friday on the wonderful spirit of prayer that this indicated.

Some of my Associates desire to make special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for favors obtained through the prayers of the League. I note the following : For my own part I have to make two Thanksgivings for very great favors received through the intercession of the Sacred Heart.

Thanksgiving is also made for the conversion of a man and wife, the former of whom had not been to confession in twenty years, and the wife in eight years. Both have approached the Sacraments, are Associates of the League, and are practising the 3d Degree."

These are only a few of the letters received from our Local Directors, but they are enough to show the wide-reaching efficacy of the Holy League.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY IN PRACTICE.

[We give the following letter just as it was written. It tells what the Apostleship does practically when well organized. Moreover, it indicates how secular and religious education may advance together.—EDITOR.]

DANBURY, CONN.,
September 28, 1891.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

As I am a stranger to you, and as this is the first time I have the honor of writing to you, I will have to introduce myself: my name is Mary McCreedy.

I go to St. Peter's Parochial School. There are twelve rooms in the building, taught by twelve Sisters of Mercy. I am in No. Twelve, and am fourteen years old.

Father Lynch, our beloved pastor, having finished his work of establishing the Apostleship of Study, desires me, as I am the Secretary, to write and let you know what we have done and are doing.

We have fifty-two Bands belonging to it, and twenty-six Promoters. The Sisters who are teaching the lower rooms of our school have their children divided into Bands, and they are Promoters for them.

Our Council consists of Rev. Father Lynch as Rector; Rev. Father Kennedy, President; Annie Brennan, Treasurer. All the Promoters belong to the Council also.

We have four principal intentions for which we offer all our prayers and visits to the Blessed Sacrament; namely, 1, against blasphemy; 2, against drunkenness; 3, against missing Mass; 4, against neglecting confession.

The children make visits to the church every evening after school. We have a large number of children who have taken the pledge, some for life, and others till they are twenty-one.

Father Lynch gives us the *Sacred Heart Messenger* to read and thus we are kept informed of what the League's interests are. I will try to write often and let you know how we are getting along.

I am, dear Rev. Father,

Your humble servant,

MARY MCCREEDY.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I.

IN a little village, situated among the mountains, lived an old man who, all his life long, had had nothing but trouble ; yet he never seemed to lose his serenity nor bewail his fate. This great courage in spite of adversity was to his friends a source of constant admiration. One of them asked him once what was the secret of living always so contentedly.

"I will tell you," said the old man ; "my secret is very simple : I make good use of my eyes ; that is all !"

The friend, piqued by curiosity, sought in vain the solution of the enigma, and begged the old man to explain himself further.

"With pleasure," said he smiling. "Listen ! In the first place, wherever I am, I look up to heaven ; this makes me remember that my principal business here below is to merit a place there. Then I look down to the earth, and I picture to myself the small space which will be reserved for me there. Then, I look around the world, and I see many men who could justly consider themselves more unfortunate than I am. Thus I never forget heaven, the lasting place of consolation and true happiness, nor the grave which swallows up all anxieties, nor the folly that I should be guilty of, did I abandon myself to sadness and complaining, whilst a multitude of my fellowmen endure ills more cruel than mine.

"Profit by this lesson, and you will be at least as happy as one can be in this world !"

II.

Our readers will remember the touching story published in the September *PILGRIM* under the title—"In Partnership with God." It has been the means of bringing to us, from a real estate broker in the far West, the following letter, which needs no comment.

"My wife and I have read both the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM* with a great deal of interest and relish, especially those portions giving accounts of 'Thanksgivings for Graces obtained.' The story, 'In Partnership with God,' impressed me strongly. . . .

"With the exception sometimes of the poor health of my wife, we are blessed with health and strength: we live very closely and conservatively. I have been a total abstainer from the use of liquors all my life, and since June 1, 1890, I have not used tobacco in any form, although before that time I was an inveterate user of the 'weed' in both forms.

"After reading in the PILGRIM 'In Partnership with God,' my wife and I concluded to go into partnership with our dear Lord. The partnership commenced yesterday (September 21), and continues for a term of five years. After deducting an amount for the support of ourselves and family and the education of our children, the payment of our debts and obligations, and a reasonably comfortable home for us, we promise and agree to divide equally whatever surplus or remainder there may be between our Lord and ourselves.

"We are confident and have great hope that He will assist us in our labors."

THE SACRED HEART ALMANAC FOR 1892.

THIS will be ready for issue with the December Rosary tickets (November 15). Meantime those who have already sent us their orders, or who will send them, may rest satisfied that they will receive the *Almanac* at the time specified. On account of the large numbers to be sent out we advise those particularly who wish to have many copies to notify us early.

The *Almanac*, with its calendar of feasts and list of Indulgences, its stories, sketches, anecdotes and entertaining narratives, has fully attained in the past the purpose for which it is printed, but the coming issue of its fourth year will have several changes that will further enhance its value and utility as an annual *Almanac* and reference-book for the various religious societies.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

The Indo-Chinese Missions.



THIRTY years ago the sorely-tried missions of Annam and Tong King were commended to the prayers of our Associates. The Director General at that time wrote of them: "Torments more terrible than those inflicted upon the Christians of these missions would be sought in vain in the acts of the early martyrs. Tu Duc had nothing to learn from Diocletian. Let us pray for this persecuted Church, for its martyrs that they may persevere unto the end in their glorious confession of the faith, for their persecutors that their hearts may be softened by the glorious testimony which the blood of the martyrs whom they slay has given to the truth."

These prayers were heard. "The blood of martyrs" has again been "the seed of the Church." These missions with a population ten times less than that of China have yielded ten times greater fruit. For three centuries the glorious pages of their martyrology have never been closed. "Let them trample on the Cross or die," was the cruel order given by their first persecutor and repeated by his successors. "We cannot deny Jesus Christ," was the noble answer of the first martyrs and of their successors in each generation. They died glorious martyrs for their King, giving their life-blood to hasten the coming of His Kingdom. To-day, 620,000 Christians in these missions call them blessed and witness to the truth that the blood of martyrs is never shed in vain.

Despite the indifference of many European Christians who reside in these countries and the undisguised hostility to the work of the missionaries shown by the Masonic representatives of France, the seed sown in tribulation and tears continues to produce an abundant harvest.

The Vicar-Apostolic of Western Tong King asks the prayers of our Associates for the Christians of his Vicariate consecrated to the Sacred Heart and tells us that in his charge alone, if he had the help he so much needs, twenty thousand pagans would be received into the Church by Holy Baptism each year.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

SEVENTH YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 12.

TOWER OF DAVID.

THE Tower of David was the chief stronghold of the people of Jerusalem. After its royal builder, it grew to be a fond type of their national stability and splendor.

Like a smoothly-chiselled cliff it stood on Sion, built with bulwarks and crowned with pinnacles, a strong security to the king's palaces beneath, and a stern menace to the only easy approaches to the city. The most prominent structure in sight from the much used Jaffa gate, and visible from every spot within the city, it was for visitors and citizens alike a source of confidence and reassurance.

Strength was not its only merit. Grace of outline was enhanced by the variety of its ornaments;—*a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armor of valiant men,*¹—David's trophies from the Syrian wars, and afterwards the arms of Solomon's bodyguard. No wonder the inspired writer deemed it a proper figure of the enduring beauty of that bride, which the Canticles present as a type of the beauty of Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost; *thy neck is as the tower of David.*²

The Jew, however, did not read his

¹ Canticles, iv. 4. ² Ibid.



sacred poet with Christian insight. His absorbing dream of Jewish ascendancy made those shining battlements a reminder of the king who had built them; of the city, *joy of the earth*,³ which he had established and strengthened by them; of the deathless songs he had sung from their heights; of Nathan's promise that David's *throne shall be firm forever*,⁴ and his house forever faithful, and of David's grateful song in answer to God: *For Thou hast confirmed to Thyself Thy people Israel to be an everlasting people*.⁵ And in this hope, those towers were guarded jealously and looked to as a refuge even when God had abandoned the nation.

To the Christian the Tower of David suggests all the beauty and strength of David's character, the glory of his reign, the splendor of his city, the sublimity of his songs, and the unfailing progeny of his kingly house. But all this only stands for another reality still more splendid, which the Hebrew poet dimly saw in the bride of the Canticles, but which the Jewish rationalist was too worldly-minded to admit or recognize. Mary is the Christian's Tower of David.

The vain dream of the men of Senaar: *Come, let us make a city and a tower, the top whereof may reach to heaven*,⁶ has come to be real in Mary in a way mortals could never dream. Mary is herself this tower reaching unto heaven. With *foundations in the holy mountains*⁷ she rises over the gates of Sion which *the Lord loveth above all the tabernacles of Jacob*.⁸ We see her as we enter those gates, and still we see her as we stand *in thy courts, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem which is built as a city, which is compact together*.⁹ With good reason the Church, the city of God, reposes in security since its impregnable fortress rises so majestically, *sweet and comely as Jerusalem: terrible as an army in battle array*.¹⁰

Mary is literally set firm in the gates of God's holy city, the Church. Neither can we enter nor dwell therein without beholding in her our strong wall of defence; for we cannot come to know Jesus Christ unless we know that He was born of Mary, nor can we live members of His family, of His Mystical Body—the Church—unless we learn to look upon His sacred Mother as

³ Psalm xlvi. 3.⁴ II. Kings, vii. 16.⁵ Ibid., 24.⁶ Genesis, xi. 4.⁷ Psalm lxxxvi. 1.⁸ Ibid., 2.⁹ Psalm cxxi. 2, 3.¹⁰ Canticles, vi. 3.

our own Mother also. Were we apt to ignore this, our enemies would soon recall it to our minds. One and all of them, openly or covertly, begin or end by attacking this bulwark of our belief and piety. As Mary's virginal womb was the abode of the Word made Flesh, so the prerogatives of her Immaculate Conception and virginal Maternity are the mantle of protection to the central mystery of the Church, the mystery of God become Man.

Whilst their point of attack arouses in us this true sense of our divine life in Christ Jesus, Mary's splendid triumphs over them must reawaken in us new sentiments of confidence in her strength and of admiration of her heavenly beauty. Truly, O Mary, *thy neck is as the tower of David, which is built with bulwarks.*¹¹ The thousand glittering bucklers which encircle thee are the shining trophies of divine truth which thou hast wrested from the darkness of heresy, for "alone thou hast done away with every heresy in all the world."¹² The armor of valiant men which surrounds thee is the brilliant tribute of holy doctors, of Christ's Vicars and of chivalrous champions in every rank of life who have been swift to rally with all the force of their authority and learning, all the fruitfulness of their life's blood to maintain thee, their own sure *tower of strength in the face of the enemy.*¹³

For Mary does not repel the attacks of the enemy without our aid. In this she is strictly true to her title of Tower. Like the Almighty Who has made her so very powerful, she deigns to require the exercise and co-operation of our poor forces. Surely we will show our devotion to her more than the Jew of old to his walls of stone and to the fallacious hopes he built upon them.

True in every sense to her title of Tower, she is in a very special and beautiful sense the Tower of David, or, as the Latin Litanies read, "Davidic Tower." David means, "Darling of Jehovah." Jealously as God displayed His love of David, Mary is His fairest purely human creation. If then the favored David's people were ever ready like their king to guard his towers of strength and refuge as the apple of their eye, we should be no less ready to stand by Mary, our invincible fortress, sure of her strength, enamored of her beauty, and jealous as Jehovah is of her sovereign dignity.

¹¹ Canticles, iv. 4. ¹² Office of the Blessed Virgin. ¹³ Psalm lx. 4.

FOR THEE.

By M. R. C.

THE Heart of Jesus waits for thee ;
For thee His loving choice.
And, while the Angels sweetest sing,
He longs to hear thy voice.

For love of thee on Calv'ry's Cross
He suffered, bled, and died.
Ah ! canst thou, then, refuse His wish ?
He calls thee to His side !

Within the lonely church He dwells,
A prisoner for thy sake.
How seldom has He prayed—"Oh, give !"
How often cried—"Oh, take !"

He fain would ease thy suffering heart,
He fain would grant thee peace.
Oh, tell thy anguish out to Him,
And He will bid it cease.

A FIRST FRIDAY INCIDENT.

By J. C.

A TALL, venerable-looking, white-bearded old gentleman stood on the corner of Seventeenth and Master Streets, early one First Friday morning, not so very long ago.

He was apparently waiting for a car.

A little woman in rusty black was approaching, and, being of a very observant turn of mind, he remarked her.

Her lips were moving, her expression was prayerful, to say the least ; preoccupied, in any case.

Twisted around her hand was a string of rude beads, and a crucifix hung from it.

She looked up as she crossed the street, and accidentally met the half-smiling, wholly-pitying look of the kindly old face. Her own face, recalled from its look of abstraction or preoccupation, was simply *debonnaire*, as the French would say, lively, good-humored, and not in the very least forbidding.

"Excuse me," said the gentleman ; "I really do not wish to

be impolite, but—may I ask you a question, without being considered rude?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What were you saying, just now, as you came along?"

"Why, sir, I was just saying my prayers, I suppose."

"Pardon me, would you mind telling me what prayers?"

"Why, sir, I was saying what Gabriel said to the Blessed Virgin."

"What did he say to her; and who was Gabriel?"

"Why, sir, I am sure you are joking, and know more about the holy Archangel of God than I do, and what he said too."

"No, no! I assure you; or if I ever heard I forget."

"Why, sir, he said—*Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.*"

Unconsciously the little old woman had been fingering a rosary bead, while repeating the *Ave*.

"Yes?" said the old gentleman, "thank you. But could you not say it without these grains of wood?"

"Indeed I could, sir," was the laughing answer, "but habit made me forget that the bead was between my finger and thumb."

"What is the use of these wooden beads, this graven image, may I ask?"

"Why, sir, if you would just ask Father —, or any of the priests at the corner of —, they would tell you much better than me. There's the church; you can see the cross from here."

"Yes, yes, I know Father — and all the Fathers know their profession; but why need *you*, an intelligent woman, make use of these vain objects?"

"Well, sir, as to the intelligence, I don't know about that; I can read and write and say my prayers, thank God, and gain my honest living, and that is intelligence enough for me; and the objects you please to call vain, sir, are the very things that help me to do it."

"How can that string of beads help you to do it?"

"It is not a string of beads, sir, begging your pardon," said the little woman, and her face began to look troubled, hurt.

"Pardon me, I mean no offence, but *what* is it?"

"It is a Rosary."

"But what is a Rosary?"

Bridget, for her name was Bridget, remembered the words of her daily prayer: "Accept this Rosary as a crown of roses."

"It is a crown of roses," she said, looking firmly up into his pitying face, "a crown of roses that we lay at the feet of our Blessed Lady every time we say the beads in her honor."

"Humph! and what, may I ask, are you thinking of while you are saying beads, as you call it?"

"Well, sir, I am thinking, as best I can, of the mysteries of our Blessed Lord's life; whether they be joyful, or sorrowful, or glorious. To-day they are sorrowful, it being a Friday—"

"Please go on. What do you mean by *mysteries*?"

"Why, sir, I mean the Agony of our Divine Lord in the Garden;" Bridget touched the first decade of her beads, "His Scourging at the Pillar, His cruel Crowning with Thorns, His Carrying the Cross, by which He redeemed the world, and His most holy Crucifixion," and Bridget, who had had to forget herself and her listener and remember only her Divine Master, in order to repeat these aloud, kissed the cross fervently, as she was in the habit of doing when she pronounced the last word; and no sooner had she done so than she became conscious of where she was, and her face grew very red and hot, from modesty and natural timidity at her own boldness 'in laying down the law to a gentleman.'

"Is that all?"

"Then I think, sir, that if my own cross is weighty, I must imitate Him, and follow Him, and not complain."

"Who taught you this, may I ask—Father ——?"

"No, sir, indeed he didn't, though if any one could do it, it is himself. From a priest in the old country I got that much."

The gentleman was fain to smile a little in his thick white beard.

"Well, I beg your pardon, for my curiosity and for detaining you," said the gentleman; "what I have heard is very interesting. I see my car coming; good-morning!"

Bridget fairly had to run to get home in time for her daily work, by which she earned "her honest living," and had no time to think of the incident, or the profession of faith she had been

surprised into making. Indeed she may never again recall it; she had voiced her thoughts, nothing more.

But all the way down to Chestnut Street the gentleman pondered on the thoughts of the poor workwoman 'the thoughts that helped her to gain her daily bread,' or, to use her own words, "her honest living." He had despised and pitied the Roman Catholics for their 'mummeries,' though he was accustomed to call himself 'Catholic' but *not Romanist*.

The repetition of the sorrowful mysteries by that humble creature, the love of the Cross evidenced by her impulsive act of kissing the crucifix in the open street, and before his very eyes, was a revelation and a surprise to him. Almost he felt himself disabused of a frightful prejudice. She had interested him, and it was with a feeling of genuine respect that he touched his hat as he bade her good-morning.

She was not thinking of beads or crucifix or of him while repeating those fearful mysteries, but of what they typified to her mind, he was fully convinced.

Were all *illiterate* Catholics like that?

When he returned home he wandered through his fine mansion meditatively; finally he made his way to the coach-house. The old hostler was moving about busily.

"Patrick!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I saw somewhat of a crowd this morning, early, down by the corner of —; do you know the meaning of it? Any particular meeting down there to-day?"

"No, sir, not exactly a meeting. But it's the First Friday of the month, sir."

"Yes, so it is, Patrick, but what has the First Friday of the month to do with the crowd I saw this morning?"

"It must be the League, sir, of the Sacred Heart, and many of the members were at Mass. It is the Apostleship of Prayer, sir."

"Well, Patrick?"

"Well, sir, that's all."

"But what is the object of your League, anything political?"

"Oh, no, sir; nothing at all!"

"What then?"

Patrick was puzzled ; he fumbled in his vest pocket.

"The old woman has the paper that tells all about it," he said, scratching his gray head, and feeling particularly vexed at not being able to answer his pleasant-voiced master more clearly.

"But what is the object, Patrick?"

"Well, sir, for last month it was to pray for Christian Doctors,¹ but not a bit of me remembers what this month is for yet. I'll know when I go home to dinner, for the children and the old woman are all in it."

"Well, but Christian Doctors, Patrick, what's the matter with them? Why do they need so much praying for?"

"Because, sir, Father — says they have temptations and dangers to meet, and if they're not very good, they can do a power of harm, and they have to go among taking disorders, and when a doctor gets sick he dies sooner than other people, and they want a power of praying for."

"Well, Patrick, do you believe that all this praying will do the Christian Doctors any good?"

"With the blessing of God it will, sir."

The gentleman had to turn away to examine a new harness, Patrick's logic amused him so greatly.

"But, Patrick, here!"

Patrick came back.

"You say that with the blessing of God these prayers will do good. Now is not the blessing enough, without the prayers?"

"But how is one to get any blessing *without* prayers?" exclaimed Patrick.

"They can ask God themselves."

"Well, so they can," admitted Patrick, "but plenty don't, and them that does will be none the worse for help. A thousand votes is better than one, and a thousand names on a petition will go farther than one."

There was no answer to this.

"Do you say your prayers on a string of beads, Patrick?"

"I say my Rosary of a Sunday or holiday, blessed be God," said Patrick, "but whether I do or no, I have the prayers of the League, and if I have no time for it, I hope God will not be hard upon me, as long as I go to my duty regularly."

¹ This was the General Intention for July.

"You are an excellent fellow, Patrick, and I remark that you are very regular, at your duty."

"Indeed, sir, I never suspected you knew a thing about it."

By his *duty* Patrick meant, of course, confession and Holy Communion, and he could not see how his master knew about that.

Was this the ignorance the self-complacent rich man had pitied?

He thought much of the faith and love of these poor people, and could not but admit that it made their lives beautiful.

He may never have courage to go and ask Father —, or any of the Fathers, for instruction, but he admits that he cannot forget the face of Bridget as she kissed the crucifix.

A MONUMENT TO THE "SOLDIER OF CHRIST."

A BEAUTIFUL ceremony has just taken place at Loigny. All France knows the name of this little village of the Beauce, where, on December 2, 1870, the Pontifical Zouaves raised alongside the national flag the banner of the Sacred Heart, and so generously shed their blood for their country. General de Sonis was at their head on this memorable day. He was a worthy commander of these distinguished soldiers. The intrepid General led his brave men against the enemy and fell in their midst, though not to die, like a large number of them, but to offer to God, by his wounds and his long-suffering, an heroic sacrifice.

It was this Christian heroism that M. Baunard, Rector of the Catholic faculties of Lille, author of the "Life of General Sonis," desired to commemorate, in erecting a monument on the spot where Sonis was taken up, the day after the battle, in the midst of the dead and the wounded, after a night of agony and of ecstasy.

This monument is a cross of stone 17 feet high, which stands solemnly erect in a vast plain on the plateau of the Beauce. On the cross is displayed the banner of the Sacred Heart, amongst the folds of which is seen a palm, the symbol of the triumph that Catholic France made in her grateful heart for the glorious defeated of Loigny. The four sides of the pedestal bear these

inscriptions, which recall, with the only title that the General desired on his tomb—*Miles Christi*, the agonies and the raptures of that sorrowful night.

I
HEIC
PRO DEO ET PATRIA
SUB CHRISTI SIGNO
CECIDIT MAGNANIMUS
MILES CHRISTI

II
HEIC
IN ORATIONE DEI PERNOCTANS
COELI DELICIAS
PLENO CORDE HAUSIT
MILES CHRISTI

III
HEIC
SE CORDI CHRISTI SSMO
HOSTIAM DICAVIT
ACCEPTISSIMAM
MILES CHRISTI

IV
HEIC
IMMACULATAM
HABUIT SIBI
PRÆSENTISSIMAM
MILES CHRISTI

Freely translated, this means: "1. Here the great-hearted Soldier of Christ fell for God and his country; 2. Here the Soldier of Christ, praying the whole night, had his heart filled with heavenly comfort; 3. Here the Soldier of Christ offered himself a grateful victim to the Sacred Heart; 4. Here the Soldier of Christ had the Immaculate Mother near him.

The inauguration of this monument took place August 15, the fourth anniversary of the death of General de Sonis. No official invitations were sent, but numbers of the faithful came, not only the townspeople, but some from Chartres, from Orleans, from Paris and even from Lille, to render homage to the magnanimous soldier.

Madame de Sonis was also present, with two of her sons, Henri de Sonis, captain instructor at the school of Saint-Cyr, and Jean de Sonis, and two of his daughters, Madeleine and Germaine. With the family of Sonis was also Captain de Sèze, whose father was the intimate friend of the General, and who was himself his orderly officer. The venerable widow and her children often come to pray at the tomb of him who gave so much happiness to their life and so much glory to their name. What must have been their feelings on this day, when this new glory was given this Christian hero, a glory that may be increased by that which the Church may one day award him?

At three o'clock the ceremony commenced, favored by beautiful weather. A procession was organized and directed by the Curé de Loigny, who was a witness in 1870 of the terrible battle.

The men were grouped around the banner of the Sacred Heart, the women around that of the Blessed Virgin, carried by young girls dressed in white. It was a religious procession worthy of the piety of the grand Christian whose memory at this time filled all hearts. Mgr. Baunard was the orator. The sacrifice of General de Sonis was the subject of his address. He showed the soldier preluding his immolation by a life of holiness and of devotion to the noblest causes, accomplishing his immolation during the bleeding hours of Loigny, and perpetuating his immolation by the sufferings and the pious actions that ended only with his death. Mgr. Baunard afterwards solemnly blessed the cross, and all returned in procession to the church for the Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

ST. THOMAS, APOSTLE,

DECEMBER 21.

ST. THOMAS became an Apostle of our Lord in the Spring of A.D. 31. It was shortly after the second Passover, the day the Twelve were chosen, on the Mountain of the Beatitudes, just before the Sermon on the Mount.

Like some of the others, who were made Apostles that day, he may have followed our Lord before; but the fact is not mentioned in Scripture, and his biographers say it is probable, just as they say he was most probably a Galilean, and a fisherman. He was sometimes styled Didymus, or Twin, some say, to his sister Lydia; others on account of two traits he united in his character, distrust and generosity.

Indeed, the well-founded traditions of his life are very few. From the Acts of the Saint, the Roman Breviary adopts only the following: After receiving the Holy Ghost in the upper chamber, he set out to carry the Gospel to the Parthians, Medes, Persians, Hircanians and Bactrians. In the end he reached India, and made our religion known there. Whereas his holy doctrine and signal miracles won the people over to a love of Jesus Christ, they only provoked the king of that people to a hatred of the Apostle. Accordingly St. Thomas was sentenced to die, and transpierced with javelins he crowned his Apostolic dignity by

martyrdom. The Roman Martyrology says that his sacred remains were first removed to Ortona, and some years later to Edessa where they now repose. The finger which probed the wound in the sacred breast of Christ is kept in the Basilica of the Holy Cross, in Jerusalem.

For this lack of detail in his biography we are amply repaid with a knowledge of his character from three striking Gospel incidents in which he is a prominent figure. When Jesus was bent upon going into Judea to raise Lazarus, the Apostles were afraid; they remonstrated that the Jews sought to stone Him, and caught at our Lord's word, *Lazarus our friend sleepeth*,¹ rejoining: *Lord, if he sleep he shall do well*,² without our going to his relief. *Thomas, therefore, who is called Didymus, said to his fellow disciples: Let us also go, that we may die with Him*.³ This is a prompt challenge to their cowardice. It is not the bid of a sullen or despondent character, but the daring of a decided and generous spirit, whose devotion had no patience with the poorly excused fear of his fellows.

As St. Thomas stood apart from the other Apostles in this spirit of loyalty to his Divine Master, so he also stood apart from them in an obstinate doubt of their report about the Resurrection. They had discredited four apparitions, and the reports of the favored ones, and had scarce believed our Lord's coming into their own midst to rebuke their mistrust of the holy women, of Magdalen, of Peter, and of the Emmaus pilgrims; to show them the wounds in His hands and feet; to let them *handle and see*,⁴ and to eat with them. St. Thomas would not take even their combined testimony. He is willing to believe, but he will believe on his own conditions: *Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe*.⁵ Again impatient with what he thought their credulity, his impetuous temper commits him to a resolution, which might have cost him his faith, had not Jesus, always very good to Thomas, granted him the terms he presumed to ask.

It is common to call this the doubt or unbelief of Thomas; most Gospel commentaries say it was sinful doubt. Surely it was

¹ St. John, xi. 11.

² Ibid.

³ St. John, xxi. 25.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ St. Luke, xxiv. 39.

not a doubt of our Lord's power to arise from the dead ; yet just as surely was it an unreasonable distrust of valid human testimony, and therefore a rash exposure of all the religious truth he had learned from the subject of that testimony, his Divine Master. Even though it does not appear that he refused to believe in Christ, he was still wrong in disregarding those who might have been his only source of evidence about Christ's crowning miracle, the Resurrection, in risking or in rejecting a means of religious truth both sufficient and available. Our Lord seems to have treated him as one whom evidence without kindness might have confirmed in his obstinacy. *Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into My side : and be not faithless, but believing.*⁶ And then that gentle remonstrance, intended more for us than for Thomas : *Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed : blessed are they that have not seen and have believed.*⁷

The fervent confession of the Apostle : *My Lord and my God !*⁸ makes one go back to another occasion, when our Lord's first words at the Last Supper made the Twelve anxious, and they were all besetting Him with questions. Some were not cool enough to notice that He was evading their questions. St. Thomas noticed it, and peremptorily enough he pointed an unanswered question of St. Peter, even contradicting our Lord's, *whither I go you know, and the way you know,*⁹ by saying : *Lord, we know not whither Thou goest : and how can we know the way ?*¹⁰ Just before and just after Christ has painful words for Peter and for Philip : for Thomas He has that splendid revelation : *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life : no man cometh to the Father but by Me*¹¹—I am all, everything in this life and in the next, your Lord and your God. How clearly all this came back to the generous Apostle that moment when he was blessed with the invitation to penetrate the sacred side, and press the very Heart Which had shown him so much love ! Now at length he is one with his fellow Apostles, nor will they shrink from him, when he repeats his challenge : *Let us too go and die for Him.*

St. Thomas is not the patron of doubt, unbelief or of positivism, modern speculators would make him. He knew his own

⁶ Ibid., 27.⁸ Ibid., 28.¹⁰ Ibid., 5.⁷ Ibid., 29.⁹ St. John, xiv. 4.¹¹ Ibid., 6.

mind too well, and if he did presume to lay down the conditions of his belief, he was sincere in meaning to believe when these were fulfilled. He did not profess a willingness to believe in facts, and quietly assume that certain facts are impossible. He might act as patron in helping minds out of these guilty states ; his own conduct cannot be said to justify them.

The true picture of St. Thomas then is not that of a venerable man holding a rule and square to measure every proof of our Lord's Divinity ; it should paint him holding also the lance with which he was transpierced. If he did measure the Gospel evidences, he knew no measure of love but the greatest, that of laying down his life for his friend ; and the friend was Christ. How well tradition, true and legendary, has recognized in him this resolute, generous character, is attested by the claims which nearly all the Eastern nations make of him as their Apostle, and the beautiful legends current of his goodness everywhere. The Greek Office in his honor is replete with his praises and abounds in demands on his intercession. To us he stands out as a close, personal friend of Christ, our Lord, one who drank in light and fervor from the Heart Which literally was the instrument of his conversion.

OUR JAPANESE BRETHERN.

KUMAMOTO, JAPAN.

REVEREND FATHER :

A missionary in Japan writes you these lines. Of course, you know something of Japan ; how St. Francis Xavier brought the Faith hither in the middle of the sixteenth century ; how many other religious of the Society of Jesus soon followed him ; how Franciscans, Dominicans and Augustinians came to preach the Gospel and made a great many Christians. You must know, too, of the persecution that followed, in which thousands of martyrs watered the soil with their blood. Of those heroes of our religion, who compare with the early Roman martyrs in point of valor and number, twenty-six, as you are aware, were canonized in 1862, six of them, three priests and three brothers, Franciscan missionaries ; fifteen native Tertiaries of St. Francis, three Japanese Jesuit brothers, and two Japanese laymen. Five years later

two hundred and five others were beatified, among them many priests and brothers of the Society of Jesus, Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians and their Tertiaries, along with a great number of Sisters of the Holy Rosary.

Nevertheless the Faith never disappeared from Japan. After 250 years without priest, without altar and without sacrifice, the descendants of the old Christians made themselves known to Mgr. Petitjean in 1865. The government which thought the seed extinct forever, sent thousands of them into exile; and a great many died in wretchedness or torture. Thanks to the intervention of the European powers, religious tolerance was granted; since 1889, the new Constitution has given religious freedom to every Japanese subject.

At last Japan seems to be making big strides towards Christianity. What a fine field for the Father of our kind! What a good harvest to reap! Yes; but, alas! the enemy is sowing tares everywhere. Protestantism (American most of all) is spoiling the work with its schools, its ministerial invasions and its imposing resources. The better social classes are already in its hands. It does not make them believers, of course; but it makes them unbelieving, rationalistic and skeptical. Those whom it has once tainted are rarely capable of rising to a sense of the supernatural, and beyond the possibility of becoming good Catholics. What a poison and pestilence!

Now of all Japan, the province most ravaged by this scourge is Higo, my own charge. It is proverbial that Higo furnishes men for Protestantism, just as Satsuma and Nagato furnish them to the government. Protestants have been twenty years working here. At first they sent very many good young men to their schools in America or elsewhere. This place is now a mission centre. Many of these young men have returned to convert their own people, and others are working everywhere in Japan.

The province of Higo is the great Department of Kumamoto, so named from its capital. This Department is forty leagues from North to South, and about forty-five from East to West. It has fifteen districts, fourteen of which are under my jurisdiction. The city of Kumamoto has a fine fort well garrisoned. The inhabitants are renowned for their energy and active spirit. In general they are well disposed toward the Christian religion, only

they make no distinction between Catholics and Protestants and Russian schismatics; and as we came here long after the others (two years only has this province had a missionary), we find it hard to draw their attention to us. My assistant is a native priest, and what I get from the Propagation of the Faith enables me to support one catechist. We are lost in the immensity of our task; and so far we have scarcely been able to produce any result. What a wretched position! A harvest whitening all around for the enemy to gather in. There you have the two facts we must witness daily; and our role, so to speak, ends there.

For all that, it will be easy to make truth triumph over a people so intelligent, and bring in better days for Catholicity. The means is simple enough: it is to multiply the catechists. The missionary is an indispensable instrument; but by himself he can do scarcely anything. He must employ the workmen of the country. The more he employs, the sooner the work will be done. His own chief, or perhaps, sole task is to watch over, direct and apply them to the work. Now, it will be very easy to procure such aids and co-laborers; for, as I have said, the race is for the most part zealous and devoted; some have been known to prove themselves true apostles from the day after their baptism.

All this is true; but herein is the great difficulty; to employ catechists we must support them, and we are penniless. If some generous souls in America knew how much good a little means would help in Japan, they would surely aid us with all their might. Any alms, howsoever small, can help us very much. What I would like above all is to find persons good enough to defray the expense, separately or together, of one catechist. I would give them the consolation of knowing where he is stationed, and what he may do and accomplish. They could thus justly consider themselves real missionaries and apostles in the district (always large) committed to their protégé. Thirty-five francs¹ a month or four hundred and twenty a year would support the catechist capable of teaching in the country places or small towns; for catechists fit to teach in Kumamoto fifty francs a month, or six hundred a year, would be needed.

Of course I must meet some objections. In the first place, each one must support his own country, diocese, or parish. True

¹\$1.00=five francs.

enough; but consider that this province of Higo, where I am alone with a poor little native priest, has a territory and population as great as many large dioceses, and that the Faith seems destined to spread rapidly and to strike deep root, if only some slight sacrifices be made. Besides Kumamoto (whence I write), by its army one of the most important cities in the Empire, has at least one hundred temples in which the devil has been worshipped for centuries, whereas our Saviour has not so much as an altar.

Next, we hear sometimes that Japan is very rich. It is not so. Japan is gradually adopting a European civilisation, and the Government does some splendid work with the public funds. The people are very poor; and even were they rich, it would benefit us nothing since we have not enough converts to support religion.

Reverend Father, you may ask yourself how I could have dreamt of writing to you. Simply enough. I read *The Catholic Missions*, and in it I saw you named as a helper of missions; as I felt moved to write to you, I take it as a prompting from God. The service which I ask of you for the love of God is to circulate this letter among your friends and acquaintances, and among all whom you know to be interested in Japan, especially among the members of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi and the Confraternity of the Rosary, because these have so many patrons and members among the Japanese Martyrs.

To understand better the interest which Japan calls for at this time, I quote the words of Father Andrew Pradel, Dominican, in his work, *The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin for the propagation of the faith, and particularly for the conversion of Japan*: "The conversion of Japan to Catholicity is of special importance. The Japanese are the greatest of peoples in the extreme East. Their entrance into the fold of the Church will give a great impulse to Christian mission work in all the neighboring countries. They will furnish missionaries and apostles to Corea, China, Tongking, Cochin-China and India. All Asia can thus be put between two fires by missionaries from the East and from the West."

I am sending you a plan of Kumamoto, my principal station. I have neither church nor chapel. I rent a small Japanese house and say Mass in a room on a table. From Kumamoto I often go into the interior, travelling from one town or village to another

and carrying my pack of things needed to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice or for personal use in a small hand-cart peculiar to Japan, or on horse-back in mountainous countries. I remain two or three days in each place, gathering the people, in the evenings for the most part after work, to have them hear the word of God. These journeys, simple as they are, cost a great deal; and for lack of means I cannot go everywhere I am needed.

Your very humble servant in our Lord Jesus Christ,
J. M. CORRE, *Missionary Apostolic.*

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Indian Missions :

Edward T. Kelly, Roxbury, Mass.,	\$5.00
Rev. P. Fox, Newtown, Conn.,	5.00
E. W., New Brunswick, N. J.,	1.00

For the *Indian Advocate* :

Sister Genevieve, Fredericton, N. B.,50
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For the Madagascar Mission :

St. John's Local Centre, St. Louis, Mo.,	2 00
Mother M. Gertrude, Cincinnati, O.,	5.00

For the Tomb of St. Aloysius, Rome :

St. Joseph's Institute, West Oakland, Calif.,	5.00
Mary Quinn, Long Island City, N. Y.,	1.00
Ella Culhane, Otia, Mich.,	2.00
Teresa Clare Walsh, Stillwater, Minn.,	3.15
Catharine Langs, Philadelphia,	1.00

For the Madura Mission, India :

Mrs. Kate F. Moore, Providence, R. I.,	1.00
Thomas V. Moffit and Family, Nauvoo, Ill.,	5.75
Friend, Avon, N. Y.,	2.00
Promoter of the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	3.00
Maggie Slamon, Germantown, Pa.,	10.00
Bridget O'Kane, } Germantown, Pa.,	5.00
Lizzie O'Kane, }	
Catharine Finnegan, Germantown, Pa.,	1.00
Patrick Slamon, Germantown, Pa.,	1.00
"Sympathizer," Scranton, Pa.,	5.00
S. A. W., New York,	5.00
Friend, Dunkirk, N. Y.,	1.00
Friend, California,	20.00
St. Joseph's Academy, South St. Louis, Mo.,	2.00

For the Vicar Apostolic of Western Tong-King :

Friend, California,	20.00
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Our Lady of Martyrs.

A VISIT TO THE SHRINE.

A WRITER under the signature of Henry de Vere publishes an account of his visit to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs in *The Bouquet*, of Boston. Among other things he says :

“The Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs is at Auriesville, about seven miles west of Amsterdam. It is reached by the West Shore Railroad.

“The ride from Amsterdam to Auriesville is a very pleasant one, the train skirting the Erie Canal and the Mohawk River on the right and many beautiful hills and meadows on the left. After we had crossed the Schoharie River, or creek, and passed Fort Hunter, the conductor opened a door of our car and announced in stentorian tones that the next station was Auriesville. A few minutes afterwards I was at my destination, but I was much surprised to see, instead of the comfortable station so sure to be found in New England, a small shed-like structure, with no provision for the comfort of pilgrims. This, I was informed by a New York lady summering there, will be replaced by a larger station before next summer, the railroad authorities no doubt being alive to the fact that this will be in a short time a place of great religious resort.

“As I walked along my mind reverted to a different scene of which this hill had been the theatre between two and three hundred years ago. I seemed to see the captives who had fallen into the hands of the fierce Mohawks on that expansion of the River St. Lawrence, known as the Lake of St. Peter, on the morning of that fated second of August, 1642. I could see them jaded with their long journey from the north, and bruised with the cruel blows of their captors, standing appalled at the long line of warriors and squaws, armed with clubs, sticks, and pieces of iron, who were formed in a double file, near the avenue through which they had to pass to reach the entrance to the town. The air is filled with shrieks and yells, as the captives are forced to pass in Indian file between these savages, in whose hearts there is

not the least pity for the unfortunate victims of their vengeance. Through this "narrow road of Paradise," as Father Jogues called it, Guillaume Couture, René Goupil and the Huron prisoners precede the priest, who being the last is most exposed to the violence of the blows relentlessly given. Amidst his cruel persecutors' yelling and screeching, up the steep ascent, the brave though gentle Jogues rushes along, when one blow heavier than the others stretches him on the ground. Again he is on his feet and staggering along: his ordeal is soon over, for he has reached the entrance of the town.

"I too have reached the town, and the visions of the past fade away in the reality of the present. But the wigwams of the Mohawks are no longer there. They have disappeared under the magic touch of civilization. What meets my gaze is a long broad plateau, green with lawn-like grass, and a terrace-like slope, scattered through which are a few apple trees, stretching towards the river. On the brink of the slope stands the little octagonal building, known as the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, which contains just room enough for the altar and sanctuary. The statue above the altar is that of Our Lady of Sorrows, who bears on her bosom the form of her Divine Son, just as He appeared when taken down from the cross.

"The altar of the Shrine faces a large circular enclosure to the southeast containing the Calvary and the Stations of the Cross. In this, which is about an acre in extent in the centre, is a hillock on which stands an immense crucifix and two life-size figures representing the Blessed Virgin and Mary Magdalen, the whole being called the Calvary. The Stations are arranged around this centre, at regular intervals, and consist of wooden crosses with the number of the Station painted thereon. To the west of this enclosure is a fine well of delightfully cool water which has been lately provided for the comfort of pilgrims.

"At the entrance to the grounds, which are now the property of the Jesuit Fathers, a wooden memorial cross, erected by Father Hourigan, a former missionary in these parts, commemorates the fact that this was the site of the Indian town of Ossernenon, the scene of the martyrdom of Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and many other Huron converts, and the birthplace of the "Lily of the Mohawks," Kateri Tekakwitha. This impressed me very

much, as well as the inscription that on this spot had stood the palisaded gate over which the head of the brave Jogues had been placed after his martyrdom.

“Crossing the road and passing through a pasture I came to the descent leading to the ravine into which the body of René Goupil was thrown after his butchery. It requires a good deal of patience and labor to reach the bottom, the labor is increased by two wire fences which probably have been placed there to prevent pilgrims from entering. But there is no obstacle which religious fervor cannot overcome, and not only men but women and dainty young ladies push their way to the gulch where Father Jogues found the body of his late comrade surrounded by dogs who were tearing it to pieces. It is related that he drove them away, and dragged the body into the water that then flowed there, and covered it with stones. A large flat stone, which still remains, no doubt served as a bed on which he placed the mutilated Goupil.

“Returning to the Shrine, and standing behind it, I feasted my eyes on all the charms of the Mohawk Valley. I think I have never seen a more ravishing scene. As I gazed on it, involuntarily the words of the favorite song of my boyhood days, beginning,—

Oh, sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides,

burst from my lips, and I heartily acquiesced in its truthfulness. The tranquil beauty of this valley is nowhere surpassed, if it can be equalled. In the valley, to the southeast, Fort Hunter, almost hidden among trees, conceals from view the mouth of the Schoharie, and sweeping around it, in the form of the letter S, the Mohawk becomes visible, and flows westwardly, between verdant meadows, in the direction of Fonda. On the south side of the river are the tracks of the West Shore R. R., and the Erie Canal; on the north is the New York Central. Bounding all are sloping hills, rising to a great height, partly wooded, but mostly covered with orchards and grassy fields. Nature and art are here beautifully blended together, but the charms of nature are enhanced, not obscured. How many toil-worn Catholics, workers in dusty factories or the close shops of our great cities, would gladly avail themselves of the beauties of this retreat, if they only knew of it.

Many of them, every year, take a short and well-earned vacation for the recuperation of their health. Why could they not combine the spiritual with the physical, and, while they gathered health and strength of body, why might they not, by fervent prayers at the Shrine, also strengthen their spirituality?

"Though many spiritual favors have been granted, it is true (so far as I could learn) no material miracles have been recorded as taking place at this Shrine; but can we doubt that they will not soon occur, when we consider that the spot is hallowed by the blood of two heroic confessors of the Faith who were faithful clients of the Immaculate Mother of God? God has blessed many shrines of His Blessed Mother, under different titles, with great material favors, and He will also bless in the same way this one which bears the title dearest to His Sacred Heart, that of 'Our Lady of Martyrs.'"

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York:

—, Lemont Furnace, Pa.,	\$1.00
"Cash," Washington, D. C.,	5.00
Katie Lyden, New York,	1.00
<i>Messenger</i> Reader, New York,	2.00
Promoter of the League, Syracuse, N. Y.,	1.00
Elizabeth Ryan, Philadelphia,	1.00
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Friend, East Boston, Mass.,	5.00
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"For temporal favor received," Peoria, Ill.,	5.00
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Promoter of the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	2.00
M. A. R., Ottawa, Ill.,	1.00
"Servant of Mary," Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00
Ann McEnhill, Philadelphia,	10.00
Lady Friend (per Father Weinman, S.J.), Chicago,	1.00
Mrs. Amelia E. January, Ferguson, Mo.,	1.00
M. E. Corrigan, Madison, N. Y.,	1.00
Child of Mary, Wilmington, Del.,	5.00
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Rev. Timothy J. Donohoe, Plymouth, Pa.,	5.00
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Pauline J. Wells, Brownsville, Tex.,	5.00
Promoter of the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	1.00
Lucy Griesinger, Syracuse, N. Y.,	1.00
Annie M. Griesinger, Syracuse, N. Y.,	1.00

THE SHRINE OF THE BLIND MADONNA.

By G. O'C., S.J.

STRANGE indeed this title may seem. It may be shocking at first to devoted servants of Mary. They love to depict her with her loveliest of eyes either gazing upon them in tenderest compassion, or raised imploringly to heaven, invoking their pardon. It is filled, however, with the deepest consolation to one who has knelt at the far-away shrine on the prairie and has heard its history.

I had been wandering one afternoon over the picturesque and extensive grounds of St. Mary's College in Kansas, thinking of its hardy Mission-days and striving to repeople the scene with its long-perished Indians. I had left behind me the cries and the merry strife of the play-grounds, and had strolled through the groves of the maple and cottonwood, out to the beautiful blue grass. The ruins of the first school-house were so heavily grass-grown that I had scarcely noticed them in passing. Now I beheld the limitless prairie stretching away to my right. The shallow Kaw was resting on its surface like a silver ribbon, and vast fields of Indian corn were waving their golden leaves to each other through stately hedges of the mock-orange. To my left rose a gentle upland. It was cleft at one end by a deep and shaded ravine, where many an Indian chieftain lay in his long repose, while its sides and summit were clothed with the tall, rough prairie-grass and shaded with the sweet-beaned honey-locust.

I turned to climb the hill, and, doing so, caught sight through the trees of what I fancied was a rustic pavilion. A well-trodden foot-way led me slowly up to it. What was my surprise and delight to find it a shrine of our Lady! It was moss-grown and weather-beaten, but apparently much frequented. Two crowded flower-beds were proofs of some loving guardians—the College boys themselves, I afterwards heard.

Over its portal I read the Angel's salutation, done in time-defying letters of iron—

AVE · MARIA · GRATIA · TECUM
DOMINUS · TECUM

Two scrawny cedars burst their way through the roof, and up the rough and circular stone wall trailing vines were growing. A

cemented path led through the centre of the shrine, and on either side were flower-beds in odd designs.

At the end, just facing the entrance, stood the statue of the Queen herself. It was banked around with flowers, some tied into hasty bouquets, and others set in handsome vases that were deep-veined like agate. It represented our Lady crushing the head of the serpent, whose deadly folds were wound about the earth. Her hands were outstretched as if showering benedictions on that poor earth so sadly enthralled. The head was slightly bent forward, so that for a moment the eyes escaped me.

I knelt down on the rough prayer-bench to say a decade of the beads for the souls of the poor Pottawatomies who lay buried so near. As I looked towards my Queen, I saw that she was blind ! Her eyes were carved as if sealed !

I was stirred at once with indignation. Who could have been so unjust, so blasphemous to Mary, the Morning Star, the Mother most merciful ? Drawing closer, however, it struck me that the elements, and no human hand, had produced the strange effect. The rains and the frosts of Kansas had worn upon the statue through years until it had come to its present appearance.

Then I fell to wondering. Was it purely an accident ? Might not our Blessed Lady herself have brought it about ? At La Salette she wept and clasped her hands before her eyes, that she might not see the sins of France. So here, when the simple Indians came to pray to her, might she not have sealed her eyes to teach them a similar lesson ?

Amid these wonderings, a gray-haired brother approached me, telling his beads in the prairie-grass.

"Brother," I exclaimed, "this Madonna is blind !"

"Yes, yes ; blind indeed !" he answered with a low and happy laugh. "She has been so for many a day, ever since the Mission times, and maybe it's that that brings me out to her shrine so often. The graveyard yonder in the shadows reminds me how near I am to my last account. It's a long account, God help me ! and I tremble at the thought of it ; but Mary, my Mother, will be blind to so much of it, and Mary, you know, is all-powerful with the Sacred Heart.

"What mother isn't blind to the faults of her sorrowing children ? The Madonna knows I am sorry. She knows I have

tried to do penance. She knows if her Divine Son gave me my long life again, my account would be a thousand times better, and if Mary is blind to my sins, how can He charge me with them?"

Here the Brother looked fondly at the statue for some time and continued :

"This shrine, you must know, was erected long ago by the Indians. They built it up as high as the top of the stone wall, and came to pray here singly and in crowds almost daily. I was here myself some years before they scattered, and I saw them coming and going. And—will you believe me?—they told me our Lady once appeared to one of their number as he knelt here. This tradition made them treat the spot with the greatest reverence and awe. I was never able to get the details of the apparition, but they always kept the tradition. To this day you find it well-preserved, both among the College boys, and among the Catholics of all the neighborhood. I hope some historian will study it up before it becomes too late."

I thanked the venerable Brother for his story, and as he fell to his prayers again, I pursued my way through the brush down the side of the hill. I was soon shrouded in the everlasting twilight of the long-neglected graveyard. We-we-say was buried there, as I read on the crumbling tombstone, and Mah-ne and Quakshewa and a host of their red relations.

"To-morrow, poor souls," I thought, "will be Saturday. It is Mary's own day. If any of you linger still in purging fires, may the Blind Madonna lead you forth on that day, as is her privilege and custom."

Besides the Photographs of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, mentioned in the last issue of the PILGRIM, the following additional ones have been received : The Oratory ; The Memorial Cross ; Mohawk Valley—North ; Mohawk Valley—Northeast ; Mohawk Valley—West ; The Rock in the Ravine. This now completes the set of seventeen views. These can be had, either in sets or singly, on application to the *Messenger* office. The proceeds from their sale will be applied to the Shrine.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

JUNIOR CONFERENCES—CONCLUSION.

WHAT is a Junior Conference?

A Junior or Aspirant Conference is one composed entirely of young men whose ages usually range from sixteen to twenty. The President, chosen from the Senior Conference, exercises a directive control over these young men whose field of labor may be very wide. The chief works in which they engage are these: Visiting poor children, preparing them for confession and First Communion, teaching Sunday-school and procuring the punctual attendance of the pupils entrusted to their care. The writer knows from personal experience how welcome to the parents of the poor children are the visits of inquiry made by the Vincentian Sunday-school teachers. If the officers of a Junior Conference are devoted to their work and fully realize its importance, untold good will certainly result to the whole parish. These young men are active and energetic, eager to work and ready to work well under proper direction. Zeal well-directed, not repressed, will work wonders with the help of God's grace.

Glancing back over the PILGRIM'S path we find that these papers which aimed at making the Society better known to our Promoters and Associates have merited words of praise from one of the Superior Councils and have been honored by the compliment of reproduction in the *Bulletin*, the official organ of the Society for English-speaking Conferences.

We have seen in these articles that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is a pious union of Catholic young men engaged as a body in practical works of charity.

It is organized by Conferences which correspond to the Local Centres of our Holy League. Its members must be practical Catholics, of edifying life, able and willing to devote some portion of their time to the work of the Society which consists chiefly in visiting and aiding the deserving poor in their own homes.

This organized work of Catholic charity appeals to all the truest impulses of faith and kindness that animate the hearts of Catholic young men. The poor have been left us as a legacy by our Lord Himself. A sign of His mission which is as true now

of His Church as it was of Himself was that *the poor have the Gospel preached to them*. Thanks be to God! the poor we have always with us in every parish and mission in this New World as in the Old. They are now as they were in the days of the Martyr St. Lawrence, the jewels and the treasures of the Church. At all times she has cared for and cherished them. In the Ages of Faith, before the blighting spirit of the new paganism stalked forth to destroy the products of Christian charity, she was able to provide generously for her poor. Now that she is despoiled of her goods and restricted in her action her charity must find outlets through other channels. Thus religious congregations of men and women, devoted to lives of charity and mercy, have arisen in the Church and have gone forth to their work with her warmest approval and blessing.

So too this lay Society of St. Vincent de Paul spread over the world bears striking testimony to the fact that Catholic Faith is a living, active force, that Catholic charity—true charity—is not a thing of the past. The spirit that animated the first Vincentians, Ozanam, Bailly, Pitard, Lallier, Lamache, Taillandier, Clavé Devaux, the spirit of Olivant martyred by the Commune and of Perron, dear to three generations of American Jesuits, lives on in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; the spirit of charity that gives time and means and, if God calls, even life itself to the service of Christ's poor. For the Conferences are to-day even as they were in the beginning, the nursery of vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life. The personal service done to Christ's poor has brought to many a young soul the call of the Master: Follow Me. Many have heard and hearkened to this call and from the depths of their hearts they return grateful thanks to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul which developed in them the apostolic spirit. Many priests, among whom the writer is glad to count himself, can trace their vocations to the prayers of the poor whom as Vincentians they were privileged to aid.

In conclusion, then, we may well ask our Promoters and Associates to interest themselves in the spread of this Society. Its welfare and its work are dear to the Sacred Heart, and its extension will help in a very practical way to the realization of the second petition of the Lord's Prayer, the watchword of our Holy League—Thy Kingdom Come!

The League

REGULATIONS OF THE APOSTLESHIP & STUDY

The first regulation is that every student who is admitted to the League must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The second regulation is that every student who is admitted to the League must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The third regulation is that every student who is admitted to the League must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The fourth regulation is that every student who is admitted to the League must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The fifth regulation is that every student who is admitted to the League must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The sixth regulation is that every student who is admitted to the League must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The decorations are bestowed on students on the following days: the First Decoration is bestowed on the first day of the month of January, the Second on the first day of the month of February, the Third on the first day of the month of March, the Fourth on the first day of the month of April, the Fifth on the first day of the month of May, and the Sixth on the first day of the month of June. The decorations are bestowed on students on the following days: the First Decoration is bestowed on the first day of the month of January, the Second on the first day of the month of February, the Third on the first day of the month of March, the Fourth on the first day of the month of April, the Fifth on the first day of the month of May, and the Sixth on the first day of the month of June. The decorations are bestowed on students on the following days: the First Decoration is bestowed on the first day of the month of January, the Second on the first day of the month of February, the Third on the first day of the month of March, the Fourth on the first day of the month of April, the Fifth on the first day of the month of May, and the Sixth on the first day of the month of June.

The decorations should be conferred successively, using the First—blue—for the first year of school, the Second—purple—for the second year, and so on. However, in the case of schools into which the Apostleship of Study has just been introduced where it is desired to reward the students of the higher classes with the decorations, the number of the Decoration corresponding with the year may be conferred, omitting the others, provided the Sixth is not given until the close of school. The Diploma of the Apostleship of Study is conferred on the student who has completed the course of study.

[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible text.]

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We were then seated opposite the priest's house and within 10 minutes observed him



The League.

DECORATIONS OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

THOSE members of the Apostleship of Study who have proved themselves devoted workers and are conspicuous for their love of study, discipline and piety are entitled to certain rewards. These are technically called Decorations. Those on whom these Decorations are conferred have the right to special Plenary and partial Indulgences, as may be seen in the *Children's Manual*. The fact that the Church has indulgenced these rewards shows what value it attaches to them and in what esteem it holds these honors.

The Decorations are finely-wrought silk pendants on which are stamped the Papal coat-of-arms and the letters P. M.—Pope's Militia—and are attached to polished metal clasps bearing in raised letters the motto—Thy Kingdom Come! They are six in number, and are conferred upon pupils at progressive intervals in their school course. The different degrees are denoted by diverse colors: blue, purple, violet, red, white, and white and gold. The Sixth Decoration, White and Gold—the Papal colors—can be given only when the scholar is about to leave school after the completion of his studies.

The Decorations should be conferred successively, using the First—blue—for the first year of school, the Second—purple—for the second year, and so on. However, in the case of schools into which the Apostleship of Study has just been introduced where it is desired to reward the students of the higher classes with the Decorations, the number of the Decoration corresponding with the year may be conferred, omitting the others, provided the Sixth is not given till the close of school. The Diploma of the Apostle-

ship of Study, signed by both the Head Director and the Local Director, is granted only with the Sixth, or highest, Decoration.

The worthiness of the candidates for the reception of the respective Decorations is to be determined by the Council, which is composed of the student Promoters. The Council votes by ballot on the names proposed, and the result of the voting must be ratified by the Local Director before the Decorations may be conferred.

The organization of the Apostleship of Study is very simple, but very compact and very effective. The pupils are the best workers and helpers, and that superior will be wise who will make an effort to interest them in this special work of the League. They will be more efficient than even masters and mistresses in promoting the spirit of study, discipline and piety in the school, for they will secure the good-will of their fellow-pupils, and where this is obtained the spiritual and literary progress of a school is sure to flourish.

WHAT A PROMOTER CAN DO.

DEAR PILGRIM:—Such great good has come to me through your instrumentality that I feel called upon to give testimony that others may share in my blessings.

One warm evening in May we were seated on our porch, discussing the respective merits of the mountain resorts that attracted us, when our neighbor, a zealous Promoter, joined the family group. Having told her of the conclusion toward which we were tending, she expressed surprise that we should choose a place where Mass could be said but on Sunday; her remark reminded me that we had nearly committed ourselves to the very course that we desired to avoid: viz., settling for weeks at a distance from a priest. One of our party was in the habit of hearing Mass daily, and we realized that it would be a mistake to lessen our good works at the time we had more leisure for them. We chose therefore a town where the Catholic *Directory* informed us there was a resident priest. From the guide-book we learned the attractions to those in search of good air, fishing, fine views, etc.

We were soon settled comfortably on the edge of the town, opposite the priest's house and within five minutes' distance from

the church, whose white tower surmounted by a gilt cross lifted itself above the trees. We found the church would contain about three hundred and was in perfect order.

But the obstacles in the spiritual garden of the good Father were still greater. His congregation was formed principally from the farming population scattered over eight miles of hilly country, subject to winter for eight months. The Catholics of the town were very few, and most of them poor. The bigotry of the non-Catholics was impenetrable. During our stay we became much interested in the situation and had some conversations with the good Father on the League. We had the *Handbook*, and fulfilled a resolution, made weeks before, to subscribe to the *Messenger*. These we shared with the Father, and he gave them careful attention. On entering the dining-room one evening we found a new arrival; she was placed opposite us, and to our great joy we saw she wore the Cross of a Promoter. Our common cause made us friends immediately. She was the Secretary of the League at a Centre in a large city, and had brought her books with her, that she might continue her work during the summer. She was of those who preach only by example, and that is so persuasive, so penetrating. She was well supplied with everything necessary to the extension of the League, and on the feast of St. Augustine the first resident members received their Communion of Reparation, the pastor saying a Mass of Reparation. He proposes to establish the League on Rosary Sunday.

We were stimulated in our zeal by the remembrance that our Promoter-neighbor had been largely instrumental in the formation of the League in her own parish, securing two hundred Associates. She had also won our interest for the *Messenger* by expressing surprise that we were without it, and by sending us numbers occasionally. We thought we were doing our duty by Catholic publications, but we find the *Messenger* is a necessity to a Promoter who desires to be loyal and serviceable.

Our ears were delighted one Sunday by the announcement that a benevolent lady had ordered a lamp for the altar of the Sacred Heart; she had donated the statue the summer previous. This was pleasant news to the Leaguers. I send all this that others may take heart and recognize their power of usefulness. Under God it is traceable to my Promoter-neighbor.

Aspirations to the Sacred Heart.

Music by S. N. D.

p And. espressivo.

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus blest, | Thou art my sol - ace |
| 2. Heart of Love, my treas - ure be, | Thy Precious Blood has |
| 3. Heart of Je - sus, Source of grace, | Deep on my soul Thy |



and my rest;	Je - sus, meek and
ran - som'd me;	Heart of Je - sus,
vir - tues trace;	And in death's su -



Hum - ble of Heart, Oh! make my heart	like un - to Thine.
Heart Di - vine, My soul, my life,	my heart is Thine.
- prem - est hour, Be Thou my hope,	my sav - ing power.



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GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.



The African Missions.

O bring the Gospel into a heathen country is a work which appeals above all others to the heart of an apostle. Were it only to dispel the darkness by which Satan wraps God's images in the gloom of his own false light, the task would be inspiring enough; but when to the hope of a speedy conversion of the entire people there is added the pressing need of relieving them from miseries which cry out to us as loudly as the evils of idolatry itself, our zeal should know no limit.

It is a mistake to think that all Africa is the barren soil and fever jungle its forbidding coast line and marshy lowlands would seem to promise. Were it correct, we could not explain the active and widespread interest manifested of late in its most hidden and inaccessible regions. The 50,000,000 natives and colonists, who inhabit the coast territories, find ample resources, mineral and agricultural, to engage their most active enterprise. And still late explorers tell us all the wealth of the country is in its central lands, where 150,000,000 natives are buried in idolatry.

Within the past 100 years, a counterfeit of religion, Moslemism has crept into every portion of the interior, and spread its influence through the laws, the commerce, and even through the foul practices of the slave trade. Already it numbers 50,000,000 proselytes; and nothing can check its evil course, save the victorious entrance of Christianity, aided by the crippling of its trade in slaves which European explorations must bring about. Since Africa was last prayed for by the League, two Archbishops, twelve Bishops, thirty-six Vicariates or Prefectures, a thousand priests, one million five hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, three hundred and twenty-five schools and ninety-four charities are some of the achievements which bid fair to restore to Africa the glorious days in the early Church, when seven hundred bishops held their sees there.

This growing Apostleship of the Word needs the Apostleship of Prayer to further its development. No Christian can withhold his prayer for the good influences at work, for missionaries and for their benefactors, and against the evil influences everywhere active, against Moslemism, and the efforts of sectarian ministers.



